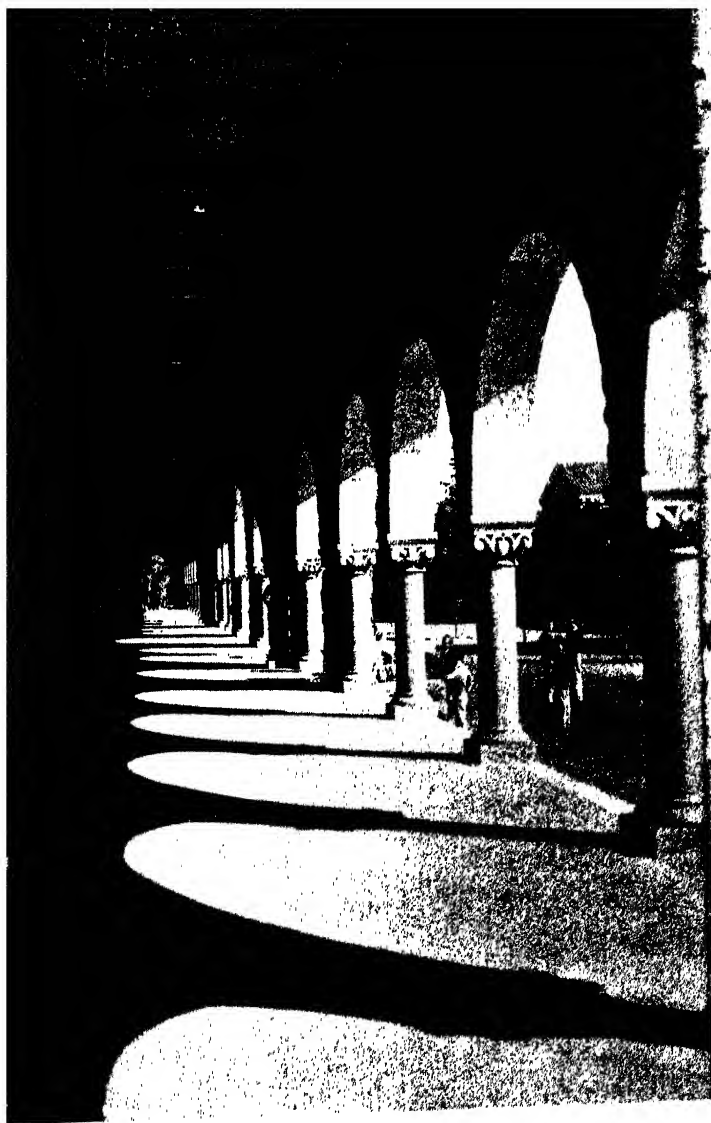


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STANFORD UNIVERSITY,

Golden Tapestry of California

BY

SYDNEY A. CLARK

Illustrated with

MAPS and PHOTOGRAPHS



ROBERT M. McBRIDE AND COMPANY

NEW YORK

GOLDEN TAPESTRY OF CALIFORNIA

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BY SYDNEY A. CLARK

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National Park Service	page 241
Redwood Empire Association	pages 173, 270, 271
Sacramento Chamber of Commerce	pages 206, 207
Standard Oil of California	page 172

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FOREWORD

IN TRYING to weave with mere words the tapestry of our Pacific empire, illumined by the gold of sunshine, poppy fields, great citrus groves and Midas metal, I have felt myself to be in a worse plight than he who makes bricks without straw. Words will not work the spirit of Old Spain into the warp of fast American life. They will not capture the unearthly majesty of a redwood grove and shuttle it across the Golden Gate Bridge. My daughter's picture maps may help to hold the pattern for the reader's vision. The photographs may provide good fare for the holiday-hungry. But imagination must be one's chief reliance, supplying the loom on which to weave one's own idea of the many-sided miracle that is California.

The persons who have aided me in gathering the material for this book are a stimulating part of my own pattern of California. I have learned that born boosters can be human and humorous, that they can endure a joke on their own beloved region. Some even go so far as to admit, in a rainy season, that the unusual weather is more unusual than usual. I make this bow sincerely and my hat sweeps the ground. Anyway it *would* sweep the ground if I ever wore a hat in Carmel-by-the-Sea, where I am writing. To John Cuddy of Californians Inc., to Don Thomas of the All-Year Club of Southern California and to Clyde Edmondson of the Redwood Empire Association

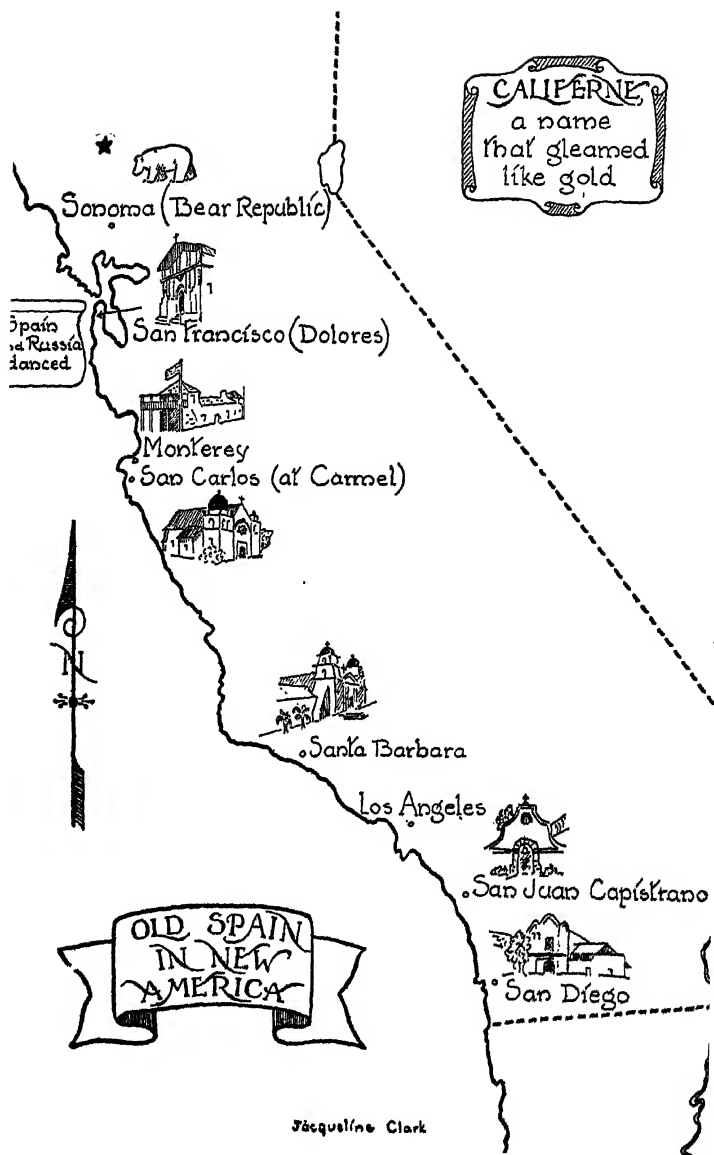
my bow is especially profound. To California's Director of Public Works and many other individuals I am almost equally indebted. Grateful for their aid, which was measured by days, not hours, I am most grateful of all for the manner in which it was given.

The sapphire sea, wearing a coif of curling white lace as crisp and billowy as a Volendam cap, climbs up my beach fifty yards before my eyes. A hundred red-gold poppies cluster at my very feet. A burnished sun tempers the brisk Pacific breeze. Tonight a lustrous moon, half full and getting fuller by the minute, will flood with gentler light my beach, my poppy close, my redwood cottage, my dancing cypresses of Monterey, from sundown until long after twelve. It will cast a gleaming path across the sea for half the night, instead of the meager hour or two similarly devoted to the Atlantic just after rising. The Pacific moon has been a major revelation to my eastern eyes. It is a thrilling platinum strand in my own golden tapestry of California.

S. A. C.

Carmel, Cal. 1937

OLD SPAIN IN NEW AMERICA



CHAPTER I

A NAME THAT GLEAMED LIKE GOLD

WHEN that florid *romancero*, Ordóñez de Montalvo, came upon the name Califerne in the *Song of Roland* it must have brought a glitter to his eyes, for it somehow had the ring of gold in it and all men, in those exciting days, were thinking and talking of gold. To the Spain that had lately laughed at Columbus but still more lately welcomed him with wild enthusiasm as he sailed up the Guadalquivir on Palm Sunday of 1493 gold was the very meaning of discovery and exploration, the one end to justify heroic effort. There was an enormous amount of loose talk about the saving of heathen souls, and Queen Isabella may even have put heavenly concerns first, as the missionary friars certainly did in later times, but to the average Spaniard gold was all in all. Columbus himself tried, in very clumsy fashion, to camouflage his own absorption in its gleam, but Cortés boldly laughed at pious humbug and sailed for Mexico with the avowed purpose of searching for treasure. Aboriginal souls could find their own level.

Between the sailings of Columbus and Cortés the century turned on its aureate hinges and somewhere about the year 1500 Montalvo wrote a very extravagant romance called *Las Sergas de Esplandián*, (The Deeds of Esplandián). In it he told of the strange island of California "at the right hand of the Indies," inhabited solely by dusky women and ruled by

the beautiful Queen Calafia. These primal ladies of California lived in the manner of Amazons, and the men whom they took as prisoners they killed. "Their weapons were all made of gold and so was the harness of the wild beasts they tamed to ride. The island everywhere abounds with gold. Upon it no other metal was found." Midas himself might have written this description yet Montalvo's fancy seems strangely prophetic of American visions in the year 1849. The name of California has always lent itself to golden dreams. It does so today and probably always will. No place name in the world has a more instant and universal appeal. It is liquid, romantic, exciting and it cannot be mispronounced. It is one of two American geographical names known in every hamlet in Europe, the other being New York, for tall towers are almost as romantic as gold.

Does the state of California really owe the invaluable good will inherent in its name to a silly story which Cervantes had the curate and the barber toss into the bonfire before all other books lest it further befuddle the mind of Don Quixote? Did Montalvo really find the name in the *Chanson de Roland*, epic of the eleventh century? Scholars, delving deeply into the fascinating subject, believe the answer is yes in both cases, though nothing can ever be proved unless new documents are brought to light. The Califerne of Roland's song, appearing only in a list of hostile countries, is a mystery which no one has solved and the irreverent see in it merely the bard's dire need for a word to rhyme with Palerne (Palermo). But it was a good name nine centuries ago and its Spanish spelling added new beauty to it. Its derivation from the *Sergas* was completely lost to view until Edward Everett Hale unearthed the almost forgotten romance in 1862 and pounced with delight upon the name California. The fantastic tale when originally published

in Spain had a popularity that caused at least six successive editions to be printed, and no doubt the name of California was familiar in every Iberian home and every camp of the *conquistadores*. Its application to the peninsula (Baja California), which was at first thought to be an island, and eventually to the present state (Alta California) seems natural almost to the point of inevitability. The adventures in erudition which struggled to derive the name from *cala fornix* (hot furnace), *colofón* (resin) and a dozen other Latin, Spanish, Greek and Arabic possibilities now seem as fantastic as the adventures of Esplandián himself.

It may be that California by any other name would smell as sweet with the fragrance of forest, orchard, citrus grove and sea but it would not send its gleam so far. The golden rays defy horizons and girdle the globe. Ordóñez de Montalvo was worth his weight and infinitely more in the metal of which he dreamed. He managed, in a lifetime of bad writing, to find or invent one name which is immortal.

.

CHAPTER II

MESSENGERS FROM MAJORCA

THE sun shone ardently on the port of Palma when three Franciscan friars sailed away from this beautiful city of the Balearic Islands in 1749 to cross the Atlantic. With equal ardor, though several hours later in its daily course, the same sun shone on Pacific shores twenty years later when the same men made history by journeying northward from Mexico to plant seeds of civilization in the land which they called Alta California. This new land must have brought to their minds many a vision of the island of their youth. The sea was just as blue as the Mediterranean. The shores, as in Majorca, were varied, now precipitous, now gently banked with gleaming sand, now broken by good harbors. Even the hills, generally brown and steep but sometimes graced by thick woods, must have suggested home. But in every other way how different was the scene, how utterly, discouragingly different. No busy port, no friendly faces, no soaring cathedral as at Palma. No Church of San Francisco with lovely cloisters and gardens for quiet contemplation.

The messengers from Majorca could have realized little of their own immense importance in the unfolding pattern of this continent though they were well aware that their king, Carlos III, was using them as advance forces to stake his claims to a rich virgin land lest the Russians or the British get it. The message these devoted men brought was purely one of salva-

tion. Savage souls to be plucked from hell were the goal of their eagerness and a flaming zeal consumed them. Any hardship or suffering was nothing when compared to the glory of ushering these untutored souls toward heaven's portal, yet the missionaries were not fanatics. They were strangely practical about such matters as construction, farming and husbandry. They were good administrators. They tamed the soil and built well. Their unselfishness was very close to the absolute, but personal austerity did not, as in so many theocracies, lead them to be grim or godly-cruel to their followers. As their missions grew the padres became as perfect hosts to travelers, regardless of their creed or character, as any land, old or new, has ever seen. Mountains of assorted testimony have piled up to establish these facts and have warmed the heart of a modern world whose sympathy toward mission campaigns is negligible. The padres' stamp on modern California is conspicuous and beneficent.

In cool Majorcan cloisters these three of whom I speak had studied together, and now they toiled together in California. The oldest of them, and the leader, was named Junípero Serra. His close disciple, a diarist as assiduous as Johnson's Boswell but also a missionary in his own right, was Juan Crespi. The other of the trio was Francisco Palou, who was bidden to remain for a time in Mexico to look after affairs there but later joined his pioneer comrades in the new mission chain to the north. Crespi and Palou were noble and good but Junípero Serra was great. It is by no accident that the Serra legend has taken root in America's consciousness, that this eighteenth-century Franciscan friar from Majorca is one of two "Californians" honored by a statue in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

"Would that I had a whole forest of such Junipers!" said

St. Francis of Assisi, speaking affectionately of one of his followers. Certainly the great *Poverello* would have expressed a similar wish in reference to Junípero Serra, had he lived five centuries later and witnessed this follower's devotion. Serra, born in Majorca in 1713, was christened Miguel José but upon entering the Franciscan Order at the age of sixteen he adopted the name Junípero after that earlier Juniper whom the Assisian had so greatly loved. The modern Juniper, destined to blaze a trail in the New World which would make his name one of the most revered as well as romantic in pioneer annals, was thirty-six when he sailed for Mexico and fifty-six when he started the toilsome trek northward to Alta California. At the latter age, when many men begin to think of retiring, his career began.

One could wish that Serra had been blessed with the poetic grace, the quaint humor, the irrepressible gaiety, which have made St. Francis unique among all saints. He had none of these gifts but he did possess the single-mindedness of the Assisian. As Francis married an idea personified by Lady Poverty so Junípero married an idea, the conversion of the Indians in western America. He was a slave to it and not one selfish thought seems ever to have led him aside from the path he had laid out. Romance and mystery inhere in such selflessness, whatever its origin or aim, and Serra's mission path is followed every year by many thousands of tourists who profess various creeds or none. It is no exaggeration to say that the chain of Spanish missions which this man founded has set its stamp on a vast American state in a way that no other foreign influence has marked any other state in the Union. The town names of California are largely Spanish and are pronounced by Californians in the Spanish way. Mission architecture has become much more enduring

than the mere vogue of a decade. Something of the inherent grace of Spain has been passed on to the physical aspect of California, to its daily speech and in a subtler sense to its life and thought. Many New Englanders come to California—I am one of them—and they, or rather we, are quickly impressed—and delighted—by something in the very air of this state which is different from the air of New England, thoroughly emancipated though we may consider ourselves from Puritan heritage. It can be analyzed only as a difference in historical legacy. To the Pilgrim Fathers, stern, rigid, intolerant, all things joyous were of doubtful morality, if not downright evil. These theocrats made enemies of the Indians, though John Eliot was a notable exception, and exterminated them as rapidly as possible. Once a year they relaxed their earnestness a trifle and proclaimed a day of thanksgiving to God for his mercies—to them.

How diametrically opposite in spirit, though of equal religious fervor, was the colonizing of the Pacific coast. To a follower of the saint who sang and laughed continually, who composed a lovely *Canticle of the Sun*, there was nothing incongruous about any manifestation of joy. Father Serra saved souls with a spiritual abandon rarely equaled by any missionary of any faith, but having saved them he let their bodily possessors enjoy life in a manner natural to them. If they danced all night under the stars and sang lusty songs, if they ate and drank what they enjoyed, if they sometimes lay lazily in the sunshine when there was work to be done, he did not harshly rebuke or chastise them, yet he never relaxed his effort to teach and train them for their full part in the new civilization he envisaged. In this mixed soil of eagerness and generosity California took root. Is it any wonder

that the blend has influenced its life even under wholly altered conditions?

The architecture of the churches, though limited by rude materials, has aroused great interest, sometimes following Spanish Gothic lines and sometimes Romanesque, but always of such simple design, without amateurish straining for effect, that the structures seem to have sprung from the soil as expressions of Father Serra's spirit. Rough beams, stone, adobe bricks and tiles of mellow red are the chief materials. The Indians were the willing carriers and they also fashioned the bricks and the rounded tiles. The latter always taper and there is a very simple reason for this, namely, that the human leg also tapers from thigh to knee. On the upper leg the Indian shaped his tiles. No machine of today could do a better job of molding for ultimate effect.

The beauty of the missions speaks for itself but it speaks with a special romantic timbre to those who know the history of them. Rank-and-file Californians have shown a rather amazing interest in examining the foundations on which their colonial history is built, whereas the dwellers in any one of the thirteen original colonies have a tendency to leave similar examination of historical beginnings to the classroom or the special student. This widespread interest of California in its own checkered past is subtly communicated to the stranger within its gates and soon the names of Cabrillo, Portolá, de Anza, Crespi, to say nothing of Father Serra, the central figure, seem more familiar to the easterner and the southerner than do those of Myles Standish, Stuyvesant, Calvert or Oglethorpe.

The roster of California's pioneer explorers can be quickly set down. Cabrillo was the first white man to explore the California coast (1542), and if Montalvo had not already furnished the perfect name a grateful land should now call

itself Cabrillia in his honor. In 1579 Francis Drake in the *Golden Hind* followed Cabrillo and claimed the land for his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, calling it Nova Albion. The queen, busy with more pressing concerns, knighted the Devonian rover but did nothing to translate the claim into possession. Sir Francis contented himself with patriotic plundering of Spanish galleons and colonial ports wherever the whim of the moment led him. Several minor explorers of Spain followed Cabrillo (and Drake), contributing little of importance, and in 1602 Philip III sent Viscaino to locate definite harbors which should protect Spanish merchant ships from the fierce freebooters of his "cousin," the virgin queen of England. Viscaino selected the bays of San Diego and Monterey, bestowed these names upon them and reported enthusiastically to his king, urging immediate colonization. He was California's first tourist and publicized it with all the gushing ardor that Cuba's first tourist, Christopher Columbus, had shown a century earlier in reporting the "fairest land that human eyes have ever seen." But his rapturous eagerness was surprisingly fruitless. For a century and a half Spain did practically nothing to follow up the start he had made. Even after that great lapse of time it was only under the lash of jealousy that she finally stirred herself. The Russians, seeking furs and led by the navigator Vitus Bering, were pushing across the Pacific on the northern arc and threatened to creep down quietly and occupy the whole coast. England's dormant interest might also rouse itself at any moment. Further procrastination on Spain's part threatened disaster to her claims, so she was shocked into energetic action.

The *visitador-general* of New Spain (i.e., Mexico) was then José de Galvez. He achieved a master stroke by selecting Junípero Serra to Christianize the Indians of Alta California. Noth-

ing could have been more shrewd, for Spain thus acquired, practically without cost to herself, the services of an inspired zealot backed by the whole Franciscan Order in the New World. Serra could be counted upon to win the land for God—and Spain. I do not mean that Galvez was hypocritical, for he sincerely sympathized with Serra's aims, but he was an opportunist in the best sense, as all great administrators must be. He vigorously organized the *Expedición Santa* under two heads, Don Gaspar de Portolá to lead the military forces and Father Serra the missionaries. They were to proceed, two contingents by land and one by sea, to the bay of San Diego and upon its shores establish the first mission settlement. This plan was carried out despite terrible hardships and on July 16, 1769, the mission of San Diego de Alcalá was dedicated. It was Spain's first toe hold in Alta California. Mass was celebrated, the noble hymn *Veni Creator* sung, and in the general frenzy of joy firearms were freely discharged in a mood worthy of the Forty-Niners. A pious chronicler states that the explosions were merely "supplying the want of an organ," and that the smoke of muskets served as holy incense. Can one imagine such goings on in the Massachusetts Bay colony under the eyes of its pastor? Yet Father Serra surveyed the celebration in ecstasy, recognizing the gunfire as a salute to heaven.

The exact spot where this salute was given is of entrancing beauty today. High on a hill above San Diego's Old Town is the Serra Museum built in 1929, and in an open space near by is the Serra Cross. An inscription on the museum wall states that "On this hill July 16, 1769, Padre Junípero Serra and the soldiers of Spain set the royal standard, raised the cross and dedicated the mission of San Diego de Alcalá." Five years after that historic event the mission was removed to a point

six miles up the valley and there stand its meager remains to-day, unimpressive compared with other missions.

The Indians hereabouts were of an extremely low order and Serra's persistence in trying to do something with them is further testimony of his courageous nature. Seldom has humanity presented so discouraging a field for spiritual plowing. I have been told by a serious student of the missions that many of the San Diego Indians were found by the padres to be so utterly lazy that they made no attempt to clothe themselves. When cool weather came they would roll in mud and let this cake about their bodies as protection. They liked to lie still and catch with their fingers unwary grasshoppers, eating them raw as a major part of their diet. Such miserable clods the friars sought to baptize and train. Father Crespi, an incorrigible optimist, characteristically saw these natives through rosy spectacles or else he allowed his eyes to rest only on those of superior merit. He wrote to Father Palou: "All the port is well populated with a large number of villages of Indians, too clever, wide awake, and business-like for any Spaniard to get ahead of them. The men are naked and almost all are very much painted. . . . They received us in peace, thanks to the Lord, and so far there has been no trouble. . . . The women, as many as we have seen, are all properly clothed with a thick apron from the waist in front, and skins of deer or seals behind, and some have a garment made of hare or rabbit skins in the shape of a cape with which they cover their breasts and the rest of their bodies, in the manner of a blanket." (H. E. Bolton's translation.)

Crespi, in reporting no trouble "so far," must have failed to knock on wood for a year after the mission's removal to the river valley the Indians summoned energy enough to turn on the padres, destroy the chapel and other buildings and murder

a friar and two artisans. When Serra heard of it he exclaimed enthusiastically, "Glory to God! The soil is irrigated by a martyr's blood. The conversion of the Indians will surely follow." He would certainly have been happier still to give his own body in martyrdom.

The mission of San Diego encountered reverses quite as formidable as those which had racked the Mayflower colony of Plymouth a century and a half earlier. Death and disease wrought terrible havoc in half a year. Supplies ran desperately low as an expected relief ship persistently failed to appear. Portolá, baffled and sore in spirit, finally gave the order for the complete abandonment of San Diego and prepared for the bitter return to Mexico with his brave padres, acknowledging defeat. Despite Father Serra's pleadings he set the day positively for March 20 (1770), which, in the Catholic calendar, is dedicated to St. Joseph.

Father Serra gave himself up to almost continuous prayer, but still the situation grew more desperate. The last day came. Portolá was adamant in his purpose to return. Then occurred a strange happening which seems to have the stamp of historic truth rather than mere legend. To St. Joseph Father Serra turned, celebrating a high mass to him with tearful supplications for aid. Within four hours a sail was seen on the horizon and it proved to be the long-awaited, long-despaired-of *San Antonio* from Mexico laden with ample supplies for the starving colony. The men of that colony, down to the most ribald and profane soldier, would not have been of their time and faith had they not seen in this a direct miracle, a proof of Father Juniper's "influence with God." This phrase is Father Serra's own. He used it years later on his deathbed, promising to use all his influence with God to preserve and advance the missions. Such simplicity is disarming, for the least study of

Serra's character shows that there was no atom of conceit or self-aggrandizement in him. He merely believed that a lifetime of devotion entitled him to a hearing at the heavenly throne. The *San Antonio's* arrival, call it what you will, saved the whole mission idea in the colonization of California.

Carrying out this idea involved the suffering, even the agony and death, of many a missionary friar and many a *soldado de cuero*, as the soldiers were called because of the leather jackets they wore. Two days before the dedication of the San Diego mission Portolá, accompanied by Crespi as missionary and diarist, had started overland with a small party to find the bay of Monterey which had so excited the navigator Viscaino in the previous century. They wandered in increasing misery for more than six months, and passed within sight of Monterey Bay twice but did not recognize it. Extraordinary as this seems it is nothing compared to the fact that they did find the vastly more important San Francisco Bay which Cabrillo, Drake, Viscaino and all the other navigators had missed. On November 1, 1769, a band of advance scouts led by José Ortega came upon the Golden Gate—and were dismayed! This spectacular bay, they knew, was not the one they sought yet it stopped their march. Back they went, toiling past the mysteriously hidden Monterey, all the way to San Diego, without, as they felt, any tangible result of their expedition. That they had found one of the greatest bays in the world and had seen a sight which was to thrill mankind ever after seems scarcely to have concerned them. A second time, courage having been bolstered by the miracle of the relief ship's timely arrival saving San Diego, they set forth for the elusive Monterey, one section of the expedition going by sea with Father Serra, the remainder by land with Portolá and Father Crespi. This time success re-

warded the searchers and the two contingents met at Monterey about the first of June.

I admit envying them this meeting for it must have thrilled them all. Monterey had long been their goal. By order of the *visitador-general* it was to be headquarters for the whole mission chain. Here it was at last and here they were and it was June, and what a place! Viscaino's gushing report seemed to them too mild, by far. The peninsula was an earthly paradise, the bay a mirror of heaven itself. No words, however strong, were strong enough. On June 3 mass was celebrated under the "Viscaino oak." It was a great moment. Upper California was now an established unit in civilization's march, a colony prepared to go forward under its own power. The *Te Deum* which rang out from beneath the venerable oak (Viscaino too had celebrated mass here a century and a half before) echoed all through Mexico and Spain. Jubilation filled every town and hamlet. The church bells of Mexico City seemed intoxicated with the general excitement. The viceroy gave a great reception at his palace in that city. Printed proclamations and reports spread the good news far and wide. Serra's face was lit with holy joy. Crespi seized his quill to write the glorious news to his comrade Palou in Baja California. The messengers from Majorca had not come to the new world in vain.

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CHAPTER III

THE PATH OF FATHER JUNIPER

AT SAN DIEGO began, and still begins, El Camino Real, the King's Highway to San Francisco, linking the missions into a chain. It is now the most celebrated motor highway in California, marked every few miles by a bronze mission bell. The vestiges of the valley mission of San Diego do not today make an adequate introduction to the glories of the chain but this service *is* performed in masterly fashion by the Serra Cross and the Serra Museum on the hill above, where the cross and the royal standard were first raised. The bay-and-valley outlook from the point on which they stand seems to me the finest in the San Diego region and the immediate setting is no less gorgeous, with carpets of vermillion flowerlets of the ice plant family lining the road banks and tall pines flinging challenge to the ocean breeze.

Drawn on by the appeal of a graciousness somewhat exotic in the life of America I have followed the path of Father Juniper from San Diego to San Francisco and across the Golden Gate to the two post-Serra missions of San Rafael and San Francisco Solano (in Sonoma). Greed finally destroyed the missions and ruined many of their churches but they are beautiful even in decay and some are sufficiently intact or have been so faithfully restored that they present a satisfying picture of the past. The sites, each at a distance of about a day's journey (forty to fifty miles) from the next in the chain, were al-

ways intelligently chosen with a view to the practical needs of community life and of farming, but one cannot see them without believing that beauty of outlook also played a strong part in guiding the friars' choice. Nearly every mission of the whole chain, twenty-one in all, besides San Antonio de Pala, the attractive *asistencia* of San Luis Rey, is so marvelously placed that one look from its portal would have inspired St. Francis to a new canticle.

Only the earnest student of history or architecture is likely to track down every mission in the chain but a few are of outstanding beauty or interest. One that combines both is San Juan Capistrano, often called the Melrose of the Missions. It is the delight of artists, a magnificent ruin which has been, in some parts, restored with taste and historical reverence. The church, still a ruin and half buried in the golden blossoms of *buena moza*, was once the most pretentious of all the churches in the chain, a solidly built stone structure that seemed able to defy time. It was built by the actual physical labor of almost every man, woman and child in the community in a glow of spiritual zeal reminiscent of the building of Chartres Cathedral. Alas, it was doomed to early and tragic destruction. On December 8, 1812, six short years after its completion, a terrible earthquake seized it and shook it to pieces, bringing down also the heavy stone tower. This was on the sacred day of the Immaculate Conception and a special mass was in progress at which fifty worshipers were present. They were kneeling at the moment. Forty were instantly killed or so badly hurt that they quickly died. The emotions of the ten who crawled out of the wreckage alive can be dimly imagined. The Indians among them must have thought it a strange and terrible God whom they had been induced to serve. And as for this Saint John of Capistran, patron of the mission, a warrior-

priest, the padres told them, who had fought for God in a bloody battle at Belgrade, where was he and why had he not been able to stay God's hand?

Capistrano as a village is the most colonial-looking, in the Spanish sense, in all California and for that reason would have its own appeal even without the mission. Centering a region of walnut groves, whose nut gatherers are largely Mexican and Indian, it is not so very different from what it must have been a hundred years ago. Its one main street, lined with poplars, made bright with innumerable flowers and vines, is a picture projected from sleepy Spanish-colonial times into this swift century of American civilization.

The mission chain leads northward, link by link, through San Gabriel and San Fernando, thirty miles apart but both securely clutched by tentacles of the surrounding city of Los Angeles, to Santa Buenaventura and Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara mission is conspicuous in the traveler's path but its great popularity is not due primarily to its position. It is the best preserved link of the entire chain and the only mission which has been continuously occupied and controlled by the Franciscans. Its magnificent location on high ground a mile and a half from the city makes it the dominating feature of Santa Barbara. Infinite patience went into the building and rebuilding of it for earthquakes have shaken it ruthlessly, one occurring as recently as 1925. A local historian has verified the fact that the big timbers of the original mission were brought on the backs of Indians from the forests of the *second* mountain range northwest of the mission. When one thinks of merely walking that distance once over rough mountain paths it seems sufficient toil for these effete times, yet the Indians carried heavy logs all those weary miles and kept it up month

after month, in voluntary service of the padres and their strange imported God.

The aqueduct too is eloquent of toil. In a little trough between two walls of masonry it carried water for two miles in a gently flowing stream from the reservoir above. Substantial parts of this crude water system still exist to attest its effective construction, and the labor that went into it. These Santa Barbara Indians could have spent little time rolling in the mud and eating incautious grasshoppers.

The traveler on the Camino Real going northward toward Monterey and Carmel, which Serra established as headquarters of the chain, passes through mission towns of such mellow Spanish nomenclature—Santa Ynez, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, San Antonio and Soledad—that it strikes him as a shock, like slang heard in a convent, when he encounters Anglo-Saxon interlopers named King City and Greenfield. With due respect to these clean and estimable little towns he wonders what they are doing in such company. Could they not quietly retire for a moment and reappear as Ciudad del Rey and Campo Verde?

In Monterey while Portolá was formally taking possession of California for his king and laying the foundations of the presidio, Serra, the *padre presidente*, founded the mission of San Carlos Borromeo, removing it shortly to Carmel-by-the-Sea, five miles south. In and from this base he toiled mightily for the rest of his life, which was fourteen years. Here he died and here in the mission church he lies buried. On his grave there is no inscription but only a natural cypress cross rising from stone slabs in the pavement. In the same grave with him and in similar unmarked tombs on his right and left lie Father Crespi and two other padres. Jo Mora, a well-known California sculptor, has made an impressive sarcophagus with Father



MISSION DOLORES

Officially known as San Francisco de Asis, the Mission Dolores is sixth in the chain of missions founded by the Franciscan Fathers in Alta California.



GHOSTS OF THE PAST

Only a few of these wind-stripped trees still cling desperately to the outmost edge of the continental land margin on Monterey Peninsula. The Monterey cypress is nowhere found further inland than 350 feet from the ocean shore.

Serra in bronze recumbent on a tomb of travertine, the three mourning padres standing about him, but this is in one of the adjoining mission rooms. The graves themselves are left unadorned as Serra would have wished. His elaborately carved confessional box and his baptismal font relieve to some extent the severity of the church interior, which was faithfully restored in 1936, including the barrel vault, the only one of its kind in any of the mission churches.

A Serra prayer is painted on the wall of a chapel and I once copied it in my notebook. Like everything, from a sonnet to a list of provisions, this prayer is wonderfully beautified by the language in which it is written. (Was it Charles V who said that Spanish was the only language fit to use in addressing God?)

*O, Corazón de Jesús!
Siempre ardes y resplandeces
Enciendo e ilumina el mio.*

An attendant, watching me transcribe this in my little book, came to my side in helpful mood, pointed to the fourth word and remarked, "I think that must mean Jesus."

The site of the head mission would convince me, if I needed argument on the point, that Father Juniper placed sheer beauty of location high in the list of requirements for his mission sites. This one graces a green hillside high above the Carmel River. To the south a gray-green curtain of lofty hills hangs in the middle distance across the river valley. To the north, almost within slingshot, are the pine woods of the present community of Carmel. Within hearing the Pacific breakers crash on strand and rocky headland. The actual shore of Carmel-by-the-Sea, indented by graceful little bays-within-the-bay and blessed with a two-mile crescent beach of gleam-

ing whiteness, is lined by thousands of Monterey cypresses, perhaps the most decorative trees native to this continent. Admitting that many of them have been planted since Serra's day it is yet a fact that this romantic branch of the cypress race, bending before ocean winds, clutching wildly at the sky, assuming fantastic oriental poses, is native to the Monterey peninsula alone. Nowhere else on earth is it found except where man has carried it. Nature planted it on this sea-girt point of California, forbidding it to wander more than a few hundred yards from the sea. Through untold centuries it obeyed and lingered here without even straying up or down the coast until man came along and overrode nature's ruling.

Carmel-by-the-Sea is more beautiful today than it could have been even in Serra's time. Artists have claimed it for their own and built a village that has few rivals in America for loveliness and independent spirit. Writers by the dozen have been irresistibly attracted to it and one of them, in a cottage that overlooks the cypress-bordered beach, not a thousand yards from Father Serra's mission, is now engaged in writing this present volume.

CHAPTER IV

SANDALS, UNIFORMS AND LOVE

MONTEREY and Padre Serra's own Carmel would be the natural terminus of most followers in the path of Father Juniper were it not that the Mission Dolores in the heart of San Francisco commands special attention and is especially accessible. I suppose, without having looked the matter up, that it receives far more visitors annually than does any other mission in the chain. There is a pervasive romance about everything connected with the city which bears the name of St. Francis himself, and the Mission of Our Lady of Sorrows is an important strand in the tapestry. This name, while universally used, is due to accident rather than plan. De Anza, who picked the mission site, did so on the feast day of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores and named the little river there the Rio Dolores. By popular usage this name was finally applied to the whole mission but officially it was and is dedicated to San Francisco de Asis (Assisi) and no other name would be quite appropriate.

History has few annals so strange as the story of the founding of this mission and city. After the general locations of the early missions had been picked (on a map) by the *visitador-general*, Galvez, and tentative names bestowed upon them Father Serra had said to Galvez in some consternation, "But is there to be no mission named for our Father St. Francis?" Galvez, sympathetic but ever practical, had answered promptly,

"If St. Francis desires a mission let him show us his port and we will put one there for him." It was shortly after that, San Diego being crudely planted as the first link in the chain, that Portolá set out for the bay of Monterey, but unaccountably missed it and discovered an infinitely finer bay farther north, one which some mysterious agency had veiled from all the mariners of all nations who had sailed along the coast. Could any answer be more plain in missionary eyes? The revered saint of Assisi had disclosed "his port." It was inevitable that the mission, bay and city should one day bear his name.

The actual founder of San Francisco was that intrepid soldier Juan Bautista de Anza but the impetus came directly from Serra. The missions were not, at the beginning, self-supporting and depended upon the semiannual bringing of supplies by ship from Mexico. The coming of the supply ship was always a matter of utmost concern, and delay caused anxiety or even outright suffering. Serra insisted that an overland route from Mexico be established and finally this was done. In 1774 De Anza was commissioned to open the path and he succeeded in marching with his band eight hundred miles from Tubac across deserts and mountain ranges to the Mission of San Gabriel. In a second expedition two years later (a famous and significant date) he pushed northward to the Golden Gate and picked the exact sites for the presidio and mission of San Francisco.

This mission—one must bow to custom and call it Dolores—waxed prosperous as did the whole chain. The statistics of its property in 1825, when all the missions were at their height, are most impressive. Seventy-six thousand head of cattle, seventy-nine thousand sheep, three thousand horses, two thousand hogs, eighteen thousand bushels of wheat and barley in its granaries, sixty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise and

precious metals. This was not, to be candid, the "treasure of poverty" which the "little poor man of Assisi" had so earnestly sought and preached yet the spirit of the padres was very little corrupted by greed. Hospitality was the keynote of the missions, a hospitality such as our western civilization has never attained. In all the missions travelers' rooms were constantly in readiness and any traveler was free to use them at his pleasure, staying as long as he liked, partaking of bountiful food and wine, helping himself freely to fruit from the travelers' orchard, paying nothing. Upon his arrival at any mission an Indian page boy greeted him and took care of his horse while a second took him to one of the comfortable rooms. Upon his departure he might take a fresh horse, also without payment, and ride on to the next mission, where he would be similarly received and entertained. Thus he could travel the whole length of the chain, some six hundred miles.

If greed did not, to any appreciable extent, infect the friars it rapidly did infect the colonial government of New Spain and in an incredibly short period the wealth of the missions proved their undoing. Whereas the presidios were at first supposed to protect and guard the missions they soon began to depend upon the missions for food and then for forced levies of money and labor. Secularization was first decreed by the Spanish Cortes in 1813 and the missions became quite frankly sources of official plunder. By 1820 the government was nearly half a million dollars in "debt" to them, a debt that would of course never be paid. Having secularized the missions the government now proceeded, almost without cloaking the thievery, to appropriate the enormous "Pious Fund" on the ingenious theory that it was no longer needed for the conversion of the Indians and had therefore reverted to the state.

Exploitation of the missions which had so heroically given

Spain her foothold in Alta California became more and more shameless. The Indians were "emancipated" on terms that few accepted until driven to it by desperation. They were given individual plots of land but these grants were shortly ignored and treated by the local officials like the sorry practical jokes they really were. In all but name the Indians became slaves, being hired out in gangs and treated with harshness and contempt. The missions crumbled slowly to ruin. With a few shining exceptions Spain's colonial administrators (imitated and excelled by those of republican Mexico after 1822) have always, in all parts of the world, looked upon the colonies solely in terms of insatiate exploitation; but never, perhaps, did they sink lower in this respect than in their unscrupulous betrayal of the Indians of California and their heartless ingratitude to the Franciscan friars who had labored and suffered to make this colony possible. It is fortunate for California and its visitors alike that today's legacy from the Spanish period is not official callousness and rapacity but that rare grace, that gift for hospitality, that romance which the very name of Spain suggests and which its language enhances.

In the little churchyard of Dolores Mission is a headstone that brings to mind an international romance of colonial days, one which is almost as well known in California as that of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens in New England. The stone records the name of Don Luis Argüello, onetime governor of Alta California but chiefly known to posterity as the brother of Concepción Argüello. This lovely señorita, whose dancing slippers tapped a very different note from that of the friars' scuffing sandals, dwelt in the worldly setting of San Francisco's presidio and for her, in 1806, a love affair was brewing that was destined to shake the structure of international diplomacy.

The story of Concepción Argüello and Rezánov the Russian

has weathered a century of telling and retelling. As a great romance, interwoven with mystery, it will not die. As an incident of history which had a direct and vital bearing on the whole westward sweep of our infant nation it has aroused the endless speculation of California's historians. Concepción was artistically, dramatically, without flaw. There is nothing about her we would wish to change. Only when we reach the sophisticated Russian diplomat, Nicolai Petrovich Rezánov, beloved by Concepción, do we run into the delights of argument and mystery.

In 1805 Baron Rezánov, chamberlain and prime favorite of Czar Alexander I, arrived in Sitka to bolster up the tottering morale of the Russian fur-trading colony in that remote Alaskan port. It was the child of his brain, the first outpost in a new-world empire which he had conceived. He found his people in an appalling state of semistarvation and promptly bought a Boston ship named *Juno* (all Yankee ships of that period were assumed to be from Boston) and determined to sail her down the coast to California and attempt to buy supplies from the Spaniards. He knew that their laws strictly forbade trading with foreigners and even forbade any foreign vessel to enter any California port, but he hoped, by summoning all his wits and all that charm which he could wield as a potent weapon, to circumvent these laws and establish a regular interchange of Russian manufactured goods for the necessities of food. In the back of his devious brain he played with the thought of eventually seizing the whole of California for Russia and adding still other territories. This became, in fact, his inflexible purpose but it was promptly to clash with an entirely unexpected obstacle, the ancient traditional enemy of diplomacy, a sudden sincere love for a girl of that race which he intended to outwit and finally rob. This situation, one of the

foundation pillars of today's scenario industry, caught Rezánov unawares, annoying and puzzling his usually clear brain. No thought seems ever to have disturbed him concerning the possible competition in California of the intrepid little "Boston Nation" far away on the Atlantic seaboard yet the girl with whom he fell in love was one day to live under its flag.

On an April morning in 1806 the *Juno* sailed through the Golden Gate. It was an anxious moment, as the Spanish guns were trained directly on the little ship, but luck was with the Russian. Don Luis Argüello (the same whose body now rests in the churchyard of Dolores Mission) was in temporary charge of the presidio during the absence of his father, then in conference with Governor Arrillaga at Monterey. Young Argüello supposed this visit of Rezánov to be connected with a scientific expedition which had long been rumored and for that reason ordered the gunners at the fort not to fire upon the *Juno* for infringing the law against entry. Rezánov, learning of this, took full advantage of his good fortune and played his role of scientist to perfection. He spoke no Spanish and the Spaniards no Russian. Latin was the medium of conversation, a priest from the mission and a comrade of Rezánov acting as interpreters. In spite of this language handicap the baron's personality wrought miracles. Everyone was bowled over by his dazzling presence, as he was first rowed ashore standing upright in the little boat. His dark green uniform, adorned with gold lace, his impressive cocked hat, the gleaming Order of St. Anne on his breast, all these embellishments did him no harm but the man himself was the cynosure of all eyes. His bearing bespoke authority. His manner combined a forceful directness with all the subtle graces at a courtier's command.

At the presidio Luis Argüello introduced his family to the distinguished chamberlain of the czar. It was a mighty moment

in two lives. As the calculating eyes of the Russian, cool and gray-blue, met the warmly glowing Latin eyes of Doña Maria de la Concepción Marcella Argüello, sister of Don Luis, something happened which neither the man nor the girl could quite grasp. If it was not precisely love at first sight it was perilously like it and yet Rezánov, a man of forty, had long supposed himself entirely immune to such bothersome emotions and Concepción, eagerly courted by every young man who met her, had supposed herself always in full control of her heart. The rest of the Argüellos all thought this stranger a demigod and treated him as such. Rezánov saw in them no more and no less than his experience would have led him to expect. Concepción alone caught his interest and baffled his powers of analysis. Her beauty was self-evident, the perfect Spanish type, enhanced by a complexion not olive like that of her brothers but clear white touched by the pink of a California dawn or a petal from one of the fragrant *rosas de Castilla* that profusely adorned the grounds of her home. Rezánov could have steeled himself to withstand all this but the mystery of the girl's personality demolished his resistance. He took her to be no more than twenty or twenty-one and she was buried in this remote corner of the world yet she could have carried all before her in any salon in Europe. In spite of this amazing poise there was an aura of innocence about her that was paradoxical and infinitely exciting to Rezánov's mind, not to mention his disciplined heart.

He spent many hours alone with "Concha," as everyone called the girl, her mother giving her a latitude very unusual in a Spanish household. Concha promptly became his language teacher and as if by magic the Russian, a born linguist, picked up a working, flirting knowledge of Spanish. He was amazed by the girl's intelligent grasp of European affairs. From much

reading and attentive listening to her father and the important men who were from time to time his guests, she had acquired not merely drawing-room patter but a deep understanding of what was going on in Europe. She could talk sensibly of Napoleon at a time when he was scattering the senses of all Europe by the whirlwind of his ambitions. And yet this same girl also talked of the Blessed Virgin having brought a baby to her married friend Elena Castro, leaving it beneath a rose-bush and whispering the fact to Elena's nurse. "Good girls," confided Concha to Rezánov, "have to have a husband before the Virgin brings a baby. She sometimes brings one to bad girls when there is no husband. She did that to my poor maid Rosa. It seems very queer but that's the way it is."

Rezánov was utterly fascinated. He had supposed that his experiences had brought him into contact with every kind of person that civilization produced but never had he met a human puzzle quite like this glorious Spanish beauty, so keen of perception, so aware of the world, and yet so blindly innocent. He made Concha his ally and confided to her, in utmost secrecy, the whole purpose of his visit to San Francisco—*except* that deeply hidden purpose to take California from the Spaniards in the end. This last troubled the conscience that lurked somewhere in him but he did what he could to quiet the still small voice. His immediate need of food for his starving people in Alaska was desperate yet he must seem leisurely and unconcerned. If he allowed the Spanish authorities to perceive how terrible was his plight there was grave danger that Spain might seize the Russian possessions in Alaska before Russia could lay the first foundations for seizing California.

Deliberately Rezánov played his diplomatic cards, especially that trump card named Concepción. She pledged herself to aid him in every way that lay in her power and well she knew

that she could make her doting father do anything for her. Through him she could probably break down the timid scruples of Governor Arrillaga. The friars of the San Francisco mission were already on Rezánov's side and would gladly have traded with him in secret if it could have been managed. His discreet gifts to them, including rolls of excellent brown cloth, now the required color for Franciscan robes everywhere, had won their hearts.

Concha induced her brother Luis to entertain the Russians at a great ball in the hall of the commandante's house, which she decorated with Spanish flags and a Russian flag secured from the *Juno*. Excitement filled the air for Concha was not the only pretty girl in the presidio nor Rezánov the only handsome Russian on the *Juno*. The ball was hastily contrived but there was a great deal of business about dressing for it. Aboard the *Juno* the younger Russian officers were adorning themselves as brilliantly as possible, while Rezánov's valet Jon was dressing his master with utmost care in his most resplendent uniform glittering with decorations.

Within the presidio the older ladies were donning their heavy satin dresses, red or yellow being the favored color, while the señoritas wore pointed bodices and full skirts of flowered silk. Concha, in her boudoir, was being arrayed by Rosa, the maid who was bad because she had found a baby under the rosebush before finding a husband, but who was devoted in serving her mistress. Rosa's fingers helped arrange Concha's hair over a high comb anchoring the black tresses in a knot spiked with two golden pins.

The other elements of the mixed company, seen as the ball commenced, are thus described by Gertrude Atherton in her stirring historical novel *Rezánov*.

"The officers of the Presidio and forts wore full dress uniform, either white coats with red velvet vest, red pantaloons and sash, or white trousers and scarlet coat and waistcoat faced with green. The young men from the Mission wore small clothes of black silk, fastened at the knee with silver buckles and white silk stockings; two gentlemen from Monterey wore the evening costume of the capital, dove-colored small clothes with white silk waistcoat and stockings, and much fine lawn and lace. The room was well lighted by many wicks stuck in lumps of tallow. The Indian musicians, soldiers recruited from a superior tribe in Santa Clara Valley, were clad almost entirely in scarlet and danced sometimes as they played; and Indian girls, in short red skirts and snow-white smocks open at the throat, their long hair decorated with flowers and ribbons, already passed about wine and dulces."

The tameness of a modern dance is deplorable when compared with such a colorful affair as this one held in the first rude days of Spanish California, but one element, the intricate art of flirting, is common to both, to all dress balls of all ages. It was a brilliant night of revelry and long before it was over Rezánov knew that he was in love. It was a painful discovery and worse was to follow for he learned, with a mixture of astonishment and rage at his own helplessness, that Concha was not twenty or twenty-one but *sixteen*. This filled him with dismay. Every fine instinct in him was outraged by the thought of a man of forty using for his own diplomatic ends the love of a girl who was only a child, despite her amazing maturity in certain ways. Diplomats had, of course, to engage in dirty dealings but this was rather too much. And to complicate the complications he himself was now smitten by the first real passion he had ever experienced.

Things moved on in their inevitable course with great rapidity. In less than four weeks Rezánov was tentatively betrothed to Concepción. There had been a tremendous fuss on the part of

the pious Argüellos and the mission fathers because he was a heretic in religion, being a member of the Greek Catholic Church, but it had finally been arranged that he should return to St. Petersburg and then journey to Rome to secure a special dispensation from the Pope, authorizing matrimony, a course that would entail nearly two years' delay before the lovers could actually be wed. It was awkward but the betrothal was of serious intent on both sides. In Rezánov the diplomat and the lover were inextricably entangled.

Governor Arrillaga was not able to withstand the pressure brought to bear on him by the Argüellos and presently agreed to let Rezánov have ample foodstuffs "this once only." On May 21, about six weeks after his arrival, the Russian prepared for departure, the *Juno's* hold bulging with supplies. His parting with Concha was a terrible thing for the girl and ample evidence convinces historians that the man's heart too was shaken to its depths. No one knows exactly what was said, but many have imagined the mutual pledges.

The *Juno* sailed out of the Golden Gate, Fort San Joaquin firing a salute of seven guns, the ship responding with nine. Rezánov was gone.

He never came back and for thirty-six years no one in California heard anything of him. Yet Concha never faltered nor doubted his good faith. Finally she gave herself to the service of the poor in the name of the Third Order of St. Francis, and later through a Dominican convent, becoming known throughout California for her saintly character. In 1842 an official of the Hudson's Bay Company brought news of Rezánov's death to Monterey.

As a matter of history he died on March 1, 1807, only a few months after leaving San Francisco, in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. The manner of his death has been fully recorded and seems to

prove beyond reasonable doubt that a burning desire to complete his journey at the earliest possible moment and return to California with the Pope's authorization for his marriage brought on the end. He fell ill of malarial fever but disregarded it and struggled on with a recklessness that finally destroyed even his magnificent physique and left the shell of his tremendous spirit in a bleak Siberian cemetery. Concepción outlived him by fifty years and died, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, in Benicia, California.

Had Rezánov lived a great drama would surely have unrolled with the years. It might well have changed the whole destiny of California, erecting a Slavic barrier to American expansion. But within this struggle there would have been a more intimate and violent drama involving the clash of expediency with sportsmanship, of diplomacy with love. The scourge that laid Rezánov low left open and almost unhindered America's approach to the Golden West, but this somehow seems unimportant compared with the fact that it left intact one of the supreme love stories of history.

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CHAPTER V

THREE FLAGS AT MONTEREY

THE cradle of California and its capital under three flags was old Monterey, which still goes its placid way almost undisturbed by the swift currents of twentieth-century life. Its population is little greater than it was in 1830 and partly for that reason it has retained more of the charm of Old Spain than any other city in the West. It has at least a dozen buildings that are accounted very ancient in California, a few of them being actually centenarians, and all of them replete with historic interest. At the foot of the main street stands the former Spanish Custom House, as full of repose as Spanish customs officials have always been at all ports and border towns. One also finds the home of Thomas Larkin, who was the only American consul ever to be appointed to Monterey. One finds Colton Hall, where the state constitution of California was drafted in 1849 and not far away the first theater in the state and the Old Pacific House, a two-story adobe hotel, famous for its hospitality to honeymoon couples in the late forties. A robe of comfortable leisure seems to clothe the city. It viewed the gold rush of '49 without undue excitement. It saw the removal of authority from itself to several other capitals and finally to Sacramento without great anger or consternation. It has seen California grow great and has itself remained contentedly small. Gradually it has assumed the role of host to seekers of holiday relaxation and nowhere in a thousand miles

of California coast is there a region more gracious, more glorious in beauty, more varied, more inviting to the spirit than the Monterey peninsula.

The story of Monterey and California from the turn of the century to the permanent appearance of the Stars and Stripes in 1846 appears through the mellowing lens of time as one of the comic opera stories of history though it seemed very different to the persons who lived through the period, as we know from their journals and records. It is a tapestry of petty quarrels, makeshift allegiances, picturesque battles in which nobody was hurt. A perpetual feud ran on and on between Monterey and Los Angeles, the latter laying spirited but unsuccessful claim to the title of capital. From the intricate tangle of conspiracies, rebellions and counterrebellions a few interesting figures emerge, such as Alvarado, Carillo, Micheltorena and Vallejo; but except for General Vallejo, who was a staunch friend of the United States, these men were hardly more than political bosses, trimming their sails to catch the wind.

Meanwhile a steady infiltration of Americans, first by sea and then also by land, was preparing the way for an inevitable and almost bloodless conquest. British and French interests looked upon California as a desirable prize, George Vancouver and Count de la Pérouse both attempting to "prospect" with a view to future conquest, and the Russians, despite the terrible blow of Rezánov's death, managed to establish themselves a little north of San Francisco and build a stronghold at Fort Ross which they held until 1841. Even the newborn Argentine Republic had a fling at California in 1818, when a notorious sailor of fortune named Bouchard, flying the flag of Buenos Aires, spread terror up and down the California coast and plundered the capital itself. But such sporadic efforts amounted to nothing compared with the peaceful penetration of the

Americans, whose incipient plans were greatly aided by the interminable squabbles of the Californian leaders among themselves.

In 1822 the Mexican Republic was set up and the Mexican flag appeared at Monterey replacing the flag of Spain. Four years later Jedediah Smith with a band of trappers entered California by an overland route. He was the first American to do so and laid the trail which Kit Carson, John Charles Frémont and a host of others followed. The colorful John Sutter established his fort of New Helvetia in what is now Sacramento in the year 1839 and this became the goal for countless pioneer bands in their covered wagons. The days of Mexican rule in California were numbered.

The first public raising of the American flag over the presidio of Monterey gives eloquent testimony of the pathetic weakness of the Mexican regime. On October 19, 1842, Commodore Thomas Jones, who was cruising in Pacific waters, made a comic mistake. He heard from someone who had heard it from someone else that war had just been declared between Mexico and the United States, so he dropped in at Monterey, took possession of the presidio and hoisted Old Glory, proclaiming California a United States possession. Two days later he found out that he had been in error about the war so he hauled down the flag, apologized generously to the Micheltorena government and sailed away. The incident was important only in focusing the pitiless searchlight of publicity on the feebleness of Mexican rule. It was obvious to America, to all the world, that the rich plum of California was ripe for plucking.

Four years later America plucked it. In June, 1846, the picturesque Bear Flag Revolt served as curtain raiser for the final act of the opera, American occupation. The revolt developed

with surprising haste at Sonoma, which was then the leading military center in the north and the home of General Vallejo, who directed the affairs of the region. A small band of American trappers, about thirty men in all, walked into General Vallejo's home on Sunday morning, June 14, announced to him that he was a prisoner, and induced him to sign articles of capitulation. The Republic of California was duly proclaimed and one William Todd designed the Bear Flag to symbolize it. A grizzly that looked as harmless as a puppy surveyed a five-pointed star painted with red ink in the upper left-hand corner of the banner.

Hardly had the ink of this scarlet star dried before news came that the United States actually was at war with Mexico and had determined upon occupation of California. On July 7 Commodore John Drake Sloat officially took over Monterey and raised the Stars and Stripes above the Old Custom House. This time there was no mistake and the flag remained. It was similarly raised in all the other centers of California. General Kearny and Commodore Stockton quickly stamped out opposition in the Los Angeles region and California was transferred from Mexico to the United States by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo signed February 3, 1848. The next year saw the drafting of the state constitution in Monterey and on September 9, 1850, California was admitted to the Union, being represented by the thirty-first star in the flag.

Succeeding generations have indulged in much speculation as to the importance of the Bear Flag Revolt and as to the part in it, and in subsequent events, of John C. Frémont, who was so opportunely knocking about with his "scientific" expedition, but it seems that nothing could have long delayed America's taking of the prize that lay so temptingly on a golden platter. By the terms of the treaty America paid to Mexico for Cali-

fornia, together with New Mexico, the modest sum of fifteen million dollars. Since then her citizens have taken at least one hundred and thirty-three times that amount (two billion dollars) from her golden hills and rivers. It has been said, possibly with some exaggeration, that a single square mile of the 158,295 in the state has yielded in pure gold five times the amount paid for the whole of California with New Mexico thrown in as a sweetener. Seldom has Yankee trading instinct driven a better bargain.

When the American flag came to Monterey there lived in a small adobe a young redheaded lieutenant who was adjutant to the military governor of California. A persistent story relates that he fell in love with a señorita named Maria Bonifacio and romantically planted a rose tree in her garden to do her honor. The rose tree is still pointed out, though now in a private garden half a mile from its original location, and it has numerous children and grandchildren. The young officer was named William Tecumseh Sherman. Second only to the Rezánov-Concepción story in popularity there is one vital defect in this Sherman-Maria story. It is not true. An authority on Monterey history, Laura Bride Powers, states that the whole yarn is the sheer fancy of a writer who made it up decades after the romance is supposed to have flowered. Plenty of people in Monterey still remember Maria Bonifacio as an old lady (she died in the early nineties) and assert that she herself knew nothing about this romance. "Sherman? Sherman? Who was this Sherman that you tease me about?" "Do you not remember, Maria, that young officer with the red hair? You used to dance with him." "Oh—that fellow," and the old lady would vaguely recollect or try to. A good romance, once firmly rooted, will not die. It cannot, in fact, be killed, and this one will continue to

flourish like the rose tree itself, which I am told was actually planted as recently as 1872. Visitors to Monterey will continue to sweep aside dull denials and enjoy the romance of lunching at the Sherman Rose. And why not?

PLAYGROUNDS IN THE
SOUTH

PLAYGROUNDS IN THE SOUTH



Santa Barbara



Los Angeles



Hollywood

San Marino



Riverside



Santa Catalina



Palm Springs

San Diego



Salton Sea



Tijuana
Agua Caliente

Calexico
Mexico

Jacqueline

CHAPTER VI

THE EMPRESS OF THE ANGELS

WHEN Portolá, on his fruitless search for Monterey in 1769, camped briefly beside a little stream and named the camp in honor of Our Lady Queen of the Angels (*Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles*) he could not possibly have foreseen what a city that long-winded but beautiful name would one day be called upon to designate. Had he envisaged the mighty metropolis of today he surely would have sought extravagant superlatives. The angels would have become arch-angels, the queen of heaven an empress. In a land that takes its civic wonders easily the phenomenon of Los Angeles has, in this twentieth century, quickened the American heartbeat and stirred the national imagination. At the midway mark of the nineteenth century Los Angeles was a dirty village of sixteen hundred inhabitants scarcely desiring to emerge from the pall of Mexican sloth that hung over it like the dust clouds rising from its streets. By 1870 it boasted only five or six thousands residents and its public notices and documents were still often printed in Spanish. In the eighties the boom days started and have been reverberating ever since with a rumbling diapason that has shaken the country. To spur initial settlement in southern California the newly built railroads at one time set the fare at *one dollar* for the long trip from Chicago or St. Louis. At the turn of the century one hundred thousand persons had settled in Los Angeles and today the population ap-

proaches the million-and-a-half mark, making this city easily the largest one west of Chicago.

"Dudes, loafers, paupers; those who expect to astonish the natives; those afraid to pull off their coats; cheap politicians and business scrubs are NOT WANTED," bellowed the Los Angeles *Times* in the eighties and even to this day one of the city's major problems is to ward off the inroads of undesirables, lured by its climate, its Hollywood and its much publicized attractions. The Los Angeles police made national headlines in 1936 by attempting to establish a bums' barrier along the entire California border. I remember seeing at that time a sign erected by some joker on the Oregon-California line, reading "Los Angeles City Limits." My road map established this line as six hundred and ninety-nine miles from the city of the angels.

That the hugely growing city has been in the main successful in its policy of "selective hospitality" is amply proved by its present character. Solid civic worth is evident at every turn and a prideful beauty has come to dwell permanently in its residential sections, making them famous for their palm-lined boulevards, their cypress-sentineled lawns and their attractive early Californian architecture. Broad-minded Angeleños admit that their wonderful regional development is not native Californian in nature but is a tapestry of America, a "pattern of parallels." Los Angeles' overnight growth to metropolitan proportions has made it a community unique in all the country. Families of better-than-average income have come from here, there and everywhere to merge into a new composite civilization. They have brought a restless initiative with them, else they would not have left home. Diversity of interests has lured diverse types. Limitless opportunity has challenged the energies of many who had intended to leave their energies back

home as useless impedimenta in California's climate. Problems of a man-made region where nature provides very little but sunshine and oil have stimulated the brains of many an eastern industrial magnate who came here to rest or even retire and found himself irresistibly drawn into new fields crying for the touch of his business acumen.

The citrus industry, fourth in importance, following oil, tourists and motion pictures, is a case in point. Eastern efficiency brought California oranges from the clodhopper age and made them great by the stern application of business principles. Orange culture became a highly scientific affair instead of hit-or-miss farming and when vast overproduction resulted, threatening ruin to the new industry, eastern efficiency developed and taught co-operative advertising and marketing to build up tremendous new markets which in turn called for new and greater orange groves.

Oil production and the world ramifications of Hollywood's moving picture industry involve similar stories, and as for tourists, who constitute southern California's number two business asset, they quite obviously are not native, except in small part. It is true that Californians from every section of the state roll about freely in their motorcars but the great inundations of tourist travel come from sections of our country which shiver or roast or drown in rain or generally lack the amiable charms of this darling of the Pacific. In Los Angeles' Sycamore Grove state picnics are held on different days, Michigan, Massachusetts, Illinois, Maine and so on being recognized in their turn, and a good-sized gathering can be counted on from almost any state. East and Middle West have largely woven the pattern of Los Angeles. They have turned an arid waste, where only three trees are native, the palm, the sycamore and the live oak, into a veritable garden, thousands of

square miles in extent. Once within this orbit the newcomers from other sections of the country tend to become super-Californians at once. They are more loyal than loyalty itself demands and experience a sudden sense of choler at the slightest hint of criticism cast upon their new love. Having joined the race of the angels their wings sprout miraculously from shoulders hastily thrown back to receive these ornaments. This well-established fact attests the human desire to back one's own judgment but more than that it proves the power and charm of the angel empress. Where there is so much smoke the divine fire cannot be wanting. Where so many votes are cast the candidate must be worthy.

The city limits of Los Angeles are so far-flung and so grotesque in contour that they provide a dependable point of badinage for the use of other Californians, especially San Franciscans, whose city limits on three sides are sharply set by the sea. If these limits do not, except in moments of stress, extend to the Oregon and Mexico lines, they do, officially, include four hundred and eighty-two square miles at this writing, making Los Angeles the largest city in area in the world. I have been told that a single street in it is forty-eight miles long but I believe that once or twice this street cheats a bit and slips outside the writhing lines of demarcation. The city fathers, certain that their city would some day be more populous than New York or London, since the trend of population is always westward, deliberately adopted in 1895 a policy of annexation and this has steadily continued, new sections and whole towns being swallowed by the colossus whenever possible. The most curious addition is the famous shoestring, which is twenty-five hundred feet wide and sixteen miles long, tying the ports of San Pedro and Wilmington (both also absorbed) to the heart of the city as the Long Walls tied the Peiraeus to Athens. An

almost equally odd one, but more charming to the eye, is the lovely park in front of the San Fernando Mission. By the Southern Pacific Railway, shortest of three routes, this is twenty-one miles northwest of the center of the city yet it is Los Angeles quite as legally as Pershing Square or the busy corner of Sixth Street and South Broadway. To the traveler these surprises of contour are never an annoyance but a delight. It is amusing to speculate at any point within twenty-five miles of the city hall as to whether or not one is in Los Angeles.

Contrasts make any city fascinating and they are unusually plentiful and sharp in this metropolis. One would expect to find the largest building in the world, and here, if the claim is accurate, it presents itself in the Los Angeles County General Hospital, a seventeen-million-dollar structure whose floor space is said to be greater than that of any other existing building anywhere. Twenty-eight hundred invalids can recline in bed here at the same time. This city-under-one-roof is equipped with a ticker system of intercommunication, and to save time in traversing the miles of corridors nurses and internes dash along on rubber-tired electric scooters. Its largest-in-the-world claim seems entirely credible and yet I cannot help wondering if the one hundred and twenty miles of corridors in Spain's Escorial can have been overlooked. My leg muscles have not forgotten them for there are no electric scooters there. The bright, modern monster of human healing in Los Angeles is, as I say, to be expected but who would look in the heart of this city for a trap for prehistoric animals? It is here in the La Brea asphalt pits flanked by Wilshire Boulevard.

Few things I have ever seen have been so replete with dim mysterious suggestion of prehistoric times as these La Brea pits, the deathtrap of the ages, as they are fairly called. Here

came thousands of weird animals and birds in the Pleistocene epoch to drink the surface water, little suspecting that beneath it lay a deadly quagmire which was to suck them down to oblivion. Father Crespi's diary reports discovery of these pits by the Portolá expedition of 1769, stating that the Indians used the asphalt or *chapote* for calking their boats and for food! Perhaps the ghastly stuff served as a sauce for their grasshoppers. In 1913 George Allan Hancock, then owner of the pits, gave to Los Angeles County the exclusive right to all fossil remains excavated therefrom during the next two years and subsequently he deeded the whole tract to the county, stipulating that it be consecrated to general scientific investigation. With great zeal the Los Angeles authorities busied themselves in excavation and within the exclusive period secured the richest Pleistocene collection in the world. The best finds are displayed in the museum in Exposition Park, and they draw back the curtain of the past in a most thrilling way, for these amazing animals and birds are not merely a scientific collection. They are the prehistoric residents of this county. One human skeleton is displayed, of a man who fell or was pushed into one of the pits between five and ten thousand years ago. Among the animals one notices many spectacular and awesome creatures, a mammoth thirteen feet high, a terrible dire wolf which makes the modern wolf seem like a harmless house dog, a hideous saber-toothed cat which makes the modern jungle tiger seem a mere kitten, a baby mastodon whose like has never been found elsewhere, a ground sloth of elephantine proportions, ancient bison, bears, horses, camels, tapirs, antelopes, peccaries that seem to belong on Mars rather than this earth.

Among the birds one sees a vulture which is thought to be the hugest type of creature ever lifted into the air by wings and a *Pavo Californicus*, or peacock, unique among the world's

fossil collections. Condors, storks, cranes, falcons, owls and myriads of smaller birds are represented. From one pit alone thousands of skeletal animals and birds have been removed, including two hundred and sixty-eight saber-toothed cats and one hundred and eighty-five dire wolves. There must have been days, long before the dawn of history, when small armies of greedy beasts and birds met their doom almost simultaneously. Says the official scientific publication *Rancho La Brea* (Number 1, page 24), "A single animal, large or small, becoming mired in the tar would as a result of its struggles and cries lure others to the trap. The carnivorous birds and mammals seeking to reach this bait would frequently fall victims to the tenacious grip of the viscous material and thus in turn would serve to attract still others to the pool." A wonderful life painting of this trap in its primitive state is displayed in the museum, re-creating as accurately as science and art can do it one of those grim days when death had a sumptuous picnic at La Brea.

The contrasts of Los Angeles are conspicuous in the juxtaposition of the old Mexican plaza and the new civic center with its sky-scraping city hall. The plaza's much photographed Olvera Street may be a synthetic affair but the spirit of Mexico still loiters in and about the sun-drenched square and will continue to do so until the new Union Depot is erected to disturb its rest. Contrast also inheres in the sharp differences of social status and racial strain among the Angeleños. In several millionaire suburbs, of which Pasadena is the most widely known, luxury has reached a plane rarely matched elsewhere in this rich country. In many a beach resort within or adjoining the city sheer mob gaiety rules the day and night, no serious thought being granted shelter. Yet there are thousands of persons in the crowded center and in the string of annexed com-

munities making up Los Angeles who eke out a precarious living with worry as their constant tormentor. If a Hollywood director sends word by the "grapevine telegraph" of the Central Casting Bureau that he needs a hundred Orientals, a hundred Forty-Niners, a hundred chorus girls, or a hundred hoboes at nine o'clock next morning, the desired contingent will certainly be on hand eager to earn the \$7.50 or \$10.00 fees.

In architecture the beanstalk growth of Los Angeles with its complex elements has served to throw a cordon of ugly filling stations, nondescript shops, grotesque eating places in the shape of brown derbies, bulldogs, mosques, shoes, teakettles etc. around a great part of the city, yet the center, with its uniform building height (except for one or two public structures) of thirteen stories (one hundred and fifty feet) is decidedly substantial and conservative. Many a far older city might envy its appearance of solid dignity. The numerous public buildings are often of great beauty and one of those of the University of Southern California, by name Mudd Hall, has been repeatedly awarded first prize as the finest architectural achievement in the United States. Architects cross the continent to study it as they cross the ocean to study the city hall of Stockholm.

In the matter of piety contrast could not possibly go farther than among the assorted subjects of the empress of the angels. A delicate subject is this, but I shall treat it objectively, for it is too interesting to overlook. There are four hundred and seventy-two churches in the city and Los Angeles is notoriously hospitable to every sort of faith and ism, not to mention the more unblushing religious racketeers. If I were to devise a shiny new religion, complete with properties and ambitious fiscal policies, I should certainly try it out here, *not* in San Francisco, confident of winning my quota of faithful followers from the wondrous mélange. Temples, tabernacles, holy

houses, and little back rooms where miracles are wrought to order abound everywhere in the city. Of all houses of worship the most conspicuous as a tourist sight is still Angelus Temple made famous by Aimee Semple McPherson. I have never seen this lady in her temple but I did see and hear an assistant one bright Sunday morning.

She was clad in a becoming white dress partly covered by a black surplice on which a white cross was embroidered and there is no doubt that the lady was attractive, even pretty. She had what it takes to win interest. Beating a snappy tambourine she whipped her sympathetic audience, a very large one, into an attitude of enthusiastic zeal, stopping now and then for gay platform badinage with a group of worthies ranged behind her. She was effective at this and earned ripples and then waves of honest laughter from her flock. Then a tenor soloist rendered a pious song called *Make This a Broadcasting Station for Jesus*. Upon its conclusion the lady clapped her hands very lustily, rousing her people to generous applause. There followed an impassioned appeal from her for support of the "Glory Station of the Air," the Temple's own, untainted, she said, by commerce. Then came the offertory.

This was a troop march of Sousa rendered by an orchestra whose players wore blue silk robes and yellow sashes. The lady evangelist high-lighted the collection by taking it up herself. She wandered slowly up and down the aisles of the great auditorium, clinking silver coins in her hand, appealing individually and thanking individually each giver. "Thank you, sir, thank you; thank you, dear [to children], thank you; thank you and God bless you; thank you, young lady, thank you very much, thank you." It was a vast business lasting the better part of half an hour, the thank-yous maintaining their monotonous brightness, the white hand ever clinking sugges-

tive silver. Finally the business was finished and the lady returned to the platform and launched a dramatic story of herself, which was her sermon. It was a highly personal tale of wicked persecution and anonymous threats directed at her by the forces of evil but she asserted that while breath remained in her body she would never give up battling for the Lord. Never and absolutely never. Many a listener, moved to the breaking point, wiped away tears or trumpeted into a handkerchief, for this lady was full of charm and her spiritual bravery was displayed on a pedestal with the floodlights of her oratory playing upon it. I managed quite handily to keep my emotions under control and presently slipped out of the auditorium. The California sunlight was marvelous.

The churchly piety of Los Angeles, all temple and tabernacle specialties aside, is almost proverbial in California yet this city is also known for its high sophistication and its New Yorkish tolerance. Hollywood is embedded in its physical and spiritual fabric, and tolerance could go to no greater lengths than it does in this city of the silver screen. In fact, if a quarter of the gossip one hears about it, ranging from marihuana parties *down*, is true—but I do not believe a quarter of it is true. I have met enough screen stars and seen enough of them in their daily work to believe that they are merely folksy like the rest of us. I recently came upon a crowd of them in one of the studios on the Paramount lot gathered around a piano singing *Sweet Adeline* with all the simple gusto of a picnic crowd in Kansas. They were temporarily resting from work on one of the jazziest musical comedy films of the season and I think it would astonish some readers if I were to recite their names. The leader and life of the party was one of the "hottest" torch singers of this era. Yet Sweet Adeline, with her sunbonnet

glance, held her and all the others. Hollywood, I concluded, is, after all, connected rather intimately with the human race and more specifically with that pattern of parallels which is Los Angeles.

CHAPTER VII

THE STRANGE CITY OF IDOLS

HOLLYWOOD is strictly a twentieth-century phenomenon and its growth to world fame is a miracle so recent that millions of people of less than middle age clearly remember the first crude flickering films that came from there, the first idols set up for fandom's worship. They recall, for instance, the *Squaw Man*, which was filmed on the streets of Hollywood and in an old barn rented for the occasion, the village then numbering only a few hundred inhabitants. My own memories of the first moving picture I ever saw constitute one of the vivid chiaroscuro recollections of my childhood. It was an American film, though I saw it in Bologna, Italy, at an exposition. I remember galloping back to the hotel afterward to report my amazing discovery to my mother. "I tell you, mother, you could actually see him walking up to the door of this house and he had four or five hatboxes on his head and the maid opened the door and he tried to go in to deliver the hats but he bumped them against the top of the door and the whole lot of hatboxes toppled over and fell down onto the porch and rolled down the steps and honestly I thought I'd die laughing and you could see the whole thing happen just as if it was really happening." My heart was pounding with excitement and I am sure I made my mother listen to the whole thrilling tale at least three times. This in the twentieth century and not at the very beginning of it.

In the Los Angeles State Exposition Building is a display of cinema relics presenting in graphic form the story of the industry's growth in southern California. Since 95 per cent of all American films are made in the Hollywood region this is in effect a story of the American film industry. There are many fascinating items beneath the glass cases, for example the expense sheet of a motion picture called *An Indian Pastoral* directed by D. W. Griffith in 1909. I submit it here in full:

Arthur Johnson	\$5.00
Henry B. Walthall	8.00
Eddie	20.00
Horse Boy	.75
Stanhope	6.00
Stanner E. V. Taylor	4.00 [for scenario]
Alcohol	.50
Alcohol	.50
	<hr/>
	44.75
Florence Lawrence	40.00 [for star]
Powel	10.00
James Kirkwood	5.00
	<hr/>
Total	\$99.75

A note attached to this expense sheet states that it took four hours to shoot the entire picture. Today the average full-length picture takes from twenty-four to thirty days' shooting time. The cost during this period averages about one thousand dollars an hour, the total cost per film averaging perhaps two hundred thousand dollars.

Step by step one may trace in the cinema exhibit the growth of the infant industry to gianthood. The earliest item I noticed was from 1907, a cloying advertisement of *The Mill Girl*, a

Story of Factory Life. Others of similarly obvious appeal followed, *Love's Stratagem*, *The Elusive Kiss*, *Her Big Moment*. Famous costumes, scripts and properties from films that made history carry us along to the modernity of talkies. One finds the apparatus on which Charlie Chaplin carried the glass to mend windows broken by his little pal Jackie Coogan in that master film *The Kid*. One finds Mary Pickford's dress and headgear worn for *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, the shooting script of *Cimarron*, Will Rogers' interesting apparel for *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, Marie Dressler's costume for *Anna Christie*, Lon Chaney's make-up kit and gruesome collection of dummy eyes to be fitted over his eye sockets, Harold Lloyd's hat from *The Cat's Paw*, Fred Astaire's dancing shoes from *Roberta* and *Top Hat*, and so on up to the present day and almost the present minute.

The favored home of the stars of Hollywood has been for some years Beverly Hills, a de luxe city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants completely surrounded but not yet absorbed by the octopus city of Los Angeles. Nearly every street has its own shade tree motif making it uniform in appearance but different from its neighbor streets. In architecture, however, there is certainly no street uniformity but a restless striving to avoid it, each householder fearing like the plague the accusation of having imitated anyone else in the design of his dwelling. An evening gown duplicating that of a rival for screen fame would be hardly more of a social error than a house which could be mistaken for that of any other member of the motion picture colony. It is to the credit of the clan that given this frantic urge to be different there is so little in Beverly Hills or even in Hollywood itself that is definitely bizarre or grotesque. One house is built so that it appears to be in the act of falling down,

but this, while a showpiece for the rubberneck busses, is deplored by the screen citizens as a barbarity too absurd to talk about. Beverly Hills succeeds in being one of the most beautiful and impressive city suburbs in America and certainly no community on earth can approach it for the cumulative fame of its inhabitants. In a half-hour's ride with a man who knew his stars and where they lived I ticked off on a list no less than fifty-four names which are household words from Hollywood to Hongkong in either direction, and from Hammerfest in Norway to Hobart in Tasmania. Hardly one of the fifty-four traveling in any country in the world could sign his or her film name on a hotel register without stirring up a hornets' nest of local stargazers curious to see in the very flesh the idol they know on the screen.

The home theater of the stars, where most of the famous world premières are given, is Grauman's Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. In the cement of its approach the names and signs and footprints of many who have here witnessed their own famed premières are imperishably set. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, once the social team that drove all Hollywood whither they pleased, are represented together in the very center and no unkind cynic has written *Tempora mutantur* below the signatures. Joan Crawford's name is conspicuous together with her pardonable pun addressed to Sidney Grauman, "May This Cement Our Friendship." Near by one sees the name and spectacles of Harold Lloyd, the name and rolling eyes of Eddie Cantor with the quip, "Here's Looking at You, Sid," and most interesting of all the enormous "mouthprint" of Joe E. Brown.

The mechanics of producing a motion picture constitute a romance more wonderful by far than the rise of any star or of the whole galaxy, whose life of shining is limited on the

average to a paltry five years. The tricks of photography, of make-up and of "foreign" setting, though perennially fascinating, are too widely known to need much comment here. Sunshine is a negligible requirement in Hollywood since "out-door" pictures are often taken with a black shroud drawn over the entire area that is being used for the set, and even where sunlight pictures are actually made in the open the studio lights are frequently brought into play to modify or supplement the sun's rays. It is not in itself the sun of sunny California that keeps ninety-five per cent of the picture industry here but the beneficent climate which makes it practicable to leave expensive sets outdoors ready for use with minor modifications year in and year out in picture after picture. Paris, Rio, Old Mexico, the Orient, a street of brownstone fronts, a mid-west Main Street, a mining camp, a Neapolitan alley, an igloo community, all these and other wheelhorse sets of the producer's art may be kept perennially in readiness and it is hardly ever too cold to work in the open air on the Hollywood lots.

Of all Hollywood's complex appurtenances the Central Casting Bureau seems to me the most amazing, the most incredible. The old days when a director scouted for "extras" as best he could, when the band of hope continually stormed the various casting offices for work, are nightmares of the past. For more than ten years the hiring of extras has been handled with mechanical precision by the Central Casting Bureau, a modern marvel of ingenuity and efficiency. Some 12,500 persons are registered with this bureau, of whom about ten per cent are used on one or another of the lots with reasonable frequency. Any director merely issues to the bureau an order for whatever he needs, say twenty blondes, natural or platinum as specified, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighing 110 pounds, dressed in shorts, or

riding habits, or afternoon dress or evening dress as noted on the order. The twenty blondes are wanted for nine o'clock next morning and at nine o'clock next morning the twenty blondes are certain to be on hand, exactly as ordered. Or perhaps the director, *any* director of any company in Southern California, wishes two dozen Forty-Niners, or one hundred and fifty Chinese coolies, or four sleek gigolos or fifteen "uglymugs" or half a dozen French grisettes, with a minister, three gamblers, a bartender, an old hag and a couple of typists who can wear clothes smartly. The order will be filled promptly and the goods delivered at the required hour.

How is this miracle performed? It is very simple and yet uncanny in its efficiency and the mechanical genius that has paved the way for it. On a teletype the order is run off as if it were an order for groceries or canned goods. Then some hundreds of cards on which the most minute specifications of each registered extra are set forth by a system of punched holes are run through a sorting machine. This amazing device will quickly select from the great pack the cards whose subjects conform to the desired specifications. If asked, for instance, to deliver the twenty blondes as aforementioned it will first find all the blondes, then those who are five feet four inches in height weighing one hundred and ten pounds, and finally those of the necessary physical proportions who possess and can wear effectively the type of clothes named on the order.

It is then a simple matter to secure by telephone twenty of these blondes which the machine has said meet all requirements. Most of them will be calling up several times a day anyway. On busy days fifteen hundred calls an hour come pouring in to the switchboard of the bureau from persons registered for work. If the bureau itself calls up say two of the blondes, stating the specifications of the current order, the news

will spread by grapevine magic and the chances are that eighteen more will hear of it and call the bureau within an hour two asking for placement in the group. On a central board the names of some twelve hundred and fifty "preferred extras" are prominently posted and the personnel men in the bureau know all about every one of these persons and can tell at a glance what work they can do best. The board is used for selecting not large masses of individuals but special types, nationalities, stunt actors, musicians and so on ad infinitum. The members of the men who watch this board is not the least of the marvels of the Casting Bureau.

The registration cards which are tossed into the maw of the sorting machine carry a picture of the registrant, the name and a serial number, and five hundred and forty-two punch holes and squares for the details of description. Under *Movie Appearance* one finds the following: Aristocrat, City, Eastern, Farmer, Northern, Yokel, Small Town, Southern, Western; under *Head* one finds: Artist, Bald, Cauliflower Ears, Hairless, Toothless, Buck Teeth; and under *Legs*: Long, Medium, Short, Bony, Fat, Skinny, Elephantiasis, Bowlegged, Knock-kneed, Straight. Seventy-two sports are tabulated, sixty-four musical instruments and fifty-one languages, including Italian. Perhaps the sorting machine has occult powers and knows whether the last means Flemish or Walloon French. It would be a ticklish matter to put to any Belgian unless you knew what town he hailed from and what part of the town.

I do not intend to grow captious, for I profoundly admire the Casting Bureau together with its miracle machine. It seems to me the very last word in efficient handling of an intricate human problem. Since 1926 forty thousand registered extras have gone through the mill and of this number exactly *thirty* have broken through the crust and become "talent." Experi-

estimate that three million Americans are actively or vaguely of the belief that some day they must "break into the pictures." The actual average volume of such "breakage" from all sources is said to be about ten new faces a year in the field of talent, while the field of extras is so greatly overcrowded that there are always at least five times as many persons registered as are needed. The entire industry requires a daily working force of less than fifteen hundred of talent and extras combined. It would seem, then, that at least 2,999,900 dreams are annually shattered, including those of the modest dreamers to whom occasional work in a mob scene would afford ecstatic thrills.

A cheering thing about the strange city of idols is that the quality of the idols is steadily improving, a fact which is, of course, a reflection of the improved standards of American taste. When the films began to talk they greatly hastened this forward surge, for a talking actor reveals his personality far more than a miming actor. A talking actress must be an actress indeed to have the slightest chance of stardom. The "pretty faces" of the silent era, cloaking vapid personalities, have been relentlessly weeded out. The girls who owned them, and still own them, are lucky if they have settled into the "preferred extra" class and can work occasionally in a night club scene where many smart-looking dinner guests are needed.

This improvement in the standard of the stars is a thing of far more than national importance, for the rank and file of people all over the world judge America by what they see and hear on the screen. In a score of countries where my work has taken me I have sensed this as every traveler does. The man and woman on the street and especially the youngster on the street know many Hollywood stars by name and face. I have found in almost any land that I can easily become a hero-by-reflection if I merely mention to some youngster having met

one or another of them. No other American figure save the president is in the running at all and his standing is dubious among the younger element.

In English-speaking lands and particularly in England itself judgment-by-film is especially keen and sometimes ruthless. ("I can't stick their neysal twang," says the cockney in a Leicester Square cinema.) Language synchronization makes our stars appear to speak French and German in the films shown in countries where these languages prevail and much of their personality is thus lost by the substituted voice and the slight faultiness of co-ordination, but in most other lands where the cost of synchronization is still prohibitive the talkies talk American unblushingly and are steadily teaching this language to all and sundry. The Scandinavians, the Hungarians, the Argentines, the Greeks and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, all born linguists unlike ourselves, are quick to catch on. They laugh at the right times. They even get the "wisecracks," and slang is easy for them. The phrases "O.K." and "All right" are firmly rooted in every civilized language spoken on this planet. Others are taking root.

One hopes, and believes, that Hollywood is sobered by the knowledge of its vast world influence, its self-assumed mission to represent American life to all other folk. Technical standards are lofty, artistic standards, goaded by the competition of England, are on the upgrade. Men are often manly and women often womanly. Even children are sometimes childlike rather than the *enfants terribles* of early tradition. Mawkishness is entirely outmoded. Pie throwing has largely passed into history. The humors of the Walt Disney school have rocked the world with honest laughter. Public enemy films continue to make our cities look very frightful to the foreign film gazer

but at least our G-men are convincing heroes, not gesturing models of heroism.

The idols of Hollywood have less and less clay in their composition, less and less hokum in their acting. Intelligent Americans are beginning to feel a sense of real pride in these ambassadors-at-large to the people of all nations.

CHAPTER VIII

BROWSING IN SAN MARINO

THE passion for browsing among old books and manuscripts and famous letters is widespread, as is attested by the fact that five hundred browsers a day, on the average, make their way to the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, on the edge of Pasadena. There is a famous art gallery here too, with the *Blue Boy* and *Pinkie* as prime attractions, and a two-hundred-acre estate with every conceivable kind of garden and botanical collection, but the fascination of old books is probably the greatest attraction to the majority of visitors.

Lucky is California that C. P. Huntington came west in 1861 and became a railroad pioneer, that Henry Edwards Huntington, his nephew, was drawn into the business, made his own vast fortune and loved the state enough to settle here. Lucky in particular is Los Angeles that he picked for his ultimate home the beautiful San Marino ranch only eleven miles from the city and finally brought his rich collections thither from New York. There is hardly another book collection in this country, public or private, that can match it and with a choice gallery of English paintings included, with broad lawns over which the public may wander at will, with superb collections of palms and subtropical trees, shrubs and ferns scientifically arranged in many parts of the estate, the Huntington ensemble seems quite without a rival. It wears well and the

wonder of it never palls, for the late Mr. Huntington did not try to collect everything in books and pictures but held himself rather strictly to certain specialties, *English* paintings, *English* and *American* books. A very rich collection of French books once fell into his hands but he promptly disposed of it since it was not directly in the path he had marked out for his library. In thus avoiding diffuseness he added point and unity to his collections and made them of supreme interest to the layman, whose spirit recoils at the vastness of the British Museum or the Louvre and is confused by such heterogeneous masses of items as are exhibited in the Mission Inn of Riverside.

The English paintings, largely portraits, are displayed in intimate fashion in the Huntington home itself and if they are not great in number, as in the London Portrait Gallery, they are very great in quality. Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Raeburn are all strongly represented and this California home is one of the best places in the world to study them. The most famous, though possibly not the greatest canvases, are Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* and Lawrence's *Pinkie*. These delightful children survey each other from opposite walls of the same room. The boy in blue was, in actual life, a London merchant's son, by name Jonathan Buttall, the girl in pink was Sarah Moulton-Barrett, sister of the forbidding Edward, who was destined to be the father of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Both the boy and the girl became immortal through the genius of art and the charm of unusual color schemes.

The story of the painting of the *Blue Boy*, though threadbare with repetition, never quite grows too old to tell again. Gainsborough believed in massed blue, and Sir Joshua Reynolds did not. They argued long and heatedly about it and

finally Gainsborough determined to prove his point in the only way it could be proved, by painting a blue picture. Young Jonathan Buttall, resplendent in blue silk, was the model and Gainsborough's portrait of him was the proof. In world popularity this canvas has taken its place beside *Mona Lisa*, the *Angelus* and the *Sistine Madonna* though its rank as a master-work is questioned by critics. Its effectiveness as a symphony in blue cannot be questioned any more than that of the Jesse Tree window in Chartres Cathedral. The thirteenth-century glaziers of France made the mastery of blue a prime tenet in their artistic creed. If they could manage the infinite variety of luminous blues, says Viollet-le-Duc, they were on the path to success. Blue was their key to color. This key surely was in the possession of Thomas Gainsborough, the humble son of a small-town Suffolk clothier, a born artist who had never seen the blues of Chartres when he painted the portrait of Jonathan Buttall. Mr. Huntington is said to have paid the Duke of Westminster six hundred and forty thousand dollars for *Blue Boy* and to have gone even a notch higher in purchasing *Pinkie* a little later.

Pinkie is clad in a long white dress with a pink sash. Her hat is pink as are the ribbons on it. Youth is in every line of her face and figure and the freshness of the picture has instant appeal for all beholders. Pinkie Moulton-Barrett must have brightened the stuffy rooms of her home and softened the expression on the dour face of her brother, whose religious gloom was already taking root in him.

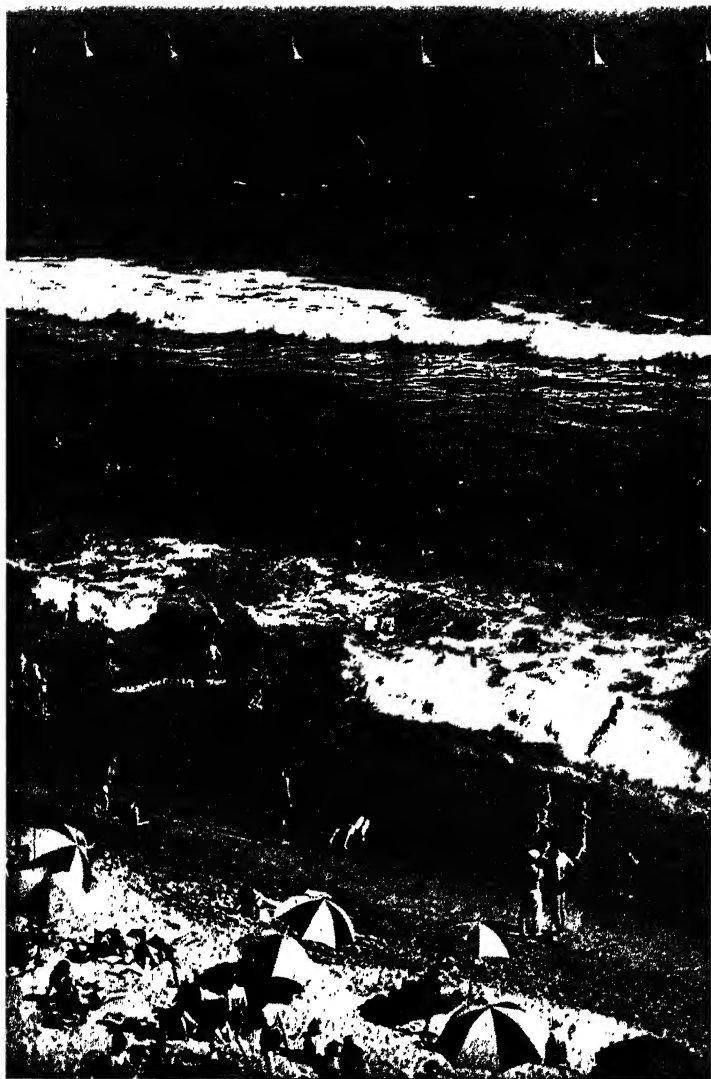
Other color symphonies in Mr. Huntington's gallery-home are quite as notable and interesting as those of the blue boy and the pink girl. Mrs. Siddons in her great role of the "Tragic Muse" becomes, under the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a study in brown. Her dress, her hair and her eyes are all dif-

ferent hues of this October color. Countess Harington, also by Reynolds, is a study in coral and Mrs. Mears, by Gainsborough, a study in light gray from dove to fog. Many other portraits of the school which culminated in these two great rivals may be studied with a pleasurable sense of intimacy denied by most of the public galleries of the world.

Mr. Huntington's outstanding passion was for books and these are housed in a vast separate building across the lawn from his home. As a youth he was once forced to sell the library he had started to assemble and this fact is said to have stirred him to the determination to replace it and build it up to greatness. The last twenty years of his life (he died in 1927) were largely spent in the devoted and intelligent pursuit of this hobby. He understood books and loved them for their own sake yet he was always the collector. Mere rarity had its imperious appeal for him as it does for all collectors. I am told by those who knew him that if asked to choose, for instance, between a strictly first edition of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* at nine hundred dollars and another copy precisely the same but printed later in the same year, available at two hundred and fifty dollars, he would unhesitatingly have chosen the nine-hundred-dollar book as the greater bargain. It is well known that books have a surer and more lasting value than bonds, and although Mr. Huntington paid prices that shocked other collectors on both sides of the Atlantic the astuteness of his purchases cannot be questioned today. He thought fifty thousand dollars cheap for a Gutenberg Bible and it *was* cheap though it may have seemed to others fantastic when he bought it. Thirty-two complete libraries were purchased by Mr. Huntington and at least seventy smaller collections. Duplicates culled from these mass purchases and sold in New York brought more than a million dollars. In the fine books

division there are today one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, and on the open shelves about seventy thousand more, the whole collection being valued at thirty million dollars. But this does not include the incunabula, books printed between 1450 and 1501, of which there are five thousand titles, some of them being the only specimens of their kind. Nor does it include the manuscripts and letters, of which there are at least a million. There are between two and three hundred original Washington letters and the same number with Lincoln's signature. Even from Charles Lamb's pen there are one hundred letters including the one in which he proposed to the actress Frances Kelly and signed himself, "In haste, Charles Lamb." (She restrained her laughter and replied firmly that he and she were just "old friends.")

The richness of all sections of the library dazzles the brain. Of English books in all editions published prior to 1641 it is known that there exist some twenty-six thousand titles. The Huntington Library possesses eleven thousand books from this early period and is surpassed only by the Bodleian Library of Oxford University with twelve thousand and the British Museum with sixteen thousand. The manuscript section is incredibly strong. In fact its wealth is scarcely known to the library authorities themselves as the Herculean task of cataloguing a million documents has hardly begun. From the beautifully illuminated *Golden Legend*, a script of about the year 1300, to a great stack of Jack London originals including a youthful sonnet containing the phrase, "Thou wast not there," with a notation in his hand, "Don't you dare publish until you look up the grammar of wast," scarcely anything of major or minor importance seems to be missing. The original manuscripts of Kipling's *Recessional*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* and *Kidnapped*, Charles



LONG BEACH

James N. Doolittle

Long Beach started as a fishing village and grew into a seaside resort where there is



Don Milt

CALIFORNIA CONTRASTS

Thanks to a magnificent irrigation system (there were 4,731,632 acres under irrigation in 1936) California's fertile valleys produce thousands of tons of fruit every year.

Forty million boxes of oranges alone are produced in an average year.

Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* are almost random selections from among the million. Many many others are equally valuable.

The longhand script of *Lorna Doone* caught my eye on one of the shelves and the guardian trusted me to look at it. It concludes with a Latin verse in Blackmore's hand and a sketch of a gallows with a thief depending from it. We know that the unfortunate is a thief because the verse tells us so. Here it is, though I should like to check the pronoun and the deponent verbs with some competent Latinist.

Hic liber est meus,
Testis est Deus.
Si quis furetur
Per collum pendetur
ad hunc modum.

(This book is mine,
God is witness.
If any one steals it
Let him hang by the neck
in this fashion.)

Then comes the gallows, with the signature *Johannes Ridd fecit.*

Almost any subject connected with English or American literature or history may be profitably studied by the savant for years in this treasure house of San Marino. A few, but only a few, of the special subjects exhaustively covered by the library's possessions are: the making and content of ancient illuminated manuscripts; source materials of Tudor drama; medical knowledge in Tudor England; legal manuscripts and printed books illustrating the development of English and American law (including the *Lauues and Libertyes Concerning the Inhabitants of the Massachusetts*, published in 1648 and said by Justice Harlan Fiske Stone to be "the first code in the history of English jurisprudence," and "the only known copy of the earliest lawbook published in the territory which is now

the United States"); the English novel in manuscript and first editions from Chaucer to Conrad; "learning for ladies" as developed from 1508 to 1895; California in books and manuscripts, showing its development from legendary island to statehood; rare newspapers and their precursors from 1515 to 1918.

I grow tedious, for the mere listing of San Marino's major attractions to the student tends to grow to the proportions of a small catalogue. It is more fun for the average visitor to browse at will in the main exhibition rooms than to be swamped with the astronomical profundity of the library's erudition. Browsing in pastures of print is a favorite sport of mine as of all those who enjoy books or even quaint vignettes of olden days. I have thus enjoyed many an hour in the London Record Office, the Rylands Library of Manchester, the Laigh Parliament House of Edinburgh, and I thought these pastures lush until I discovered the infinitely greater luxuriance of San Marino. There is enough on open display here to draw the visitor day after day and hold him so that he begrudges the half-hour snatched for luncheon in the library's cafeteria. I offer a few samples, not chosen by any plan or pattern, from the open browsing rooms, merely chance items from the multitude that caught my roving eye.

A first folio edition of *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies* (1623) opens with the following address to the reader in comment on a picture of the bard:

This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:

O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

Strolling along from case to case I noted a *Book of Privileges* to Columbus containing marginal notes in the explorer's own hand signed Colon; a traveling library of twenty-six tiny volumes bound in white vellum, dating from 1540 to 1617 and once the property of Thomas Egerton; the original manuscripts of Mendelssohn's *Song Without Words* and Franz Liszt's *Rakoczy March*, treasures which hardly belong in San Marino but which Mr. Huntington was evidently too human to resist; George Washington's genealogy in his own hand with the following footnote starred from his name in the family tree: "New President of the United States."

King George III in a letter signed G. R. writes in peevish mood to Thomas Townshend: "He cannot be surprised at my not being over anxious to peruse them [documents recognizing American independence] as Parliament having to my astonishment come into the ideas of granting a Separation to North America, has disabled Me from longer defending the just rights of this kingdom. But I certainly disclaim thinking myself answerable for any evils that may arise from this measure as necessity not conviction has made me subscribe to it." So then—one obviously cannot blame the disgruntled Georgius Rex for one's lack of subjection to the British crown.

An outstanding item is Benjamin Franklin's autobiography written in longhand with a goose quill. Here is the patriot-philosopher's own outline of his daily routine:

5 A.M.	Rise, wash and dress.
6	Powerful Goodness. Contrive day's business and take the resolution of the day.
8-12 P.M.	Work.
12-2	Read or overlook my account and dine.
2-6	Work.
6-8	Put things in their places, supper, musick, or diversion and conversation.
9-10	Examination of the day.
10-5	Sleep.

Upon one of my visits to San Marino I found a special display of documents and books relating to "learning for ladies." Beginning with Castiglione's *Courtier* which pioneered as early as 1508 with the astounding assertion that "what ever thinges men can understande, the self same can women understande also and where it perceth the capacities of ye one, it may likewise perce the others," the exhibition trod the long and thorny path to modern feminine emancipation. The steppingstones were often quaintly eloquent of their times as, for instance, *The Learned Maid or Whether a Maid May be a Scholar; A Logick Exercise written in Latine by that incomparable Virgin Anna Maria à Schurmann of Utrecht*. The English translation of this little opus, which answers its own query with a resounding affirmative, is dated 1659.

Mary Wollstonecraft, Hannah More, Emma Willard and Mary Lyon were seen carrying on the pioneer work of Anna Maria à Schurmann and I noted that in 1845 under Lucy Larcom's guiding spirit a magazine called the *Lowell Offering* was published in Lowell, Massachusetts, actually as "A Repository of Original Articles Written by Factory Girls." A prospectus of Abbot Female Academy of Andover, Massachusetts, dating from about this era, announces: "Terms of instruction in all branches except French, Instrumental Music and Draw-

ing \$24 per annum. In the introductory class \$16 per annum." By 1848 a certain Elizabeth Blackwell heroically won the degree of M.D., becoming thus the first woman physician in modern times. *Punch*, in the vanguard of progress, suggested to British women,

"Whose highest skill is but to play,
Sing, dance, or French to clack well,
Reflect on the example, pray,
Of excellent MISS BLACKWELL."

But very few did so reflect or had the courage to combat public opinion and it was not until almost the opening of our own twentieth century that barriers erected by prejudice against feminine education finally gave way.

The browsing grounds of the Huntington Library are the scholar's Elysian fields, the layman's clover patch where only four- and five-leaved clovers grow. After several visits I feel that I have only cropped fleetingly here and there, but no sense of discouragement sets in. This meadow of print is as inexhaustible and as stimulating to the mental appetite as is life itself.

CHAPTER IX

THE SANTA BARBARAN FRAGMENT

HAPPY is the land, or the city, that has no history. Santa Barbara is singularly devoid of that type of checkered past, almost always involving bloodshed, which the schoolboy thinks of as the sum-total of history because he has to struggle with so many wars and their dates. In Spanish and Mexican days when travel was slow it was too remote from Monterey and even from Los Angeles to be drawn very often into their eternal squabbles. At the time of the American occupation of California the transfer of allegiance took place so very quietly in Santa Barbara that it was no more than the brushing of history's wings over its peaceful somnolence. On an August day in 1846 Commodore Stockton touched here on his way south and raised the American flag, then sailed on, leaving ten men to garrison the presidio. That is about all there was to it. The rush of '49 likewise brushed past this beautiful seaside community without jarring it to any appreciable extent and today Santa Barbara remains what it has always been, a town of aristocracy and peace and pleasure, a residence of long-wealthy families, a home of literature and the more dignified arts, a trap for all the romance that is California, a fragment of paradise caught and held against the rushing tide of what we call events.

Because nothing very much has ever happened in Santa Barbara one curious historic incident stands out with especial

clarity. Three street names of the city recall it, Mason Street, Cañon Perdido Street and Five Hundred Street, and thereby hangs the tale. In April of 1848 Governor Mason and the local American authorities, still new at their jobs and possibly feeling their oats a bit, heard of, or imagined, a plot on the part of old-line "Californios" with Mexican sympathies to wrest Santa Barbara from its new owners. Tension ran rather high and by ill luck the affair of the lost cannon occurred at the height of this little fever. A shiny brass cannon, a six-pounder, was left on Santa Barbara's beach for transshipment to the American force at Monterey. On the night of April 5 it vanished into thin air and Governor Mason, believing it had been sequestered by the Barbareños for use against the rightful owners, was furious. He promptly levied a fine of five hundred dollars on the city, this sum to be prorated and assessed against every inhabitant, the amount to be eventually repaid to the city if the guilty parties were discovered or if it could be proved that outsiders had committed the theft.

Santa Barbara in its turn burned with righteous wrath. Some citizens paid and others refused to pay, but shortly found their property seized by the angry government and sold at public auction. It was finally learned that five men had removed the cannon in an oxcart, apparently as a prank, and had buried it at some point in the beach, but their own honest search for the spot was unavailing. The government offered to return the money to the city on condition that it should be used to build a jail, but Santa Barbara would have no strings attached to the repayment and sued the trustee of the fund. Long litigation brought no result, partly because of the inconvenient death of the trustee, and never to this day has the city been able to collect the money unfairly wrung from it. The first seal of the city bore a representation of a cannon in the center with

the words *Vale Quinientos Pesos* ("Worth Five Hundred Dollars") surrounding it.

In 1858, ten years after the fateful event, the River Estero, swollen by heavy rains, forced a new channel through the beach to the ocean and behold there was the cannon protruding from one bank of the new river. Instead of preserving it as an eternal monument to injustice Santa Barbara promptly sold it to a Jewish dealer in odds and ends for eighty dollars and the Jew resold it in San Francisco at a very handsome profit. The brass cannon passed into history and ceased to poison the spirit of this community. It even became, with the passage of years, a romantic memory.

The charm of the modern city is not especially subtle in character yet no words can do it justice. With an absolute minimum of "unusual" weather (only thirty-four less-than-perfect days a year admitted by the Chamber of Commerce), with an Edenesque profusion of subtropical trees and flowers, with a long south-facing beach dominated by the gracious Old-World colony of Montecito aristocrats, with a mission church which is one of the most appealing in the chain, with public buildings, luxury inns and little villas giving a languorous unity of Spanish colonial architecture to the whole city, Santa Barbara seems to have everything. *Dios nos dio los campos. El arte humana edifico ciudades*, says the carved inscription (from the Latin of Varro turned to Spanish) over the entrance of the courthouse, "God gives us the fields. Human art builds cities." It is hard to say which partner has done the better job in this region. Humanity has, at any rate, not spoiled God's rather special effort. The patio of the building which proclaims Varro's trite remark is as lovely as one would expect even in Santa Barbara. Around a sunken lawn the white building rambles in leisurely fashion. Potted plants

line the balustrade. Sentinel cedars stand at attention here and there. Palms, pines, eucalypti and pepper trees wander over the grass and out to Anapamu Street.

Santa Barbara is famous for its annual summer fiesta, which rivals in popularity Pasadena's tournament of roses. It is held at the full of the August moon and for three days and nights the carefree atmosphere of fiesta-loving Spain, a natural atmosphere to Santa Barbara, fills the city. It is enthusiastic and light of heart and there's music in the air. Spanish costumes and guitars and castanets come out of hiding and splendid horses, saddled for the fiesta, carry their singing, laughing riders up and down the streets and roundabout. The central feature of the celebration is the annual outdoor play or pageant, whose moving spirit for years has been Charles W. Pressley. Triennially he goes into conference with his literary muse and emerges with a new play, which is used on three successive summers. *La Entrada de los Americanos* and *Memorias de Santa Barbara*, recent titles, proclaim the historical nature of the plays.

Santa Barbara's *memorias* date back to 1542 when Cabrillo entered the channel and noted the "yelling and dancing" Indians on the shore, who proved, however, to be of superior intelligence in spite of their wild cavorting. It was not Cabrillo who gave this town its name but Viscaino, who landed here on St. Barbara's Day (December 4) exactly one hundred and sixty years later. A curious thing about the name of this saint, who was in life a noble lady of Heliopolis, is that it has come to mean the very opposite to what so gentle a saint would suggest. To a Spanish soldier a *santabárbara* is a powder magazine. The saint came, at one time, to be regarded as the protectress of artillerymen and for this reason her image was often placed over the door of a magazine. It was but one

more step to transfer her soft and beautiful name to the thing itself.

Santa Barbara is full of the most delightful outdoor eating places on terraces and patio lawns, thus catering to a very special weakness of mine. At one of the smallest of these places, an unpretentious terrace called the Copper Coffee Pot, I once sat me down on a balmy winter's morning and thereby made the acquaintance of an iridescent-feather pigeon who alighted on my table before I had quite finished my meal and eyed with twitching lids the remnants of a chicken pie I was eating. Cannibalistic yearnings rose in his heaving bosom, or it may have been the brown flaky rim of crust that lured him. Inch by inch, advancing timidly, retreating in panic, but scoring small net gains, he approached the tempting dish. Faint heart ne'er won fair chicken pie. Finally he darted his bill at a flake of the crust. It tasted good, excellent, even marvelous, and he gathered courage for a second jab at it. Gently I pushed the dish to him and he soon lost himself in the glory of that meal. I do not think he knew when I left.

Santa Barbara was my intoxicating dish. The sun was brilliant. The blue sea gleamed at the lower end of the street. Palms and peppers and roses and oranges and green lawns were all about. It was a New England dream come true, June in January.

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CHAPTER X

CATALINA AND ITS BIRDMASTER

“LEMON drops only ten cents. Extra sour. Best thing for the sea trip.” Thus the industrious vendors trumpet their wares as the steamer pulls out from Wilmington, one of the ports by which the tentacles of Los Angeles clutch the sea, headed for Santa Catalina, two hours distant. This trip from “America,” as the wags put it, is delightful and only those who are unusually susceptible to salesmanship-by-fear will bother themselves with preventives of *mal de mer*. Daily amphibian planes also make the crossing, accomplishing it in twenty minutes and landing in the water at the edge of the world’s smallest airport, where they let down their wheels, feel for the bottom of the runway and climb out in the manner of a faithful dog who has been sent into the waves to retrieve a stick. They do not exactly shake themselves but run dripping onto a turnstile and are jockeyed into position for the return flight. The diminutive field does not permit the plane to taxi about in the usual way. California has a few smallest-in-the-world boasts and this island airport is one of them.

Catalina, the only one of California’s twenty or more channel islands to be captured by civilization, makes up for all the rest by being one of the most civilized islands in American waters. It has been civilized by the money, intelligence and idealism of William Wrigley, Jr., and his son Philip K. Wrigley, and every lover of Catalina should feel a debt of gratitude

to America's widespread passion for exercising the jaws. Seriously, this "favorite child" of the Wrigleys has been developed in a wonderfully fine and beautiful way. It has cost them, still costs them, a small fortune, but Philip K., the present owner, has real hopes of making the island self-supporting before very long. As a holiday island it is universally known to travelers, as a fisherman's island it is world-famous in the international brotherhood of the rod and reel, but Californians know it also as a youth island where schools and numerous outing camps find shelter.

The history of Catalina is interesting though not dramatic except in that part which is largely shrouded by the curtain of time. It is seriously claimed that many centuries before Cabrillo first saw it in 1542 it was inhabited by a race of giants. One skeleton has been unearthed of a man who was seven feet nine inches in height when he roamed its beaches and rugged hills. Viscaino gave it approximately its present name in honor of Santa Caterina on the eve of whose feast day he landed, accompanied by Father Torquemada, who here said the first mass on California soil. Through Spanish, Mexican and American control Catalina bobbed on the waves of political history until its happy days arrived, with William Wrigley, Jr., in the spring of 1919. His vision saw a world playground in the blue Pacific and the vision rapidly took form. One detail will illustrate the magnitude of it. Some five hundred palm trees have been barged to the island from "America" for transplanting, at a cost of about two hundred dollars apiece!

The more obvious holiday assets of Catalina have been widely publicized—the busy yacht harbor of Avalon, where millionaire yachts are as common as sardine boats at Monterey; the sea sports "with the sun at your back," a great talk-

ing point in California, whose other beaches face the western sun; the isthmus where many famous moving pictures have been filmed (*Rain, Treasure Island, Mutiny on the Bounty*, etc.); the glass-bottomed boats affording exciting subaqueous spectacles; and, as the great set piece, the circular casino, with a lavish theater, the first in the United States designed for the sound screen, and a colossal circular ballroom which is, needless to say, the "biggest in the world." This ballroom is a sociological curiosity. Here one may see millionaires of business and the cinema dancing on the same floor with Los Angeles shopgirls and the synthetic "early Californians" who drive Avalon's taxis in costume. It is a delightful experiment in democracy, whose success is as startling as that of the tremendous bar on the room's perimeter, where Mr. Wrigley, out of deference to the "youth island" ideal, permits only soft drinks to be sold.

All these things are bits of the vacation mosaic, but the Tuna Club and the Bird Park are more distinctive scores for Catalina. At the former fishing has been elevated to its loftiest artistic level. At the latter the whole avian race has been assembled in convention and over that talking, squawking, mocking, laughing, singing assembly a genius presides as birdmaster.

The Tuna Club, organized in 1898, has won world renown as a gentlemen's club whose members treat their undersea opponents as gentlemen should. Their chief opponents in battles of rod and line are tuna, swordfish (both marlin and broadbill) and black sea bass, though the giant sunfish, the opal moonfish, the yellowtail and the albacore are also highly respected. The club holds devotedly to its ideals "that the skill of the angler is pitted against the instinct and strength of the fish and that the fish is entitled to an even chance." The light-

est possible tackle that can, with due skill, land a big fish is recommended, and by a rigid rule the absolute limit is a twenty-four-thread linen line which "shall have a maximum breaking strength when dry of not to exceed 66 lbs. The rod must be at least 6' 9" in length with a tip weighing not more than sixteen ounces. . . . Involuntary infractions of the rules," one is warned, "can be no more condoned than can willful violations." The sporting spirit of these rules becomes almost a religion and woe to the renegade who disregards them, or the tenderfoot who fails to take them seriously. A tragic story is told of a Catalina gaffer who was once aiding the novelist S. S. Van Dine to gaff a particularly big tuna. In his excitement the gaffer suddenly raised a gun and shot the fish. Mr. Van Dine was not in any way implicated but the weather-beaten gaffer had committed the unpardonable sin and was ostracised by the club and the entire fishing community. In bitter shame he brooded on his disgrace and one day could stand it no longer and turned the gun on himself, thus achieving the only atonement his tortured mind suggested.

Swordfish catching is still exclusively a sporting event in Catalina waters, though it has, over the strong protest of the Tuna Club, become commercialized in other fishing regions of California. Formerly sport-caught swordfish constituted a great luxury of the cuisine and sold in the Los Angeles market for as high as a dollar a pound but the demands of appetite have changed all this and now the Pacific swordfish has little higher life expectancy than his Atlantic cousin. The largest swordfish ever caught by a Tuna Club member (1927) was a broadbill weighing 573 pounds, but Zane Grey, whose house is pointed out above Avalon, is said to have caught a lemon-colored sunfish weighing nearly a ton.

The most spectacular fish in Catalina waters is not one of

the big game fish sought by the Tuna Club but the charming, ethereal, incredible flying fish whose fascination never seems to wear thin with familiarity. Those seen in this neighborhood are of exceptional size, averaging eighteen to twenty-four inches in length and the same in wingspread. Some have been authentically measured at one yard in length and in wingspread. Their torpedo-shaped bodies must have a wing surface to correspond with their length and weight in order to permit those unbelievably long glider flights as they skim the wave crests. The wings do not actually propel them, though they appear to do so. The tails alone furnish the motive power and only *in the water*, driving the fish at such speed as to lift it above the surface. The wings then shiver with a sympathetic vibration but do not furnish power. What seems to be a flight is really a leap aided by the glider wings. If the fish's tail touches a wave crest now and then it can provide a sharp extra spurt and prolong the flight by many yards. In all lights these silvery bird-fishes, with iridescent wings so delicate that one can almost read print through them, are of great beauty but when the beams of a searchlight lure them from dark waters, like moths to a flame or birds to a beacon, they resemble spirit pictures from an unknown world. Searchlight trips to reveal this weirdly beautiful spectacle are a regular feature of Catalina evenings.

The question as to whether flying fish are edible had often occurred to me before an answer came most unexpectedly. On a coastwise cruise steamer whose portholes were open one of these silver topedoes flew straight into the dining saloon and landed on the floor with a thud. The incident caused a great flutter among the diners and even the chief officer, who was presiding at the table where I sat, assured us that never in all his experience had he seen a bull's-eye thus scored. He

called the steward, spoke to him in a mysterious undertone; and twenty minutes later the flying fish, lacking his iridescent wings, was brought to us on a platter. Between ice cream and demitasse we all sampled it and pronounced it a wingless victory for the chef. It was definitely good.

The feathered flyers of Catalina are congregated in a hillside sanctuary above the town of Avalon in the most numerous collection to be found anywhere in America. Birds were a very special hobby of William Wrigley, Jr., and these of Catalina, numbering nearly five thousand, have been brought from every part of the world. Best of all they have been studied, and their "personalities" developed by a remarkable birdmaster named Mr. Mobley. His understanding of them has won a response which seems uncanny. Charlie, the lemon-crested cockatoo, literally cries like a baby when Mr. Mobley, after a chat with him, goes his way. Rudy, the hard-boiled cassowary from Papua, loves to wrestle with his master. Jimmie, the world-famous myna from India, talks with him, enunciating his words far more clearly than any ordinary parrot. Jerry, the organ magpie, whistles grand opera, closely attentive to the beat of his master's baton, and so it goes all through the great sanctuary. These birds, from the sacred crane, who is really a clown, to the laughing kingfishers, who guffaw in deadly earnest for minutes at a time, all love the man who has thought it worth while to cultivate their friendship rather than merely attend to their needs for food.

Very often two ambassadors from the bird park are sent out to welcome the noon steamer from Los Angeles. They are a blue and a red macaw and make an alluring team as their brilliant wings drive them over the port of Avalon, over the yacht harbor and the crinkling sea to circle for a few moments



AVALON BAY

Santa Catalina, opposite Los Angeles, is the largest of the Channel Islands. Its only town, Avalon, on a bay of the same name is headquarters for the Tuna Club who weigh and measure their catch at the end of the long pier leading out into the bay.



THE JOSHUA TREE

The tree yucca, named the Joshua tree by Mormon pioneers, is peculiar to the

above the ship's masts, affording infinite delight to the passengers. Their invitation is the spiciest note in the varied welcome which this magic isle offers, and few fail to accept it in a literal way by visiting the sanctuary, which proves to be anything but "another zoo." Since this volume is a personal record of things I like in California I claim the privilege of knocking about in the sanctuary with you and the birdmaster, inducing him to present to you several individuals from his amazing coterie of friends.

Charlie the Cockatoo, for instance, is the masculine Mae West of the park, and has learned to toss his lemon crest in a come-on gesture that is heavy with flirtation. You can almost hear him in cloudy, sensuous voice, suggesting a rendezvous. Rudy, the Papuan, on the other hand, is the tough gangster of the park. This huge cassowary seems half beast and half bird. He has a kick that will kill a man as swiftly as a bullet from a public enemy's gun. It will disembowel a horse as frightfully as the goring horn of *el toro* in a Spanish bull ring, yet Rudy is painfully, ridiculously henpecked. At the mating season the cassowary's lady makes her mate dig four or five large holes in the ground and then promptly get out of her sight. She then looks over the nests contemptuously, selects one of them, that will do at a pinch, lays her large rough green eggs and then goes to summon her mate. It is his job absolutely to incubate the eggs and big tough Rudy meekly squats down on them and does the trick while his lady strolls away. His huge ostrichlike cousins, the emu and rhea, also inhabitants of the park, have the same trouble with their women only worse and more of it. The lady emu's big green eggs take sixty-four days to hatch and during those nine long weeks and more she makes her man lie on them while she goes her way drumming contentedly on the curious drum

which she (but not he) carries beside the windpipe. Perhaps she leaves him one of her odd feathers, doubletons growing from single roots, as a keepsake. One might suppose that humiliation could sink no Milquetoast of the bird world to a lower level than that of the emu but the male rhea makes the mistake of espousing several ladies simultaneously and they treat him not like a splendid sultan but like a community drudge. They all lay their eggs in one nest, perhaps fifteen or twenty, then call in the man to hatch the whole lot. He obediently lies down on the eggs with his two legs stretched out straight behind him. The ladies, if they are not caged as here, then go land sailing. Each raises one wing to catch the wind and if there is a stiff breeze they can run at a terrific pace. The fastest horse or greyhound, racing them, would be left far behind. All of the unfortunate henpecked males should note the sensible way in which the ostrich, head of their clan, solves the incubating problem. He always takes the night shift, leaving the day shift to his wife. A still better solution, from the male angle, is that adopted by the hornbill. He seals up his lady in the nest with only a small slit for her bill. This incubating job is clearly her work, insists Hornbill, but he brings her regular food and drops it into her open maw.

Among the birds of brilliant plumage the males assert themselves with all the vanity of matinee idols but are seldom idolized by their female public, at least in Catalina. I watched Mr. Mobley's magnificent white peacock show off for ten minutes before his somberly dressed lady without winning a single glance of approval from her. He spread his glorious tail in a perfect arch and then tried to impress her by making it shimmy for a minute at a time. It was a spectacularly beautiful sight but the lady picked her way about the wired enclosure looking for insects and snubbed her mate unmerci-

fully. She seemed to say, "Must you really do that trick again, Egbert?"

I also watched the paradise crane show off for the benefit of Mrs. Crane, and with no more success. It was downright pathetic. He put on an act for her, dancing in long graceful springs and dips and pivotings, all the while wafting about him his long cloud-gray wings like the diaphanous fabrics of a veil dancer. As he grew more and more excited and determined to impress his wife his head puffed out like a cobra's (this special trick gives him the name also of cobra-headed crane), but it was no use. No use at all. She would not give him the satisfaction of watching the silly show. Presently he drew his veil-wings together like a long train behind him, deflated his head and stalked rigidly away. "Plenty of girl cranes in the world know a smart fellow when they see one."

Among the other cranes in this Catalina sanctuary one finds the African crowned crane, wearing an old-fashioned poke bonnet, the demoiselle, as dainty as her name, wearing a modish gray suit and a pert hat of lighter gray. One finds also a pair of sarus cranes as tall as a man and woman, and most interesting of all a sacred Japanese crane of the type which figures so frequently in Japanese art. This particular specimen is Mr. Mobley's most temperamental ward. At times he is the silliest of buffoons, dancing like a not-very-good eccentric, and at other times he loses his temper and begins kicking water at the spectators and even throwing stones.

Many other inhabitants of the bird park deserve special introduction to you but only a few can have it. Alma, the hyacinth macaw, is one. She is a perfect specimen of the largest, rarest and most beautiful macaw which it has pleased nature to create. Susie, the black swan, is so anxious to meet you that she will come when you call her and will trumpet majes-

tically for your entertainment. Uncle Bim, the adjutant stork, will look funny for you whenever you wish it. With his bald head, his odd whiskers, his yard-long bill, he simply cannot help looking funny. The Donaldson toucan will show you that he can change his spots even if a leopard cannot. He has brilliant red spots on his head but if he gets wet the red immediately fades out like a dying sunset. Only when thoroughly dried does the crimson blush return. It is caused by a strange pigment known as turacin.

I have never found it easy to leave the Catalina sanctuary. At the last minute, when I am briskly and positively doing something about departure, the big blue-black raven will address me from his cage in a penetrating whisper, "Hello, Jack"; or Jimmie the Myna will startle me by whistling precisely like a traffic policeman; or Jerry the Magpie will play, on the silver flute that is his throat, a selection from *Madame Butterfly*; or the kingfishers, looking as solemn as a row of British judges, will cackle with laughter so contagious that everyone within earshot joins in. I rather envy the Catalina birdmaster his association with these interesting creatures and most of all the place he has won in their affections. I doubt if any man living is held in more esteem by a company so amazingly diversified.

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CHAPTER XI

THE SILVER SIREN

AS THE functions of the golden sun are graciously supplemented by those of the silver moon so the Golden Gate of San Francisco is supplemented by the Silver Gate of San Diego. It is inevitable that this latter shining name should be adopted for a bay entrance in California that could take second place only to a sea gate as spectacular as that of San Francisco, but there is point to it also for the long silver strand of Coronado does definitely set the color tone for this siren of the south. It is the edging of her sixteen-mile train of blue, the harbor which reaches to within five miles of the Mexican line.

The story of San Diego is a story of vision, especially the vision of two men, Father Junípero Serra and Alonzo Erastus Horton. Both were at or past middle age when the vision came and both refused with utmost finality to let any accumulation of discouragements destroy the picture they saw. The San Diego Trust and Savings Bank has issued a very unconventional brochure setting forth the story of the founder and the refounder of San Diego, being, as the preface quaintly states, "a Municipal Biography plainly Related, but quite carelessly; *Together* with such Facts, Names, Dates, and similar Impedimenta—many of them Wholly Accurate—as the Reader must Assimilate if he is to consider himself Familiar with the history of a Charming City." In spite of the extraor-

dinary modesty of the author's claims I have found no errors in comparing the sprightly narrative with other histories of earnest character.

Of Father Serra, whom this booklet calls the Gray Straggler (it was not until about 1800 that brown definitely supplanted gray as the required Franciscan color), we need record little here as we have noted in an earlier chapter his heroic pioneering. He was a straggler only because physical infirmities delayed him in the long, long march from Mexico. Upon reaching San Diego and planting the cross there his iron nerve and devotion made him by all odds the outstanding figure of the expedition.

The refounder of San Diego as a modern American city, after it had lapsed almost to nothing, was frankly actuated by the profit motive but he was never a mere exploiter. Alonzo Erastus Horton heard a free real-estate lecture in San Francisco in the year 1867 and was so stirred by the lecturer's mention of San Diego's possibilities as a great port of the future that he promptly sold out his furniture business and sailed southward on the next ship, a small steamer named the *Pacific*. He was the only passenger to disembark at the somnolent port of San Diego and had to wait some time to secure a horse and buggy to drive him to town. The location of the down-at-heel settlement was three miles north of the present city in what is now known as Old Town. With Horton's arrival a drama typical of our country began to unfold. He found the estate of San Diego sunk to such a level that there existed no proper civic authority whatever. The term of office of the councilmen had expired and nobody had thought it worth while to bother about new elections. Horton promptly capitalized the situation by offering, with disarming frankness, to stand the entire cost of holding an election

if the voters would agree to elect the men he designated. Amazed by such unparalleled civic energy the sleepy community agreed to his proposition and within a month Horton had his hand-picked cabinet. The entire cost to him is said to have been ten dollars.

His next move was to request this council to sell by public auction the land known as New Town where an abortive settlement had sprung up about 1850 and died like a burnt match. This land, the heart of the present city, had become town property and was considered practically worthless, but Horton's whim was law. The auction was duly held and the town turned out to watch the fun, if any.

The first lot put under the auctioneer's hammer was that triangle bounded by the harbor line and the present Broadway and Fifteenth Street. The man whose portly and be-whiskered appearance was already earning him the name of "Father" Horton started the bidding at one hundred dollars and the crowd broke into a roar of honest laughter. Believing that he had made a fool of himself by a bid so low Horton was about to raise it to a proper figure when the auctioneer hastily shouted "Sold!" and he perceived that the laughter was caused by his ridiculously *high* offer. The smart city fellow had certainly been too slick for his own good this time.

Horton, not at all unnerved, proceeded to buy all the land available, almost a thousand acres, for a total outlay of two hundred and sixty-five dollars. It cost him twenty-seven cents an acre and on this land today stand the modern department stores, office buildings and hotels of a thriving city that long since passed the hundred-and-fifty-thousand mark in population. Horton's investment, extravagant as it seemed to the scoffers, earned him, during his own lifetime, about ten thousand times the investment. He gave away, as payment for vari-

ous services, land which his creditors accepted grudgingly but which was soon worth a million dollars in all. A decorator who renovated the walls of an old building received from Horton a lot fifty by a hundred feet in lieu of cash. He thought the bargain a very bad one and grumbled heartily but that lot is now at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway in the very center of centers.

To encourage building the indomitable promoter would often give away a lot on condition that the recipient should build a home upon it "not less than twelve foot wide, sixteen foot long and twelve foot high." He went further than this and improved many houses at his own expense, painting them a gleaming white *on the side facing the harbor*. This is called the first experiment in community advertising, for Horton's idea was to make San Diego look bright and cheery to the visitor approaching from the sea. There was no good land approach so the landward side of the city might look as it pleased while weightier matters occupied the planner.

The year after Horton's arrival the first store was opened in New Town and the firm blazoned this stirring message on its letterheads: "Established in 1868. Population, Twenty-Three." After one more year New Town, responding to the publicity and energetic leadership of Horton, boasted three thousand inhabitants and the boom was beginning to reverberate through the land. Old Town lost to New Town its position as county seat and with this it lost its nerve and was finished forever except as the delightful old museum piece of Mexican adobes that it still is. Horton consolidated his really brilliant victory by planning and erecting "a palatial brick edifice, for hotel purposes—to contain one hundred rooms and to be fitted up with elegant furniture and all modern improvements." This was the Horton House, famous in southern

California history. In 1906 U. S. Grant, Jr., having acquired the site, built here a new and truly magnificent hotel, the largest one of concrete in the United States, and named it for his distinguished father. The U. S. Grant is still one of the leading hotels of the country, the pride of San Diego, yet it stands on land which only a few decades ago was foisted off upon a visionary San Franciscan newcomer at twenty-seven cents an acre.

New Town is impressive in its triumph. Old Town is beautiful in defeat. It is well named, for it is, in a literal sense, the oldest town California can show. On or near its central plaza are several houses once occupied by aristocratic families of the Mexican regime. The Estudillo house on the south side is the most interesting in spite of a rather strained effort to capitalize romance for tourist profit. It is popularly called Ramona's Marriage Place, and fulfills our American craving for physical identification of places made dear to us by the imagination of novelists. The private chapel of the Estudillo house is supposed to be the very spot where Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal Ramona married Alessandro but there is one trouble with this lucrative supposition. Father Ubach, the parish priest of Old Town who is supposed to have performed the marriage ceremony, declared in the *San Diego Union* on June 25, 1905, "Although it took place 40 years ago, I remember it very well—how the couple came to me and asked me to marry them. But it was not in the Estudillo house which everybody points out as the place, but in the little church near the old cemetery where the old Mission bells are. Why, I would not marry them outside of the church: Catholics know that." This is all set forth in more than one popular guide of California but when I ventured to say as much to a custodian of the Estudillo house he went up in the air

like a rocket, retorting angrily, "I could contradict those guides so damn bad! Such statements are due to religious prejudice." I did not quite grasp the point of this heated assertion but was not much concerned either way. "Weddings May Be Held In This Chapel," proclaims a conspicuous sign and the beauty of the place should satisfy romantic couples regardless of Ramona and her Indian lover. In several of the twelve rooms are relics of the Spanish, Mexican and early American periods but just as the eleven sheaves bowed down to Joseph's sheaf, so these really interesting relics are made to bow before the chair in which Mrs. Jackson is said to have sat as she pondered the plot of her novel and then put pen to paper.

The patio of the Estudillo establishment is languorous and charming with its flowering shrubs and fruit trees of many varieties. Ramona's Wishing Well is here, an attractive stage property which I suppose need distress no one, though I confess that it does irk me slightly. The following exhortation is found engraved upon it:

"Quaff ye the waters of Ramona's well
Good luck they bring and secrets tell
Blest were they by sandaled friar
So drink and wish for thy desire."

One is supposed to toss in a coin while making the wish, and then leave one's card or one's name on a slip of paper posted conspicuously in a sort of shed near by. Hundreds of names are so posted. This is the crowning touch, the ultimate concession to mob taste, and seems to me definitely regrettable in an aristocratic house where beauty should dwell undisturbed. One wonders what the Estudillo shades must think of us Americans.

The construction of the house is typical (even in partial

restoration) of its day, which was 1825, just after Mexico had taken the reins of government into her slack hand. The adobe walls are three to four feet thick and the enormous beams are bound together with rawhide, no nails or spikes having been used. The roof is of the usual red tile softened by sun and dust.

If Ramona, rather than a fine old Spanish house, is the magnet that draws one to Ramona's Marriage Place one should by all means plan to see the *Ramona Pageant*, produced six times each year in the spring. It is held in the Ramona Bowl in the village of Hemet, south of Redlands and Riverside. In its outdoor setting beneath the two-mile peak of San Jacinto it is impressive and beautiful. Ramona and Alessandro really take on life before the spectator's eyes.

San Diego exercises its siren lure not only on those who seek romance in the past but likewise on those who enjoy a good time in the holiday manner of the twentieth century. Balboa Park, one of the city's remarkable features, deserves its fame and regardless of the expositions often held here has a special appeal because of its semitropical splendor. I shall never forget once strolling across the seven-arched Cabrillo Bridge with brilliant salmon-colored clouds of sunset above me and the luxuriant lotus lagoon a hundred feet below. Passing the California tower and other charming legacies of exposition days I reached the Plaza de los Estados and heard the thrilling strains of a great chorus accompanied by an organ. In the outdoor Spreckels Pavilion a concert was in progress, and I was drawn irresistibly to it for the chorus was singing a favorite of mine, *Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen*. As the salmon clouds turned to pink, to lavender, and to fainter mauve-gray the glorious old German song of Christmastide rolled through this American park named for a Spanish explorer. The na-

tions met under music's baton and nature's magic lighting effects. The month was not December but February, though it seemed like June. This was San Diego.

The silver strand of Coronado across the bay from the city is tarnished for me by the efforts of man to improve it. The famous hotel, covering, with its patio, four acres of ground, was built in 1888 at a time when architectural taste was at ebb tide and despite its luxury, its marvelous grounds, its superb setting, it cannot match the appropriate beauty of any one of those thousands of little dwellings of Spanish type which dot the hills of San Diego and give the city character. The beach development called Tent City just south of the hotel is a blemish of the silver siren which is only excusable because it affords beach pleasures to the impecunious but it is hard to believe that the same result could not have been accomplished without such offense to the eye. It is easy, however, to turn the eye away from man's developments to that peerless strand leading straight as a die to Baja California, which is Mexico. The narrow strip of land which barely succeeds in making Coronado a peninsula instead of an island becomes in the early spring a riot of color from its billions of wild flowers. The road is a primrose path to Mexico.

At the border line Aunt Jane primly occupies the American side while the Mexican side of the same village is named By-the-Sea. It came about thus. Tiwana, an Indian word meaning "by the sea," was metamorphosed by the Spanish language and became Tijuana. This easily slipped to Tia Juana, which means Aunt Jane, and that form of spelling has clung to the American part of the village whereas the Mexican part holds to the more correct spelling. This gateway to Mexico is nearly as tawdry as the Mexicali gate, and our southern

neighbor is not proud of it but it leads to the sophisticated perfections of Agua Caliente and its sumptuous casino only two miles beyond. A sudden horror of gambling caused Mexico's president to put this supersmart resort practically out of business, to the consternation of San Diego's tourist interests. This was a genuinely idealistic action of a "strong man" known universally for his rigid incorruptibility, and a phenomenon so rare among Latin-American politicians commanded due respect. Doubtless Agua Caliente will lift its fabulous head again if it has not already done so when these words reach print. Its name, merely "Hot Water" touched by the magic Spanish wand, had become an international magnet when the sharp decree of Mexico robbed it of its drawing power.

San Diego's Riviera is a magnet so strong in its own right that it has little need of the exotic Mexican touch. California's climate, famed for being always one of two things, either perfect or unusual, is scarcely ever "unusual" on the San Diego littoral. If there is any part of this planet where the weather has been thoroughly domesticated to man's uses it is this corner of our United States. Perfect weather is almost as predictable as the tide. Always the days are warm and the nights cool. Only nine days of each three hundred and sixty-five are wholly without sun. Of the inconsequential rainfall of ten inches a year ninety per cent falls in the so-called rainy season of the so-called winter. San Diego spoils the visitor for his own home weather. It is with a sensation of sheer delight that one ignores the weather column in the daily paper and plans beach jaunts according to one's own calendar of convenience. "We'll go to La Jolla tomorrow noon and lunch on the rocks," declares the master mind of the party (every party needs one), and he or she seldom bothers to add, "if

the weather is right." The weather will be right and La Jolla will be right, a dream colony by the cobalt sea, a paradise of art and letters, the Carmel of the south, the most delicately cut jewel which man and nature have fashioned for the adornment of the silver siren.

CHAPTER XII

LUXURY IN THE DESERT

“THE Desert waited, silent, hot and fierce in its desolation, holding its treasures under the seal of death against the coming of the strong ones.” These words are painted over the door of the imposing Barbara Worth Hotel in El Centro, the county seat of Imperial County, and are from the pen of Harold Bell Wright, as one would surmise from the hotel’s name. *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, though not strictly historical, dramatizes the most exciting period in the story of an exciting part of California, the Imperial Valley, which has, in this twentieth century, blossomed from absolute nothingness, a parched furnace practically uninhabited, to a garden spot extremely luxuriant and much visited by tourists. The Coachella Valley, which is almost a northward continuation of the Imperial, has rocketed upward into popularity until it has become a resort center for the *haut monde* and the *monde de cinéma*. Its Palm Springs is, in fact, one of the half-dozen smartest resorts in California and no conceivable luxury is missing from its provisions for the visitor.

At the turn of the century the desert waited for the coming of the strong ones and they soon came. There had been, up to that time, less than fifty vagabond dwellers or unfortunate railroad men in the whole Imperial Valley. J. H. Braley, A. H. Heber, W. F. Holt were among the pioneers who saw what *water* would do for this valley and they have all left

their names on the map, as thriving towns, though Braley was changed at the modest insistence of the man who was the moving spirit of this prosperous center but was unwilling to allow his name to be written geographically, and finally became Brawley.

The Colorado River, sixth in size in the United States, has always possessed a peculiarly willful temperament. From the dawn of civilized time it has behaved as seemed good to it at the moment, building up or destroying as whim directed. Ages ago it decided to cut off the head of the Gulf of California and make an inland sea of it. This it accomplished by building up a dam of silt at a point about one hundred miles below the northernmost point of the gulf's head. It left an immense inland sea into which it then poured, gradually freshening its waters. At the same time it built the delta dam higher and higher and likewise the level of the inland lake, permitting its surplus waters to spill over in the gulf. Thus was created, in the dim and distant past, the great Lake Cahuilla, of which the present Salton Sea is a shrunken remnant. The Colorado River, tired of its new creation, turned back to the Gulf of California and poured its waters into it for centuries, leaving the lake to evaporate slowly, but in 1905 it was suddenly obsessed with the idea of revisiting its former haunt. It petulantly broke down its existing banks, ran wildly down a diversion canal built to irrigate the Imperial Valley, and for two years devoted its whole energies and every drop of water to filling up the Salton Sea to the ancient levels. The lake rose rapidly and threatened to undo all that many centuries of hot sun had accomplished in evaporation. It threatened specifically to destroy the vast new million-acre garden which men were beginning to build.

But the runaway river reckoned without its new master, the white man. The Southern Pacific Railway, whose tracks run through the valley and were being swallowed up by the rising water along with several stations, determined to teach the self-willed old river a lesson. By a very clever piece of engineering backed by an open purse (over three million dollars) it finally harnessed the Colorado and drove it back into its regular channel. The more recent Boulder Dam construction has tamed the river definitely and forever. The Salton Sea is now shrinking by evaporation at the rate of one foot a year. Its surface is at present two hundred and eighty-seven feet below sea level and it will continue to shrink. Whether it will eventually dry up altogether is a disputed question. It *did* dry up after having attained the immense area, in prehistoric times, of twenty-one hundred square miles, but that was before man started building canals. Some experts believe that the outflow of irrigation canals will finally counterbalance the evaporation, leaving a permanent sea about two hundred square miles in area.

The Colorado River has been, despite its caprices, the good angel of Imperial Valley, for it has brought down, through the ages, an immensely rich gift of silt, building up a soil whose depth is said to be only matched by the soil of the Nile Valley. Local residents boast that *everything* grows here and they are not greatly exaggerating. Fruit of all sorts, olives, early asparagus, Egyptian cotton, year-round alfalfa, the basis of a large dairying business, are some of Imperial's specialties. Melons of all sorts are grown and cantaloupes are an outstanding crop, more being produced in this valley than in any other whole state of the Union. Twenty years after the first strong ones came to the waiting desert, the canta-

loupe crop alone reached a value of thirteen million dollars. Hogs and poultry are also important contributors to the region's prosperity.

Imperial Valley is entered by four roads from the four cardinal points of the compass but I like the approach from the west. The endless barren tumble of rocks is as wild and savage as anything I know, matching the bleakness of Montenegro, which I once thought could never be matched, but when the desert valley finally bursts into view there comes a succession of theatrical prospects, each plainly the work of some daring scene painter, splashing on the colors, trying out this effect and that. Near at hand abundant cacti sink their roots into the desolate rubble which would seem to defy all life, and the ocotillo sends forth blooms like jets of red fire. In the distance, down and down below the earth's usual limit of depression, spreads the vast valley and beyond it the backdrop of the Sand Hills and the Chocolate Mountains. With every turn of the road, and every turn of the chariot wheels of Phoebus, the scene takes on new colorings and new contours. It is a moving picture to crowd other pictures from the mind.

At Calexico the United States touches Mexico. The town crosses an imaginary line and merges into its Latin brother under the name of Mexicali. This doubleton community is the center of the valley's cotton industry on both sides of the line. The crossing of this line is an astonishingly painless operation. Four times I have walked into Mexico and back into the United States without arousing a flicker of interest on the part of any border official. They look one over wearily, if at all, and seem to say within themselves that life is like that—just one crossing after another. Mexicali romance is compounded of hole-pitted roads, shabby saloons and night clubs, evil smells, who-cares poverty, fat girls issuing invitations to

the passing males, and monumental slackness in general. The song writer who composed *Mexicali Rose* could never have been there, else even for profit he would not have foisted such a feminine fiction on an unsuspecting public. Mexico admits that its gateways from the north leave much to be desired and hopes in time to improve them. At present *casas de cambia* line the main street, the Café Tio Pepe vies with the striving and pathetic Iglesia Metodista Episcopal for one's support, the Chee Kung Tong Logia Masonica extends a fraternal hand. The town is friendly enough but its abject surrender to General Neglect is appalling. A rickety bridge, whose one or two street light poles tip at alarming angles, leads across a dry river bed to the "poor town," where poverty of the starkest sort peers from deep-sunken eyes. Yet this scene is in the heart of the paradise valley. The Mexican end of the desert still awaits the coming of the strong ones.

I once made my way from Calexico to Palm Springs by a Greyhound bus and had such a surprisingly good time rolling along in the big juggernaut that I became rather addicted to this form of travel in California. It provides far more human interest than any other form of land travel except possibly the bicycle. On a train you do not talk with anyone unless you are of the aggressively chatty kind. On a bus you talk with everyone unless you are of the obdurately silent kind. If you drive your own car you talk with no one except your own party and the men who sell you gasoline and to these latter you only say, "How much?" A bus, despite its rise from humble discomfort to its present position as American road emperor, remains intimate and folksy. The folks who make it so are amazingly assorted in social station and type. Exclusiveness has no place in intra bus life. I transferred at El Centro to a through bus from El Paso bound for Los Angeles and

found myself in the midst of the liveliest sort of house party on wheels. I supposed the crowd to be a party of old friends bound for California on a group vacation but learned that no one had met anyone else present until boarding that particular bus. At first I was inclined to raise a New England eyebrow at the gusty gaiety, even hilarity. A young blonde with a southern accent at its most incredible was the center of activities. She was conducting an international sing song aided by a man who strummed a ukulele. The idea was to ask each passenger to state the racial strain from which he or she stemmed and then to sing, as a rolling community, a song appropriate to that race. *Madelon* was rendered with fair effect for a stout French woman from New Orleans, though no one could remember the words. *Annie Laurie* was lustily sung for a lean Scotsman, who had the wit to offer the blonde leader "a five-cent ice-cream cone at the next stop," and *Kathleen Mavourneen* was perpetrated for a young colleen with eyes as blue as the Salton Sea. For a swarthy Mexican, a lawyer from Juarez, as I learned later, *La Cucaracha* was chased up and down the scale and it was wonderful to watch his solemn and leathery face wrinkle with the semblance of a smile.

"And what about you-all?" the blonde asked, addressing me. Her smile was so frank and good-fellow that I would have been a very dull fellow to withhold the information. I told her that I was of both Puritan and pirate lineage and she could take her choice. Each of these forebears was English. The funnyman of the crowd (of course there was one present) suggested that we try a hymn with a few good cuss words sprinkled through it, but no first-rate pirate hymn could be hit upon, so the bus compromised by doing the best it could with the *Roast Beef of Old England*.

"That girl must be an actress," I remarked of the blonde to my seat companion, who was an attractive young civil engineer from Malmö, Sweden, making a circuitous trip to San Francisco, where a brother lived. "No, she is not that," he replied very precisely in the rich sing song that betrays the Swede no matter how perfectly he masters any other language. "She is not an actress. I have asked her. She teaches algebra and geometry in a high school in El Paso. This is her vacation time."

Rolling northwestward into Coachella Valley, which is a date valley *par excellence*, the best Egyptian date palms flourishing in hundreds of acres, I disembarked from my gay ship of the desert and ensconced myself amid the luxuries of Palm Springs. This resort is one of the miracles of modern California. Like a desert flower bursting from the limbo of arid ground into glorious bloom at the touch of moisture Palm Springs has burst into public favor as "America's foremost desert resort." This claim can scarcely be called an exaggeration, for luxury here sets the pace of the times and is as up to date as tomorrow's bright morning. "Do-as-you-please sophistication" is the pass phrase and the exclusiveness implied by the last word is pleasantly tempered by the hyphenated beginning of the slogan.

El Mirador, newest of the great de luxe inns, is built to be an Eden in the desert. A campus is formed by the main building, the three guest buildings and the various one-story bungalows. One walks across the sun-drenched sward amid palms, cactus plants and flowering trees to one's "early California" room in one of the campus buildings and feels that late California has wrought as a great a marvel of pioneering as did the mission fathers of the eighteenth century. The nucleus of El Mirador's circle of buildings is the outdoor swimming

pool and this seems to be the special delight of Hollywood on vacation. If at least one or two recognizable faces are not seen at this luxury swimmin' hole it is a thin day and often scenes are shot here for some forthcoming film.

The desert has an overpowering lure for many people. It is indeed "silent, hot and fierce," with a savage mystery and beauty that catches and holds the imagination, and all man's masterly taming of it cannot rob it of its strange power. There is never any fog in this Coachella Desert and only about three inches of rain a year, scarcely a trace as most of us reckon rain. The temperature of winter noons from October to May averages eighty-one degrees, of nights forty-five degrees, and this sharp oscillation is a part of nature's technical virtuosity in playing upon the keyboard of the desert. As a colorist nature displays supreme skill in dealing with this particular desert. Aided by a shower or two in early spring the parched sands will don a pink-mauve garment of verbenas magical in its solid fabric and artistry, the garment spreading everywhere over its glistening surface. The robe is plentifully embroidered with primroses, star flowers, coreopsis, Indian paintbrush and other desert specialties, including smoke trees and innumerable cacti. The grotesqueness and variety of the latter give them inherent interest. Some are like fiesta fireworks, lighting a million red flares in the general color festival, but the dull barrel cactus is the most surprising. It has brought a humanitarian touch to burning sands, having saved the life of many a traveler in former times because of its juicy pulp from which a potable liquid can be squeezed by the cupful. Each postlike plant is a miniature fountain in a thirsty land.

The palms of this region are nearly as varied as the cacti, the date palms, especially the prized *Deglet Noor* being the

most profitable, and the *Washingtonia filifera* the most important. Trees of this last genus are found in their greatest glory in Palm Canyon, seven miles south of Palm Springs. Only here and in a few neighboring canyons are they found in their primitive state, yet these few trees, a comparative handful, are the forebears of practically all of the thousands upon thousands of ornamental palms which decorate so many California towns and cities. Their origin is shrouded in mystery, some students of the subject believing that wandering padres attached to Coronado's overland expedition of 1540 planted the seeds here. The trees are, at any rate, from three to five centuries old. They rear their stately heads eighty to a hundred feet in air, then burst out into leaf on all sides like exploding rockets of green light. Their trunks are clothed well down with heavy brown aprons of withered leaves which are in themselves ornamental, though along city boulevards the aprons are frequently removed in order to reveal the arrow-straight torsos of these tree-athletes.

The highest glory of Palm Springs, in a very literal sense, is that superb mountain named San Jacinto which is its towering protector, rising almost sheer for two miles and more above the valley floor. When the valley is blistering under the powerful rays of the sun the head and shoulders of San Jacinto are often mantled in white. Glorious in broad sunlight or when etched sharply by the setting sun, or when softened by the moon's calm glow, the vast rampart is at its best when "rosy-fingered dawn" touches it with fresh pink and lavender and purple tints. It is then a young god among mountains. I enjoy comparing scenes I like with other scenes that have come within my experience and there is only one mountain massif I know that is suggested by this one above the Coachella Valley. It is not in Norway nor in Switzerland but

in Austria, being the majestic shoulders of the Karawanken range heaved high above Carinthia's central valley. But even the Karawanken range has not the sheerness, the mystery, the close terrifying imminence of San Jacinto.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GARDEN OF THE GOLDEN APPLES

AMERICAN business enterprise is the modern Hercules that overcame seemingly insuperable obstacles to secure for an immense potential market the golden apples of the western Hesperides. Drought, frost, insect enmity, and transportation difficulty were the four determined sisters of Hera who guarded the precious fruit and they were aided by an army of obstinate relatives not mentioned in the Greek myth. It would be a little far fetched to identify Mrs. Eliza C. Tibbets as Hera, queen of the gods, yet it was she, in the beginning, who owned the golden apples.

It so happened that in the year 1873 two orange trees from Bahia, Brazil, made their way to Washington, D. C., whence they were sent by an official of the United States Department of Agriculture to his friend Mrs. Tibbets in Riverside, California. The timid "orphans" were from an arboreal race bearing a type of seedless orange new to this country and said by experts to be a bud sport of the Selecta grown in Portugal. Rather incongruously this imported race came promptly to be known as the Washington Navel because the United States Department of Agriculture had first brought it to Washington. The curious little navel on the orange, opposite to the stem, gave the obvious surname and although New England maiden ladies were inclined to blush when they heard of it this new orange aroused widespread interest. Its

luscious fruit, faultlessly round, fascinating in its rich golden color, succulent to the taste, and absolutely without seeds, won instant favor. Its cultivation in California constitutes one of the high romances of American enterprise, for the two trees which Mrs. Tibbets received in 1873 marked the beginning of an industry which now brings to California one hundred and twenty-five million dollars annually, supporting two hundred thousand persons within the state. More than four hundred square miles of California's surface are given over to citrus groves. Sixty per cent of the oranges consumed in the United States and Canada are grown here and about eighty per cent of the lemons. Of all this enormous production roughly nine-tenths comes from the orange belt of southern California stretching inland from Santa Barbara and points south to the sheltered valleys of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties.

The two Brazilian youngsters which grew up to be the parents of the modern myriads in the navel orange division of the industry became ultra-Californians in short order. They liked California better than Brazil, Riverside better than Bahia. It is an established fact that all orange trees do better in the relatively cool but sheltered climate of southern California than in the hotter climes of their nativity. These two seem, in particular, to have liked Mrs. Eliza Tibbets and her ministrations. She took care of them meticulously and with close personal solicitude for their wants. In times of drought, for instance, irrigation being then scarcely known, she would give them delicious long drinks of dishwater three times a day and her wards loved this fastidious beverage. They waxed strong and began to bear fruit. One of them still lives and *still bears fruit*, though it celebrated its sixtieth birthday as long ago as 1933. It is enclosed within an iron railing at the head of Old Magnolia Avenue and near it is a bronze tablet

erected to honor Mrs. Tibbets. The other tree was transplanted in 1903 to a spot in front of the Mission Inn, President Theodore Roosevelt doing the honors, but alas, it died in 1922 just before reaching the half-century mark and was replaced by another tree budded from it.

Quite naturally seedless fruit cannot reproduce itself without the co-operation of other trees of seed-containing fruit, but nature is amazingly generous and broad-minded in her arrangements for propagation. A bud from a seedless navel orange tree inserted in a slit of the bark of another type of orange tree or even a grapefruit or lemon tree will develop into a shoot and finally a tree of the grafted variety. The nature of the rootstock has no determining effect and all navel orange trees are really metamorphosed from some other variety of citrus stock. The chosen seed for the rootstocks is first planted in rows in a seedbed and left there to grow for about a year. The young tree, perhaps a foot high, is then transplanted to a nursery where it grows for another year, at which time it is ready for the delicate operation of budding. This is done by slitting the bark a few inches from the ground and inserting a bud from a twig of any desired tree, the bud being taped in firmly to insure growth. The shoot thus developed is trained to become the top of the altered tree, the original top grown from the rootstock having been previously cut off. In the course of one more year a seedless orange tree with alien but sympathetic roots is ready for final transplanting to the grove. A ruthless delousing then takes place. The three-year-old is stripped of all its leaves and scrubbed strenuously with soap and water. This apparently humiliating operation is a sort of diploma signifying graduation from the nursery and the callow young thing is at last ready to become a real tree.

Irrigation, pruning, fertilization and fumigation continue throughout the tree's long life. The last-named operation takes place about once a year, a canvas tent being thrown over the entire tree and hydrocyanic acid gas being released under the tent to destroy the scale. This is accomplished at night, as the gas is dangerous to the tree itself if applied under sunlight. With row after row thus shrouded in white awaiting descaling, the trees present an extremely weird appearance as of a ghost grove.

On winter nights when frost occasionally threatens the citrus crop the general temperature is raised by placing rows of oil-burning heaters between the rows of trees. This causes the thermometer to creep up four or five degrees and wards off the deadly white enemy.

California's two-seasonal orange crop is one of its wonders. While navel oranges ripen from November to May; the equally numerous Valencias, tracing their origin to the Azores, ripen from April to November. There is thus a continuous production throughout each year, averaging, under favorable conditions, two million boxes a month, which is to say five thousand loaded fruit cars a month. An attractive oddity of the Valencia groves, which take up the burden every spring, is that the trees will often bear both blossoms and ripe fruit at the same time. One may even see both on the same branch. Another oddity is that the ripe fruit may be left on the tree for months without spoiling. The picking may therefore be regulated to market needs. These special eccentricities add utility to charm and make the Valencia, in spite of a few seeds, a formidable rival to the delectable seedless variety.

The word "Sunkist" does not, as Eastern housewives often think, indicate any particular brand of oranges or lemons or grapefruit or any special place of origin within California,

but is merely a quality mark of the California Fruit Growers Exchange stamped indelibly into the skin of the fruit. It matters not which one of the thirteen thousand growers in the organization actually grows it, or where within the state's borders, provided it measures up to certain standards to win the coveted stamp. About one-half to two-thirds of the fruit attains this degree of excellence.

The California Fruit Growers Exchange is an intricate machine of co-operative marketing without which our national citrus supply would be precarious and the fruit subject to widely fluctuating prices. The exchange itself is the central sieve of a vast hourglass of business sifting the product of the growers, through packing houses and district exchanges, to jobbers, retailers and finally to one hundred and thirty million estimated consumers in the United States and Canada. I suppose it is fair to estimate that almost every inhabitant of this continent north of the Mexican line is a consumer of California citrus.

Orange romance reaches its apogee in the blossoms, which suggest bridal coronets and from which fragrant perfume is made. It has been found that half of the blossoms of a tree may be plucked without the slightest injury to the fruit. Each full-grown tree produces some fifty pounds of blossoms, of which twenty-five may be used for perfume. It takes the pluckings from two good trees to yield a single ounce of the precious essence.

Within that garden of the Hesperides where the golden apples of California are most numerous grown and which is tamely called the orange belt there are many romantic spots. Pomona, San Bernardino, Redlands and Riverside are names to conjure with but the last-named town has won the greatest traveler-fame because of Mount Rubidoux, where sunrise

Easter services were first inaugurated, and more especially because of the Mission Inn, a museum-hostelry without parallel anywhere in or out of California. This has grown from a small beginning called Glenwood Cottage, which first took in boarders in 1876, to the vast establishment known throughout the world as Glenwood Mission Inn and more lately as Mission Inn, Glenwood being dropped as a needless encumbrance. Frank A. Miller, who died in 1935, was its manager and guiding spirit for sixty years and entertained four American presidents—Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Taft—as well as Russian, Swedish and Japanese royalty and innumerable assorted celebrities from Andrew Carnegie to Helen Keller, from Lord and Lady Allenby to Booker T. Washington. He even built a presidential suite, which is now one of the sights of the inn.

The architecture of the present inn is for the most part in genuine accord with its name, being a tasteful adaptation of Father Serra's architectural ideas to the necessities of a modern hotel. Bell towers, one modeled after that of Padre Serra's own church at Carmel, arched cloisters with stone floors, low rooms with heavy beams, beautiful woodwork and ironwork, a large central patio and a smaller dining patio, are some of the features that would make this place seem homelike to those eighteenth-century travelers who experienced hospitality at its best while journeying up and down the mission chain. The various chapels, the garden of bells, the Sala de Carmelo, the Refectorio, would also seem like glorified editions of things they knew, but what would these travelers think of the oriental features, such as the Hall of the Gods, the Japanese Tea Garden with its crescent door in red and gold lacquer, the Oriental Court, the Fuji Kan, Sukara, Ho-o Kan, the Lodge of the Samurai? What would they think of the

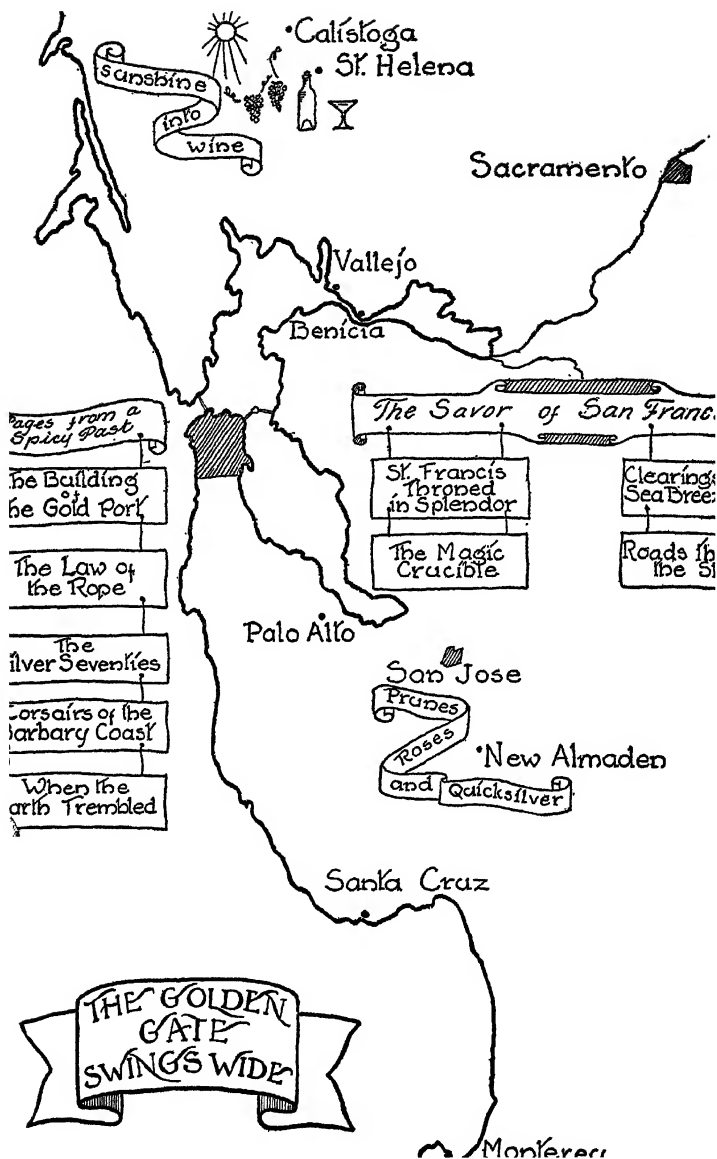
International Rotunda, of the Alhambra Roof Garden, of the collected aviation insignia, of the mixed paintings, statuary and bric-a-brac in the Galeria, of the collection of dolls and animals of the world? One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Miller did not possess the resistive power of Henry E. Huntington. He could not, apparently, resist adding various counter themes to the symphony of the Mission Inn as new and exciting ideas came to him or as exotic gifts were presented to him. One cannot imagine Mr. Huntington allowing himself such tangents to the main theme of San Marino. The Mission Inn, for all its richness and historic value, seems to me somewhat scrambled by its too numerous collections. The Californiana, the three hundred crosses and the six hundred bells, many of them individually famous, would seem to be enough.

The bells are of such extraordinary range in type and historic usage that something in the collection should surely cause every spirit to vibrate. Thinking to "stick" an attendant I challenged him to show me a bell from my own Massachusetts, but this was really too easy for him. "Oh, yes, sir. Number 383 is from Massachusetts, and famous, too. There it is. See the inscription." I saw and read it: "This bell was rung on the morning of the 19th day of April, 1775, to arouse the people and farmers and tell them that Paul Revere had brought news that the British Army was coming to destroy stores of ammunition at Concord, Mass., and to attack them at Lexington, and there they met the foe. Here commenced the Revolutionary War in the early morning hours." The bell had been used by the town crier of Bedford, a community adjoining both Lexington and Concord.

Admitting the confusion of wonders in the Mission Inn its appeal is nevertheless direct and friendly. The copyrighted

crest, a bell surmounted by a double cross, appears in many parts of the rambling structure as well as on the tableware and stationery. It even appears, by permission, on the street lights of the city of Riverside. Always it gives the visitor a comfortable glow as does the welcoming motto, Spanish in spirit as well as language, *Entre, es su Casa, Amigo*. ("Enter. This is your house, friend.") A modern Californian has recaptured something of the hospitable spirit of the sandaled padres.

THE GOLDEN GATE
SWINGS WIDE



CHAPTER XIV

ST. FRANCIS THRONED IN SPLENDOR

EVERY reader of short stories knows that San Francisco is one of three American cities which are natural settings for this type of fiction. Most cities must explain their presence between the covers of a magazine, but New York, New Orleans and San Francisco seem to live there. In motion pictures too the San Francisco film is a genre by itself and this fact is impressive when one reflects that ninety-five per cent of all American films emanate from the region about Los Angeles, a city which is not notoriously humble or reticent about its own charms. There is, in fact, a traditional rivalry between the two chief cities of California, yet Los Angeles, thinking in terms of box-office receipts, puts San Francisco on the screen with astonishing frequency.

The best San Francisco story is the one inherent in its name. The plot, as old as fiction itself, takes a twist that makes it spicy. It seems that there lived about the year 1200 in the Umbrian hill city of Assisi a youth named Francesco Bernardone who was rich, gay, popular, the irrepressible leader of the gilded youth of his community. He was given to revelry and his circle was known as the most frivolous in town, though there was a strange paradoxical depth to Francesco's nature which occasionally puzzled his comrades. When in his early twenties this youth, who had his provincial world at his feet, electrified his friends and distressed his father, a

wealthy cloth merchant, by turning from society and seeking joy in utter self-abnegation. He took shelter in a rough hut in the leper colony outside Assisi's gates and ministered to this wretched group by begging food for its sustenance from door to door in that same city which had known him as a social leader. He went about barefoot, wearing the coarsest robe in place of the luxurious fabrics to which he had been accustomed. Poverty, not relative but absolute, was the treasure he sought and clung to for the rest of his life. Unselfishness in service also reached the absolute and there is no more mysterious quality in the human spirit than *complete* unselfishness. Junípero Serra captured it in the eighteenth century as did Father Damien in the nineteenth and no doubt there are inconspicuous souls today, perhaps acknowledging no religion, who recognize it as a treasure beyond price, but most of those who strive for it degenerate into mere ascetics utterly useless to the human race.

An almost incredible but well-authenticated fact about Francesco Bernardone of Assisi is that an unquenchable gaiety continued to dwell in him after his radical change of life. His wit seemed more nimble than ever, his humor more spontaneous. He laughed and sang incessantly. Of the animals and birds and even the elements he made personal friends. When doctors once cauterized a wound on his hand instead of moaning or even being stoically silent he gaily teased Brother Fire as a poor sport to hurt him so when he, Francesco, had always been kind to Fire. A poet of rare originality and graciousness was this rich young man turned poor. Scholarship has knelt at his feet for centuries and still does so. Great secular libraries have their St. Francis room or alcove as they have their Shakespeare room or alcove. The public library of Boston, Massachusetts, boasts thousands of books

and incunabula about him and has a special librarian to attend to them. In life, however, the "little poor man" of Assisi toiled ceaselessly at tasks that would appall the social worker of today. Tender, sweet-natured, indomitable, his outstanding quality was always a gift for sheer happiness which no wealth, not even his own wealth of poverty, could have bought. Francesco wore himself out in twenty years and died at the age of forty-four. Still singing and joking as he lay on his death-bed he whimsically addressed his own Brother Body and apologized for having maltreated and neglected him so long.

Our short story of San Francisco must not grow long. It is a story of reward and requital viewed from our angle, not that of Francis. We *like* the saint of Assisi, which is quite different from venerating him. Most saints are sweetly tedious or self-conscious in martyrdom, or so dubious in quality that the machinery of their canonization still creaks, but the saint who is throned in splendor beside the Golden Gate is one whom even the profane world delighteth to honor. Of course Francis himself, if he were to visit the city which bears his name, would have no part in its wealth and worldly brilliance. We would find him on Third Street, perhaps in some rummy parlor, not breaking up the game but trying to help some poor wreck of a hanger-on who has not even a penny to risk on it. It is for our own satisfaction, not his, that we reward him with a glory he would spurn. That is the catch ending of the story.

San Francisco, though well-churched, is a city of the world, living more in the vein of the early Francesco Bernardone than the later, with innumerable interesting restaurants and sparkling night haunts catering to the transient populace of pleasure, yet it is civically solid as well as brilliant. It has a genuine passion for the arts and a sophistication in practicing

them that is amazing in a city which was a hectic little rendezvous of pioneer traders and miners less than a century ago. It is hospitable almost by axiom. It is athletic, cosmopolitan, breezy, tolerant and fairly awash with that stimulating quality which in a human being is called personality. There seems to be no real word for the civic expression of this quality. San Francisco is pre-eminently a hotel city, with four great de luxe establishments, several others of first-class rank and literally hundreds of the second and third class, bringing the total nearly to two thousand. San Franciscans see nothing incongruous, nor should they, in the fact that one of the de luxe four is named the *St. Francis*. It is luxurious and smart. It attracts many patrons from the sporting and theatrical worlds. It is a favorite with Hollywood-on-the-wing. Its French Empire Room and Men's Buffet are well-known shrines of the clinking glass. And this great hostelry of a thousand rooms supports without self-consciousness the name of the little poor man who chose to live with outcasts and beg his bread. It *is* incongruous of course but that again is our happy ending to the story, our heaping of luxuries upon the man who renounced them.

In physical aspect the throne city of St. Francis is worthy of an emperor. It is even more spectacular in situation than his own Umbrian hill town, which is saying much, and instead of resting on its fame amid dusty cypresses it challenges the future. On fourteen steep hills it clammers, planting its feet solidly and rearing its hydra heads in numerous skyscrapers that do not shudder at mention of 1906. If the earth again shudders as it did then the skyscrapers will give a few sympathetic shrugs of their giant shoulders, a few tosses of their lofty heads and will remain firm. Across a great bay and across a swirling tidal gateway of the ocean San Francisco

flings two bridges that are the talk of the world and will remain so. A hundred million dollars spent upon them make no more than an item in destiny's ledger. The money will come back in tolls, is already coming. The city is not afraid of big figures yet it is no spendthrift. Boom psychology is alien to it. Every banker in the country knows what San Francisco stands for and respects its soundness.

The clean fresh air of ocean blows through this peninsular city day and night. Its average winter temperature is fifty-four degrees, its average summer temperature fifty-nine degrees. An Easterner can never quite grasp this lack of change, nor believe that it is not some hoax of the calendar. As I rode up Nob Hill with a friend one February day I remarked in all sincerity, "These terrific grades must make the going very dangerous in winter." He restrained his laughter, for he was my host, but asked me rather irrelevantly what I planned to do on Washington's Birthday. Even then it was only by degrees that I came to and recollected what month it was.

In Lincoln Park on a magnificent crest overlooking the Golden Gate, St. Joan of Arc sits astride her charger at the entrance to the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. She deserves her conspicuous position, for she is no less interesting than Francis himself, but Joan, after all, is a purely national saint. The building before which she stands is a replica of the Palace of the Legion in Paris. The words *Honneur et Patrie* are carved upon it. Rodin's *Thinker* is thinking in the center of the main court and the *Angel of Reims* stands near by, that beautiful mysterious simper on his countenance exactly as on the face of the original angel at the portal of Reims Cathedral. The warrior-maid, who became a saint very tardily, not being canonized until this twentieth century, belongs in the Gallic circle of the Legion Palace, but Francis of

Assisi, who was a saint of world stature, belongs everywhere, and however at variance with his manner of life he deserves the brilliant city that is his western throne. One can hear him singing as he walks barefoot through the breeze-swept parks and over the hills to the open sea. A gray curtain hangs in the west above the Pacific and he addresses it. "Brother Fog, be good enough to roll this way and wrap these wonders in your friendly shroud. So splendid a throne is not for a poor man like me. Come close and I'll tell you a secret. You are not unpopular here as you probably think. These dwellers on the fourteen hills really like you, Brother Fog, and so do I."

CHAPTER XV

PAGES FROM A SPICY PAST

A. The Building of the Gold Port

FOR eighty years after the first white man, Sergeant José Francisco Ortega, stood on the wind-swept bluffs that overlook the Golden Gate astonishingly little happened on this tremendous spot. It is hard to understand how men could have been so blind to its possibilities. It was in the fall of 1769 that Ortega, a member of Portolá's expedition, marched his little squad up the peninsula and not until seven years later, in the historical year of '76, did the De Anza expedition, after its long trek from Tubac in Mexico, arrive to found the presidio and Mission of San Francisco. The mission flourished and the presidio had its moments, but as a port or pueblo the place remained practically a cipher. Very few ships passed through the Golden Gate and no trading community sprang up until the eighteen hundred and forties, when at last a few settlers took up their abode in the cove called Yerba Buena. History seemed determined to pass by San Francisco which had little part in the Bear Flag Revolt or the coming of the Americans. At this time only some two hundred persons called the place home.

The year 1849 marked the passage of eight somnolent decades since the coming of the Spaniards and now all of a sudden the becalmed community of San Francisco at last felt

the breath of life along her keel. In this hectic year, with Americans now in the saddle and gold revealed in the near-by hills, things began to happen with a speed that was utterly bewildering. The two hundred inhabitants multiplied as if by magic to fifty thousand, and what inhabitants! They swarmed into Yerba Buena like the devouring army of rats they brought in their ships, but gold was the food they sought. San Francisco was the port of gold, its peerless harbor being merely an incidental attraction. Hundreds upon hundreds of leaky tubs that called themselves ships crawled across the Pacific or around the Horn to anchor off Yerba Buena and few of them ever sailed away. Their passengers and crews and officers deserted them in the mad scramble for the gold fields. The harbor became the great boneyard of the Seven Seas, a cemetery comparable to the automobile graveyards of today. A ship named the *California* instituted passenger service early in the year 1849 from Panama to San Francisco and loaded its decks with as many tatterdemalion treasure seekers as it could possibly squeeze on board. They were continually crossing the isthmus like a train of ants, but there was no return file. Fifteen hundred weary pilgrims, most of them sick with swamp fever, awaited the *California's* first sailing but only four hundred could possibly be packed into the small craft. They strewed themselves over the decks like patchwork carpets of humanity.

If Sacramento, where Emperor Sutter had built his fort, was the fast-beating heart of the gold country San Francisco was its sea gate, its chief base of supplies, its wild and lawless playground. A city, frightfully unkempt, sprang from a sleepy hamlet. Packing boxes, barrels, wreckage of all sorts supplemented tents as dwellings for the inpouring thousands. The

chief street, Calle de Fundación, became a muddy millrace of traffic, and the plaza (now Portsmouth Square) a bedlam by day, a center of gambling and harlotry by night. Merchandise of all sorts poured in from the holds of clipper ships faster than it could be marketed and it was found profitable to sink in the mud whole barrels of beef, whole boxes of varied produce as foundations for the so-called houses which were slapped up overnight and rented for fabulous sums. Bunks in the flimsiest of shelters brought five dollars a night. The average rent for every inhabitant, man, woman and child, was a thousand dollars a year and the annual total was said to exceed that which was currently collected in New York, then boasting a population of half a million. Fire destroyed San Francisco literally every three months on the average, but it mattered little for the city could be rebuilt in a few days after each conflagration.

"The new city by the Golden Gate," says Charles Caldwell Dobie, "became squalid, pretentious, immoral, high-minded, extravagant, prudent, evil, heroic—all in one breath." This is not an exercise in paradox but a fair statement by a native son who has immersed himself in his city's history. The brothel, the Presbyterian church, the gambling hall and the soundly managed counting house could and did spring up together as neighbors and were able to flourish. Civic righteousness and honesty planted their feet in the reeking mud, but these qualities are not dramatically interesting so we scarcely hear of them. It is much more fun to chuckle over the exploit of a clever crook like the Frenchman Limantour, who forged for himself some good-looking Mexican land grants and sold to gullible San Franciscans titles to thousands of lots which they already owned, reaping from this venture more than a quar-

ter of a million dollars. Limantour quite throws into the shade the modern sophomoric practice of collecting rent for radiators and electric light fixtures from verdant college freshmen.

B. The Law of the Rope

The Vigilantes brought their peculiar dash of spice to San Francisco's life in the fifties under the leadership of William Tell Coleman, who was a public-spirited citizen despite his espousal of illegal or extra legal methods of bringing criminals to justice. There was no proper police force in the city and neither the mayor nor the state governor seemed able to cope with the increasing lawlessness of this big gold-begotten community. It was inevitable that the disciplinary business of hanging rogues should fall into the hands of private enthusiasts and the wonder is that so few miscarriages of justice occurred. Coleman's moderating influence was largely responsible for this. An innocent man would have been the first to dangle, merely because his face resembled that of a holdup man, had not Coleman faced down the vengeance-thirsty mob and insisted upon the semblance of a trial.

The first actual hanging occurred in 1851 when a thief named Jenkins lifted a small safe and tried to row across the bay with it. He was caught red-handed, tried, condemned and hanged that same night in Portsmouth Square. Three other villains whom the Vigilance Committee found guilty of crime soon followed Jenkins to the rope. Then, after mutual congratulations on their good work, the Vigilantes lapsed into inactivity and rested on their oars. Righteous wrath had roared and tossed its mane. Everybody felt better.

In 1855-56 popular wrath flared again, and this time it had

a fiery press champion in the newly launched *Bulletin*, edited by a man named James King of William. The William tag had come with him from the East where he had attached it to his name because of annoyance over the confusions of other James Kings in his community. Waxing bitter over the corruption of San Francisco's government James King of William rode his *Bulletin* into a lather as he charged the forces of evil.

An Italian gambler named Charles Cora took to the theater one evening his mistress, Annabelle Ryan, the popular madam of a brothel favored by the politicians. General William H. Richardson, a United States marshal, also attended the same theater with his wife, but alas, Mrs. Richardson seems to have snubbed the fair Annabelle. This roused the chivalric ardor of Charles Cora and he had high words with General Richardson, presumably telling him that Annabelle was quite the equal of his old hen any day in the week. Richardson coolly offered to slap his face and Cora, angrily mulling over the offer all night, shot Richardson dead the next day. Cora was jailed but James King of William went after him in vitriolic print. Cora's jury disagreed and King asserted it was packed. The politicians then found their own press champion in James P. Casey, editor of the *Sunday Times*. He had an exceedingly malodorous past and King raked it all open in the columns of the *Bulletin*, including the humiliating period of repose in Sing Sing for having robbed a woman upon whom he was lavishing his Irish blarney. Mr. Casey, touched in a raw spot, waited for the rival editor outside his office and shot him. He joined Cora in jail.

This incident galvanized the Vigilantes to sudden life. Five thousand citizens formed the new "committee" and more

than half of this vast committee marched grimly to the Broadway jail, trained a cannon on the door and demanded the persons of both Cora and Casey. They were delivered and the citizens took them to Fort Vigilance, as their quarters at 215 Sacramento Street were called. James King, after lingering five days, died, and promptly became the Vigilante martyr. On the day of his funeral Cora and Casey, quickly tried and convicted, were led to a second-story platform of Fort Vigilance. Cora wished to see Annabelle and she was brought to him. Then he sought absolution but his confessor, Father Alcoty, a stickler for moral conventions, made this ceremony conditional upon Cora's first marrying his mistress. Then and there, with or without a license, he, Charles took her, "Bella," to be his lawful wedded wife. A few minutes later he was hanged by the neck until he was dead and the weeping bride, who really loved him, went her way. Perhaps she dispelled her misery by building up her business with fresh zeal. Charles, a tolerant husband, would have liked that. James Casey, after a few maudlin remarks about his mother and a brief address to God, swung besides Charles Cora. The crowd looked on and was satisfied.

This was on May 22, 1856. Within three months the Vigilance Committee permanently disbanded. It had first fortified its quarters on Sacramento Street, earning for them the title of Fort Gunnybags, and had hanged several more murderers, but finding a state supreme court judge on its hands, after a scuffle in which he, attempting to defend the majesty of the law, had stabbed a man, its embarrassment knew no bounds. The wounded man saved the situation by getting well, the judge was released as if he burnt Vigilante fingers, and a picturesque period in the checkered history of justice came speedily to an end.

C. The Silver Seventies

The Civil War found California sitting on the fence but San Franciscan eloquence, from the Unitarian pulpit of Thomas Starr King, pushed it over on the Union side and the gold from the Mother Lode was a potent weapon for the North, hastening the ultimate victory. During the sixties, however, the gold yields shrank steadily and San Francisco, now a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants and accustomed to consider itself Dame Fortune's pet child, might have faced the possibility of thin times had not the gleam of silver flashed upon it. The silver was in Nevada's hills but poured a stream of fresh wealth into northern California and when, in 1872, the Comstock Lode was discovered the stream became a mighty flood. Nevada's silver mines and their present ghosts belong in a later chapter of this book but their effect on the city of San Francisco should be recorded here as one of the most incredible pages of her gorgeous past.

Three or four hundred million solid dollars from Nevada's hills produced the bonanza days of San Francisco, and one must remember that the word "million" sounded in those days somewhat as the word "billion" sounds today. It is doubtful if any large city in America has ever, before or since, wallowed in wealth as did the city of St. Francis in the silver seventies. The pace of that terrific decade was greatly accentuated by the new transcontinental railroad whose last spike, a gold one, had been driven on May 10, 1869, at Promontory, Utah. The building of that road was a romance in itself and wove four new names into the fabric of American enterprise. One was that of C. P. Huntington, whose nephew was eventually to put some of the Huntington millions to work buying books and English portraits. The other three were Mark Hopkins, Leland Stan-

ford and Charles Crocker, all destined to become fabulous names in California. Between them these four "little fellows," all small-town merchants of whom no one except local citizens and a few miners had ever heard, managed to raise fifty thousand dollars to string steel ribbons across the mountains. This was the joke of the year 1863 in the banking fraternity of San Francisco but six years later the steel ribbons were ready for the wheels of fortune. San Francisco, reversing its attitude, went wild with excitement. The little four of Sacramento found themselves the big four of California. Leland Stanford was governor of the state. Collis P. Huntington was revealed as a Napoleon of transportation. Once more, as so often in the world's history, worldly wisdom had been cheated of its final sweet I-told-you-so and forced to clamber aboard the wagon of a great vision.

The rails of the Central Pacific ushered in that dizzy decade in which gold was the old roué and silver the starry-eyed debutante. In striving for a dance with her the assorted San Franciscan stags trampled each other's toes. Everybody cut in, including the iceman, the horsecar driver, and the chop suey cook. Women also, from society queens to servant girls, took a whirl with her. It was in 1872, with the uncovering of the Comstock Lode, that the dance became a farrago of almost unbridled lusts for quick money. Brokerage houses were swamped with eager customers and bucket shops dangled their lesser wares before bloodshot eyes. Silver stocks octupled in value.

This was, however, far more than a mad debauch such as many a city has experienced, only to awaken with a splitting headache. It was a silver jubilee in the most literal sense. Real fortunes supplemented paper fortunes and the bonanza kings began building their huge palaces on Nob Hill. The worst era

of architectural taste in centuries served to achieve a monumental ugliness in these elaborate homes which must have irked nature herself though she stood it thirty years before shaking her shoulders with a decisive shiver that destroyed them.

New names were written in silver on the American ledger of multimillionaires: Mackay, O'Brien, Flood, Fair and, most glittering of all, Ralston the Magnificent. This gentleman, William C. Ralston, did things in the grand manner and became a San Francisco legend. He started the building of the Palace Hotel to accommodate twelve hundred guests, and this was only one of countless enterprises in which he displayed his ever-blazing faith in the city's future. But at times his faith in San Francisco's lucky star was blind indeed. He allowed two crooks, gifted with an engaging modesty, to play the old, old diamond game with him. Their names were Arnold and Slack and they subtly permitted the great man to learn that they had found diamond fields in Wyoming where you could pick the rough stones from the ground like truffles. You could fill your vest pockets in half a day. Very reluctantly they exhibited some of the stones and Ralston begged permission to send them to Tiffany's for appraisal. In due time the stones were found to be genuine and very valuable, but then came the rub. Mr. Arnold and Mr. Slack did not propose to give away the secret of the location of these diamond hills. Absolutely not! But in the end their stubborn wills were overborne and they told. They even took a Ralston emissary, an expert in stones, to Wyoming and *showed* him the diamonds. It was astounding. There they were just as the men had said. You couldn't take a hundred steps without finding one. If you pried up a rock the chances were that one or two diamonds were revealed. A great melancholy settled upon Arnold and

Slack. They had been fools, *fools*, to give away their secret simply because they had no stomach for big ventures like this. But the Magnificent Ralston salved their wounded spirits with three hundred thousand dollars and they went their way while he proceeded to organize a two-million-dollar company to exploit the diamond fields. Silver seemed suddenly ridiculous, mere pocket change after all. San Francisco, the diamond city!

The debacle was rapid. A coolheaded authority of the United States Geological Survey announced that diamonds simply did not grow like truffles nor lie about the earth's surface. He went to the magic spot in Wyoming, found a few diamonds and stated positively that certain of them were Brazilian stones and certain others South African. Then it was learned that a London dealer had sold these stones to Arnold and Slack a year before, but these gentlemen were no longer to be found. Ashamed of their weakness in having told their great secret they had disappeared.

Silver was still—or again—the darling of San Francisco, but her luster was soon dimmed. Even the Comstock Lode had its limits. Bitter rivalries developed and forced the closing of Ralston's bank. On the same day he was drowned—or drowned himself. Troubles wrinkled the brow of San Francisco. The silver dance was ended. The musicians put away their instruments and the guests went home. This was the year 1876, exactly a century since De Anza had founded San Francisco.

D. Corsairs of the Barbary Coast

Sarah Bernhardt once visited San Francisco's celebrated sin sector, the Barbary Coast, and declared enthusiastically that its delightful wickedness took the hot bloom from the cheek of Montmartre, but this was in the post-earthquake period when

the Barbary Coast had been reborn practically as a tourist show, each resort having its peep-gallery for the delectation of visitors who came to be shocked. The Coast, although unaware of it, was in the last decade of its long existence. This was the period of the great dance craze which sent to all America from the dives of Pacific Street such notable Barbary gifts as the "Turkey Trot," the "Bunny Hug," and the "Grizzly Bear," but for sheer forthright unblushing debauchery and crime it was relatively a milk-and-water era. To find the Coast at its magnificent worst one must go back to the seventies and eighties of the last century.

Anyone who has read Herbert Asbury's popular book on the Barbary Coast with its three hundred well-documented pages of selected depravities must feel that the human race has never sunk so low as it did in the latter half of the nineteenth century in the City of St. Francis. The *vieux port* of Marseilles, the *Barrio Chino* of Barcelona, the red light quarter of Cairo, even the Sodom and Gomorrah of Scripture, seem but half-hearted dens of iniquity playing at vice compared with the abysmal wickedness and murderous violence long practiced on this patch of earth beside the Golden Gate. Mr. Asbury expresses the belief that there was not one single night in decades when at least one murder was not committed on the Coast and ruthless systematic robbery was its nightly trade. The word hoodlum originated here and the young ruffians who proudly bore this designation scorned firearms, preferring bludgeons, knives, or, most effective of all, iron knuckles with which they could rip an opponent's face to tatters by one glancing blow. Of several attempts to determine the origin of the word the most picturesque, and one given in several standard dictionaries of etymology, is that the name came from a certain Muldoon, who was at one time the leader of the youthful toughs.

A San Francisco editor, trying to coin a striking word for them, spelled Muldoon backwards and called them "noodlums" but the compositor mistook the *n* for an *h* and printed the word hoodlums.

Young Chinese slave girls were regularly imported by the ship-load to the Barbary Coast and forced to sell their bodies for vice by pseudo-legal contracts. The money was actually placed in their hands, then instantly removed and they never saw it again. By the terms of the printed contract they agreed to prostitute themselves for a limited period but there was a joker in the contract so obvious and so cruel that the Coast itself must sometimes have blushed for its meanness. The China girls, mere infants of Oriental femininity, had to agree that if ever they were incapacitated for "work" for two days they must add a month to their period of servitude in the brothels. Since each girl old enough to work at all was necessarily incapacitated for a few days each month the contract was self-perpetuating. A meaner trick was never invented, but perhaps it did not much matter. The slaves were almost invariably reduced to the status of old hags by the time they were twenty. Being no longer useful to their owners they were taken to a "hospital" in some noisome alley and given a few hours to die. If they were slow about it the "doctors" gave nature effectual aid.

As the word "hoodlum" sprang into being in the Barbary Coast so likewise did the verb "to shanghai." There being no direct trans-Pacific sailings from San Francisco to China in the early days a "Shanghai voyage" meant one around the Horn, the Cape of Good Hope and so through the Indian Ocean, girdling four-fifths of the globe, hence, in a vague sense, any very long sea voyage. Skippers contemplating such a trip were dependent for their seamen on a supply of men which the

water-front crimps provided by tricks or open violence. More than twenty gangs on the fringes of the Barbary Coast, in conjunction with the crimps or boardinghouse keepers, made their living by drugging hapless sailors or beating them into unconsciousness and then dumping them like freight upon the decks of those ships whose captains had ordered the goods. The crimps' pay for this service was the first two months' salary of each sailor delivered. Amazing as it seems the hard-boiled men of the sea stood no more chance against the wily and well-organized water-front gangs than the little China girls against the slavers. A sailor was fair game in the port of San Francisco and only extraordinary sagacity or luck saved him from robbery at the very least.

All this violence had for its unfailing allies fiery liquors, often dosed with aphrodisiacs, and a galaxy of plain and fancy harlots such as few cities of ten times San Francisco's then population have ever assembled. In the very early days of the gold rush the appearance of a woman, *any* woman, on one of the city's crude streets was an event of such importance as to divert from his occupation every man within sight. But the women came soon enough in herds and rented themselves briefly and successively for nuggets or good pinches of gold dust. The business grew mightily and in the seventies and eighties untold thousands of weirdly assorted females, claimed by their purveyors to represent every nation on earth, filled the cowyards, cribs and parlor houses of the city. This mass immorality is a dismal subject, though many an individual establishment and character relieve the monotony of the story. Such resort names as House of Blazes, the Lively Flea, Dutch Emma's, Squeeze Inn and the Bucket of Blood are less famous than those of the Eldorado, the Thalia, Spider Kelly's and the Cobweb Palace, but all, and many more, suggest a

certain imaginative quality stirred into the dregs of lust. Spanish Kitty, the Galloping Cow, Pigeon-Toed Sal and Cowboy Maggie are random selections from the host of famous harlots or madams, but of all the women who contributed to the patchwork of viciousness that made up the Coast only one, a thirteen-year-old girl called Little Dick, seems at first thought to wear an aura of romance. She led a band of twenty or thirty Barbary Arabs in all sorts of lawless ventures but was finally caught stealing revolvers from an arms shop. Even Little Dick loses her charm when we learn that her chief delight was to suspend a Chinaman by his queue from a beam or hook and while he dangled helplessly in midair to throw red pepper in his eyes.

The span of life of the Barbary Coast, like that of man, was roughly threescore years and ten. Born of the gold rush, nursed into life by the Sydney Ducks, those human offscourings of the Australian penal settlements who cursed the region with their early presence, fanned by a "wild sirocco of sin," as the *Call* put it in 1869, recruited endlessly from all the evil elements that roamed the seas, jolted but not essentially broken by the earthquake of 1906, the Barbary Coast finally crashed to its permanent doom in 1917. William Randolph Hearst was the chief crusader who really sounded its death knell in his *San Francisco Examiner*.

One definite contribution the Coast made to the present-day life of America and the whole world. Ragtime, first played without written music, was born in the dance halls of Pacific Street. Paul Ash made a lady of it by introducing it through his orchestra in the fashionable Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill. Paul Whiteman, then a member of his orchestra, first conquered the difficulties of scoring such syncopated music and in due course ragtime came to be called jazz and Whiteman

the jazz king. American jazz has swept in triumph to the far corners of the world and shows no signs of losing its popularity. All nations owe much of their nightly entertainment to California. They view the films sent forth by Hollywood. Then they dance to the rhythms which first took form on the Barbary Coast.

E. When the Earth Trembled

Almost every American born before the twentieth century has some vivid personal recollection of April 18, 1906. I, a very lucky boy, was on the Acropolis of Athens and my mother, in one of her educating moods, had just caught me off my guard by insisting that the pillars of the Parthenon bulge in the middle "to make them look straight." That, she said, is entasis. But it sounded to me silly and I am afraid I was about to say so when two ladies, total strangers, came excitedly up to us. "You're Americans, aren't you? Have you heard? San Francisco's been knocked down by an earthquake." It was midafternoon, which would have been early morning in California, and we hurried back to the hotel, leaving the argument about entasis suspended in air. We found the hotel lobby in a small commotion of excitement. All the Americans were dashing about discussing the horror with anyone and everyone. Thus the news came to the city of Pericles and if there was excitement there, what must it have been nine thousand miles to the west where fire now had the city of San Francisco in its crackling jaws. Yet Mary Austin, who was there, wrote: "If you had time for it you gripped the large, essential spirit of the West, the ability to dramatize its own activity, and, while continuing in it, to stand off and be vastly entertained by it. In spite of individual heartsinkings, the San Franciscans . . .

never lost the spirited sense of being audience to their own performance."

No one who knows San Franciscans at all can fail to be impressed by their sporting character as a civic whole, and there is abundant testimony that they bore the terrible calamity of 1906 not with grim fortitude or a display of bravado but with a sense that the show was worth at least a part of what it cost.

Lisbon, Messina, Tokyo, San Francisco are the big four in modern temblor history, and if Lisbon holds a frightful first place in loss of life (twenty thousand) San Francisco holds an easy first in value of property destroyed (four hundred million dollars). Happily only about four hundred persons perished in the San Francisco disaster, but the area destroyed, including the business heart of the city, was four square miles, which is six times as great as the area wiped out by the London fire of 1666.

Along a geological fault running three hundred miles down the coast of California from Cape Mendocino to Monterey the earth yawned at 5:15 on that April morning and the force of the yawn literally moved mountains. An article by David Starr Jordan, written shortly after the calamity, sets forth many a curious incident that occurred along the path of the fault. In Marin County the earth and *everything* on it, including mountains, shifted exactly sixteen feet seven inches if it lay in the straight and deadly path of this terrific shiver. A single quotation will suffice to illustrate what happened:

"Skinner's Ranch is a large dairy near Olema. . . . A row of large cypress trees stood just before the house on the roadside, between them and the house a little rose garden, to the south of these, opposite and partly behind the dairy, a group or row of eucalyptus trees. The earthquake rift passed directly in front of the house, between the buildings and the road. All that stood to the

westward of the crack was violently jerked to the north a distance of sixteen feet seven inches, or it may be that the east side moved an equal distance to the south. If Mr. Skinner had chanced to look at the right instant he would have seen the whole row of cypress trees file past his window to take their station in front of the dairy, taking the rose garden with them. A few raspberry bushes came from farther north to take, partly, the place of the roses. The eucalyptus trees in front of the dairy moved on to a position opposite the barn, and one detached from the others and to the westward of the crack was left near the head of the line instead of at its foot . . . under each of the east windows of the barn stood a pile of manure. Each pile is intact sixteen and one half feet south of the window to which it belongs. . . .

"In the matter of line fences interesting legal problems are raised. Were the farms on the west stretched sixteen and one half feet or those on the east side crowded together to the same amount? If either, who stands the loss and what store can be set on ancient landmarks?"

All sorts of odd things happened at various points on the temblor's path. A hotel at Marshall was tossed into the bay upright, none of its boarders being harmed. The five-fifteen train from Point Reyes was tipped neatly on its side. A bridge over Paper Mill Creek was telescoped and humped up into an arch six feet high. The clams in the flats of Bolinas Bay were buried to a depth where they were entirely safe from man.

The fault passed through the sea just to the west of San Francisco's Seal Rocks and entered the peninsula at Mussel Rock some seven miles southwest of the city. Only the seismic waves spreading from the main line of shock rocked San Francisco. Had the fault lain directly through the city the loss of life would doubtless have been many-fold more appalling than it was.

The temptation to quote a score of striking anecdotes from a score of eyewitnesses almost overwhelms me like another

earthquake. I have mentioned Mary Austin's vivid narrative, called simply *The Temblor*. Mr. Dobie, who lived through the whole thing and has a thrilling chapter of reminiscence, is equally quotable and less impressionistic, but John Casper Branner, a professor of geology at Stanford when the earthquake occurred, offers a hint to quoters and even firsthand narrators. Says he, "If a chimney top, broken off by an earthquake, should fall on a man in such a fashion as to go right over his head and leave him standing unhurt in the flue, it would be a striking, and to the man a very important fact; but, from a geological point of view its only importance would lie in the fact that the shock was severe enough to throw down the chimney." If I had seen such a thing happen in San Francisco I would blithely disregard the hint and tell the story but having been on the Athenian Acropolis doubting the existence of entasis I have no excuse to continue.

As with other great calamities of history the wiping out of the gold-born, bonanza-bloated motley that was old San Francisco proved a blessing in disguise. The new San Francisco has suffered little loss in picturesqueness, perhaps none at all. It has gained immeasurably in civic beauty and prestige.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE MAGIC CRUCIBLE OF SAN FRANCISCO

"**S**AN FRANCISCO has a quality that suggests London," said a friend to me before I had ever seen the California city, and I was utterly incredulous. London of all cities on earth, I thought, was the one which it could not possibly resemble, but it happened that one of the first things which especially caught my eye was that cul-de-sac named Tillman Place, leading off Grant Avenue. Lined by little shops that appear to have merely happened, and backed by the half-hidden Temple Bar tearoom at the end of the passage, this seemed to me and still seems the most Londresque thing I know in America. Even Louisburg Square in my own Boston, which the movie producers once used for filming *Vanity Fair*, seems to me less like London than does Tillman Place, though the former is, of course, residential and the latter a glimpse from the Strand or Fleet Street.

"Of course you notice the resemblance of San Francisco to Paris," said a native son to me on a later occasion as we strolled together aimlessly of an evening amid the bright lights on and north of Market Street. "We have no real French quarter in the city but there's a zip about the evenings here that's like a cross between Montparnasse and the Boulevard des Capucines."

"Without the sidewalk cafés," I amended. "They would

complete the picture." And he reluctantly accepted the amendment.

San Francisco, like New York, has taken many foreign elements into her magic crucible and has melted them into a successful cosmopolis; but the familiar metaphor is, in each case, a true paradox, for in spite of the fusion the various elements still remain intact. This gives a special piquancy to both ports, although in New York it is partly lost because of the vast size of the metropolis. In San Francisco the Orient and the Mediterranean countries have made the largest foreign contributions, but Russians, Finns, Scandinavians and Basques are by no means lost in the crowd. The air about the Golden Gate is filled daily with radio talks and songs in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish and I know not what other languages. One may take free language lessons from the ether any day and occasionally one has to twiddle the dials with some persistence to dig from the polyglot air waves a program in "good old American." This to me is not an annoyance but a delight. It makes San Francisco different.

I believe that only in Paris and New York (not London in spite of Soho) can one "eat around the world" quite as completely and exquisitely as in San Francisco. There are literally hundreds of foreign restaurants scattered over the hills and vales of the Pacific coast city though its population is only a small fraction of that in the other world centers. One finds at least twelve or fifteen national cuisines well represented. The French and Latin predominate but there is a delightful "Bit of Sweden" on Sutter Street and at another place in the headquarters of the Swedish Applied Arts *smörgsbord* looks and tastes just as it does in Stockholm. The little *köttbullar* (meat balls) float in their gravy just as temptingly and the *pytt i panna* is so exotic in name that one cannot believe it is humble

hash. Only the Scandinavian berry compote called *lingon* and the little *strömming* of Lake Mälär may be missing. On Shrader Street lurid *smörrebröd* of Denmark may be sampled; on Turk Street, Hungarian goulash that is goulash and is Hungarian; on California Street, Japanese *suki-yaki* and the rice wine called *saki*, served by kneeling Japanese maidens, not synthetic although they may act their parts and hastily acquire an oriental accent; on Folsom Street, Greek viands; in the Russian colony of the Potrero district Russian *borsch*, and how gloriously different from the cafeteria *borsch* of Manhattan!

It would be easy to amplify and multiply such lists, stressing many delectable dishes of many nations but that has been effectively done by expert gourmets who have seasoned their lives in these restaurants, which exist, as a matter of fact, not primarily for the tourist but for the San Franciscan residents. Only in the chop suey parlors of Grant Avenue does one sense the tourist trap, rather than food for food's sake. The real Chinese restaurants where real Chinamen congregate are in side streets of the quarter.

The abundance, excellence and almost fantastic cheapness of the table-d'hôte meals in the Latin quarter testify clearly that they live for the Latins themselves and for those exploratory persons who always know, as if by intuition, where a good thing is to be found. I can never quite believe the bill is correct in these little places, though the "error" is always in my favor. Steered early in my San Francisco wanderings to the dull-looking Latin street so badly named Broadway I once stood alone before the hotel-restaurant named *La España* and then before the *Español*, both of which were said to cater to the taciturn Basque shepherds who more or less monopolize sheep tending in California and Nevada. Both places were so

humble to the eye that I hesitated to try them but finally I pushed open the door of the *Español*, walked through an utterly uninspired barroom with plain wooden floor, and opened an inner door to find myself in a back room filled with dining tables and industrious diners. The place was perfectly clean but as plain as can be imagined. I heard Spanish or Basque on every side but there were Anglo-Saxons there too. I took my place at a vacant table and immediately a plump señorita placed a huge soup tureen in front of me. There was no menu and no talk of price. In fact there was no talk at all. She said not a word and neither did I, but the meal spoke for itself. Antipasto followed soup, then delicious sole with string beans, then two kidney lamb chops, suitably garnished, then fruit, nuts, cheese and coffee. A free glass of very fair wine accompanied the repast and finally came a little slip of paper bearing the laconic penciled message: "50c." The mystery of the Basques has long puzzled ethnologists and philologists but nothing, it seemed to me, can be more puzzling than a quality meal of such proportions served for four silver bits.

Even the more pretentious of the Latin eating houses, of which Lucca's on Francisco Street is a popular sample, seem to possess the same secret of serving a tremendous meal for very much less than a dollar. Lucca's is a large place on several levels with interesting décor. A well-simulated Italian street runs the length of one of the floors, with everything complete, including the Neapolitan scenery, the tobacconist's shop marked *Sale e Tabacchi* and the letter box marked *Lettere*, with its collection schedule labeled *Orario*. Lucca's is excellent, its wines famous. It has atmosphere. And yet the tally for a many-coursed table-d'hôte luncheon is incredibly fixed at sixty-five cents. If it were \$1.65 the lunch would pass as a bargain in many a city. How does San Francisco do it?

I do not think I am letting enthusiasm run away with me, for the glories of this city's innumerable foreign eating places have been widely sung. Renowned dishes such as Filet of Sole Bercy have originated in San Francisco and also world-known sauces such as Sauce Mornay, but specialties are less impressive than the wide variety of establishments and their lofty level of average excellence. A member of the epicurean Hundred Club of Paris would be happy here indefinitely. Those peripatetic gourmets who love to ferret out their own little triumphs of restaurant finding in glamorous cities of the globe could spend months here tracking down unpublicized marvels. All of the more convivial writers—Basil Woon is a good sample—grow boldly lyrical when they touch upon the vast and beautiful subject of San Franciscan food.

The Italian element of the city, whose chief colony clusters about Telegraph Hill and North Beach, is quite as interesting as it is civically valuable. Although it has seen great men like the banker Giannini rise from the crowd to world fame, although it has seen one of its florists, Angelo Rossi, become the energetic mayor of the city, boasting himself "a son of the Beach" (actually born, however, in the gold ghost town, Volcano), it remains unblushingly and joyously Italian, which means fond of color, fond of fiesta, not given to brooding or introspection. The first Italians came to this region even before the gold rush. They were Genoese and Piedmontese and even now nearly all in the San Francisco colony stem from northern Italy. Only the fishermen are exceptions. They look upon *bellu Napoli* as their ancestral home.

Truck gardening early became an Italian specialty and the whole Pacific shore stretching for miles down the peninsula south of San Francisco is dotted with flourishing gardens and in particular with artichoke farms. The artichoke, a great do-

mesticated thistle, grows in a commercial way only in California and southern France. In California the Italian is its godfather. Quite naturally he is also godfather to the California grape and it is said that Italian interests are in firm financial control of the wine industry in the state. But Italians busy themselves successfully also in many a task and profession in San Francisco. They have attained, as a racial group, a social status which must be the envy of their less fortunate or less energetic compatriots in Eastern cities. But success has not robbed them of their colorful Latinism. The flanks of Telegraph Hill and especially that delightful retreat called Washington Square (though the diagonal shaft of Columbus Avenue makes it a trapezium) are washed by wave on wave of the colors one might find on Genoa's hillsides.

There is always life in Washington Square, but especially on Sunday. To picture it you need only conjure up your idea of a Scottish Sabbath and then swing your mind to the exact opposite. The spirit of fiesta is queen. The weeping willows of the little park must be weeping from laughter, for everybody is gay. Snatches of song, born possibly of good Chianti or local wines, though not of inebriation, fill the air. Lavender and pink and orchard green are the colors of many a Sunday silk shirt proudly displayed by masculine chests. The women too go in for colors, especially in the shawls that are draped over tight-fitting bodices, and if it is Confirmation Sunday dozens of little girls in long white dresses and snowy veils are in evidence. The *fanciulle* are exploding with pride in their finery. The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, far from frowning on all this Sunday cheer, is the very center of it. Christenings, marriages, even ordinary masses are bright and exciting affairs. John Knox, witnessing it, would stroke his beard in consternation.

If Sunday is the high day in Washington Square Thursday is the day at Fishermen's Wharf. Every Thursday the Neapolitan *pescatori* bring in their high-prowed boats whose decks and hulls are usually a cobalt blue. They come putt-putting in to the wharf to discharge their catch for the weekly Catholic fish day to follow on the morrow. A famous spot on the San Francisco perimeter is this where Fishermen's Wharf now stands. Here "Honest" Harry Meiggs built a sixteen-hundred-foot wharf in the eighteen fifties, resorting to a great deal of crooked work and even forgery to achieve it. Failing for eight hundred thousand dollars he slipped quietly out of the Golden Gate, a well-liked and warmly hated scoundrel, and turned up in Peru, where he started from scratch and made a huge fortune in railroad building. He finally paid his California debts in full, but the criminal charges against him were too glaring to be dropped and rather than face a jail sentence he died a yearning exile.

The present Fishermen's Wharf is a paradise for all who love the picturesque and likewise for all who love sea food, fresh from the sea. Big kettles all aboil line the wharf in front of the fish shops and into these kettles live crabs are tossed to order. They wriggle defiant claws and then plunge to their boiling fate before one's eyes to make a toothsome holiday. As it should to all men when the reaper is ready, death comes to the average crab of the Golden Gate *instantly*. His shell may blush at the ignominy, but he is a happier crab than his fellow who lies in a basket longing helplessly for his native element.

San Francisco's Chinatown, largest Chinese city in the world outside of China itself, dwarfs all similar communities in other American cities not only in size but in importance and honest value to the community. Probably fifteen to twenty thousand Celestials, mostly Cantonese, live on that small

wedge of territory clinging precariously to the steep flank of Nob Hill, and San Franciscans feel that far from being merely a tourist showplace this colony has a broadening influence on the city's life. It is noticeable to anyone that whereas most of our Chinatowns are dreary little districts with only men in evidence this one is a thriving community with almond-eyed women and little girls, the latter very charming to one's gaze, visible on any of its streets.

A strange hybrid civilization rules the American Chinese. They are proud of their Americanism. They wear western clothes and talk racy slang. The girls go in for rouge, lipstick and American freedom in general. They would scorn the old repressions, the old face enamel, yet age brings back to the Chinese of both sexes the primal qualities and customs of their ancestors. With every advancing year after middle age they grow less American, more Chinese, and when death comes the body is customarily shipped across the Pacific for interment in Chinese soil. This rule is said to hold even in the case of those born in America. The tongs, or family associations, each representing roughly a region in China, originated in San Francisco and from this city their authority extends to all Chinese expatriates in all parts of the world. Even the Limehouse denizens of London recognize the spiritual authority of San Francisco.

The tongs look after their unemployed, their sick and even their dead with wonderful assiduity. We are told that during the whole of the depression not one single Chinese applied to our government for ordinary unemployment relief. The marvelous working of this voluntary social insurance is only approached, it seems to me, by that of the Galician and Asturian Clubs of Cuba, but even those do not ship their dead back to

the ancestral country for burial as do the tongs their Chinese dead.

A visit to one of the joss houses maintained by the various tongs is likely to be disappointing, for it is difficult to escape the feeling that these places are maintained as a tourist racket. The word "joss" is supposed to be a corruption of the Portuguese word *Deos*, meaning God, and all Chinese, from merchants to mothers, are supposed to pray to their joss for guidance. Doubtless some of them do so sincerely, but the business seems to flourish in order to be seen of men. "Visitors welcome," reads a sign in the Tin How joss house, oldest in San Francisco. "Fifty cents admission to Chinese. Others twenty-five cents. (Not compulsory.) Get your souvenirs." Disregarding one's natural doubt as to whether any Chinaman ever paid fifty cents to enter this place, and disregarding the tables of souvenirs "for the upkeep of the house," one still feels that it is something of a racket. "Tin How," said the attendant China maiden to me glibly, "is the Queen of Heaven, the Goddess of the Seven Seas. She takes care of travelers. Everything in this room is more than two hundred years old. The temple keeper rescued the figure of the goddess just after the earthquake and the iron bell fell through to the basement during the fire but did not melt. Wong Lung and Loo Fat went to China after the earthquake to get all these ancient fixtures and decorations that you see. Do you wish some souvenirs, sir? A good-luck stick? Devil paper? Lichi nuts? Preserved ginger? A little sandalwood box? Perhaps something in ivory or Chinese jade?"

"Tell me," I said, boldly plunging into the conversational current, "do the Chinese people really take this goddess seriously?"

"Of course," she replied earnestly. "She is like one of the great Christian saints. There are many other gods around the room, you see, as we can't have a temple for each one." Then she managed to steer my gaze back to the souvenir table where some bronze or lacquer ware items might conceivably have escaped my notice. I thanked the maiden and left the presence of Tin How without making a purchase, preferring for that purpose the bright bazaars of Grant Avenue. I will tempt fate by testifying that Tin How has proved a sporting goddess or celestial saint, for she has guarded me in twenty thousand miles of travel since that day, though I have no souvenir of her.

The endless bazaars of Chinatown are veritable museums and many of them sell exquisite products of the Orient. The provision stalls are equally exotic, but their wares tend to appear a bit ghastly to Western eyes. Long sausages, sometimes thin and sometimes fat, but nearly always "mortified," are very popular. Seaweed, sea snails, shark's fins, eggs laid before the World War and now immolated in mud, big horse beans, bamboo sticks rolled in some meat substance that defies analysis, are only a few of the amazing delicacies. In the apothecary shops the assortment is still more amazing. Amid the herbal remedies are strange animal items, dried toads, shark's eggs, sea horse skeletons which are considered very potent when ground to powder, velvet horns of virgin deer, ground fine as a stimulant for elderly but ambitious men. While bordering indelicate subjects I may hastily record that Grant Avenue is a world center for the trade in monkey glands.

American big business must receive the award for saving Chinatown from its ambitious self directly after the great fire. It was rapidly rebuilding as a western quarter of no particular distinction when the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company erected on Washington Street, just off Grant Avenue, a

Chinese telephone exchange in the form of a native Chinese pavilion, with gay celery-twist cornices, green tiles, dragons, balconies, oriental roof. This set the pace for the whole quarter and it became what it is today, an oriental city, though plainly self-conscious about it. Pagodas, bells, red and gold lacquer, characterize several blocks of Grant Avenue. Even the street lamps are within miniature temples upheld by dragons, and most of the banks and office buildings go in for Chinese effects.

The telephone exchange itself is one of the most fascinating places in the quarter. Since it is strictly a business office no one should visit it out of sheer curiosity, but everybody does and I did. There are some fifteen hundred Chinese telephones, and though they have numbers these are rarely used. The Chinese girls who serve as operators memorize the names of all subscribers in the district and plug in the wires by name only. Hong Wing wishes Wong Long and in the twinkling of an Oriental finger he has him on the wire. Since Chinese names all sound alike to Western ears the mystery is intensified. It seems beyond human power to memorize fifteen hundred Chinese names and their proper location on an exchange switchboard, but these girls do it easily and think nothing of it. It is fascinating to watch their nimble fingers, to hear their sing-song jargon. Not least of all the wonders of this western Canton are the memories possessed by these plump flat-nosed girls of China.

CHAPTER XVII

CLEARINGS IN THE SEA-BREEZE CITY

“DON’T try it. You’ll never make it. Holy smoke! Now *really!*” These are a few of the remarks that greeted my ears when I first drove my family up Nob Hill, ascending Mason Street from Pine, past the towering Mark Hopkins Hotel. It was the steepest approach and our car was loaded to the roof but I well know my San Francisco hills. They bark worse than they bite. They threaten fearsomely, but they do not quite tip on end and throw one’s car over as a porter throws a trunk. Nob Hill is the hereditary monarch of all the breeze-swept pinnacles of the city yet it submits like the others to the humble cable car, hallmark of San Francisco. One of these amazingly personal and funny old vehicles, guided by its brawny gripman, toils up Sacramento Street past the Fairmont Hotel, past the ultraexclusive Pacific Union Club in a brownstone palace of bonanza days, and on through a fashionable hill-crest district of residences. The cable cars, where you sit sideways in the open and chat with the gripman though signs tell you not to, constitute one of the glammers of this so-different city. Its numerous cultural clubs, about twenty in all and several of them nationally famous, constitute another. On Nob Hill these two glammers, one humble, the other socially aristocratic, meet on common ground.

It was to this fabulous hill that the first cable car in America

climbed in 1873 and since even multimillionaires found it very difficult to reach the summit in a horse-drawn carriage the new invention proved a sensational success. It immediately doubled land values and started a boom that lasted for years. Today the cable car looks about as it did in '73. It is revolved on a turntable at each terminus of every line by the muscle of the gripman and the conductor exactly as it was in the silver decade. If the years have reduced its social status it can at least point with pride to a noble lineage.

Nob Hill was given its name in satire because of the flaunting of wealth by its early *nouveaux riches* inhabitants. Seldom has such prodigious wealth been flung so suddenly into the pockets of the socially unready, to use a mild phrase. A familiar story, which may be legend though its spirit is no exaggeration, tells of a single drawing room sumptuously furnished and lined with French tapestries whose master decorative effect, the pride of its owner, consisted of no less than six great cuspidors of solid gold. These articles were a prime essential of Nob Hill luxury. Italian marbles, French antiques, walls of ebony and ivory, or mahogany and velvet, madly assorted bibelots which must be costly regardless of taste, and which must crowd into every available inch of space, contributed generously to the ensemble but the presence of the spittoon was a lordly gesture to utility. Gradually the hill acquired grace and breeding. Its present smartness is that of settled aristocracy though the blunt satirical name lingers on as a memory of rough gold and silver days.

San Francisco's hills, like its harbor, have often been compared to those of Rio de Janeiro but there is a striking sociological difference. Most of Rio's hills are frankly slums. The scum of the city has risen to the top. But in the case of San

Francisco it is the cream which has risen. Nob Hill's neighbor, Telegraph Hill, has, however, stoutly resisted this tendency. Wrote Wallace Irwin in *The Secret of Telegraph Hill*,

"The Irish they live on the top av it,
And th' Dagoes they live on th' base av it,
And th' goats and th' chicks and th' brickbats and shticks
Is joombled all over th' face av it,
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill."

It was physically maimed before the gold rush days by cruel gouging and quarrying to make new land and a sea wall for the embarcadero. Then, in the hectic days, Sydneytown and Little Chile and the "kennels" of those outlaws called the Hounds crept up its sides and made a noisome excrescence of what nature had intended as a beauty spot. The American government used the summit as a signal station for shipping and thence came its present name. The fire of 1906 marched to the south base and started its ruthless climb to the top but there were many casks of wine in this Latin neighborhood as there are today, and when water failed wine saved the hill. Blankets saturated in it were hung against the houses and the fire found this beverage not to its liking.

The Irish left "th' top av it," and Telegraph Hill became, in this century, a strictly Italian hill town. Only of very late years has the Italian tenure been in turn threatened by quasi-bohemian invaders intent on arty villas and carefully careless tearooms. The summit now boasts no goats nor chicks nor brickbats nor "shticks" but a verdant park and the conspicuous Cort Memorial Tower. Clever murals within this tower present a graphic history of San Francisco and in mounting the spiral stairway one seems, by watching the walls, to be mount-

ing Powell Street in a cable car, but there are those who deplore the tower in general and in particular. They dread the impending civilization of a "crazy owld" hill much loved for its checkered past.

Many and charming are the parks and squares in the sea-breeze city, not to mention six golf links within the limits which cut off San Francisco like a sawed board, leaving an area about one-twelfth that of Los Angeles. The most glamorous of these breathing spots, from a historical angle, is Portsmouth Square just below Chinatown on the harbor side. This was the central plaza of Mexican days when the settlement was called Yerba Buena, and likewise the popular forum and hanging ground of gold rush and Vigilante days. It is now a blessed retreat in the most crowded part of the city and its spirit is dominated by that of its most celebrated familiar, Robert Louis Stevenson. He used to come here daily when he dwelt on Columbus Avenue near by and would spend hours yarning with the seamen and tatterdemalion nondescripts who then forgathered here. From such meetings and such conversations, subtly guided by him, came many a character, many a plot for his stories. In the center of the square is a Stevenson fountain surmounted by the *Treasure Island* galleon *Hispaniola*, and on the monument's façade are these words from the author's *Christmas Sermon*: "To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." This statement or creed, an earlier and perhaps finer one than Kipling's *If*, is a benison to this passion-scarred square in oldest San Francisco. I know

of four business men who have made it a practice to meet once every week in front of the fountain, read Stevenson's creed together, and then repair to some favorite haunt in the Latin quarter for lunch. It is their way, I suppose, of clasping hands before meat.

J. B. Priestley on a visit in 1931 found Stevenson not only in this square but woven into the whole fabric of the city. He wrote, in an article for *John o' London's Weekly*: "I shall remember San Francisco—even more than I remember Edinburgh—as Stevenson's city. . . . Babbitt may have found his way here, but he cannot claim the city as his own. People still idle in the mild sunshine, smoke and tell tales in the public squares and parks, and you can hear snatches of song. . . . It is all as near a page of Stevenson's prose as any modern municipality is likely to get."

In two of San Francisco's Pacific-side parks old and new are sharply contrasted. Sutro Gardens, loftily located above the Sutro Baths, the disintegrating Cliff House and the Seal Rocks, is a fine example of slightly dilapidated bonanza opulence while Golden Gate Park is a thousand-acre inspiration for today, a dynamic sermon in verdure. Adolph Sutro, a Prussian engineer, made his fortune from the Comstock Lode in the seventies and became mayor of San Francisco. Then, eschewing the temptation to join the other nobs on Nob Hill he chose as a site for his home perhaps the most spectacular spot in a spectacular city, on a high wind-swept cliff at the extreme northwest corner, overlooking the illimitable sea. His conquering of barren sandy soil, converting it into a subtropical Eden, is a tribute to his zeal and pertinacity and nature has brilliantly responded to his efforts, but Herr Sutro's taste—in statuary, for instance—was of his age and remains a mute witness to it. The classic busts bear French names, though they

were Greeks in life and Sutro a German. I noted *Demosthène* (with cobwebs on his nose) and *Esculape*, *Homère* and *Minerve*. Many other assorted Greeks, Romans and semimodern Europeans peep through the shrubbery here and there, all duly named in French, whatever their origin. Big plaster mushrooms serve as chairs for the weary sight-seer but Adolph Sutro showed restraint here. He did not cause these giant stools to be inscribed with the carved word *Champignon*.

The lofty sea-front parapet, disfigured by more dilapidated statues with French names, boasts a view so glorious that no other in the city can quite vie with it. Far down below the sleek seals are barking their weird chorus. Far out to sea, some twenty-three miles, rise the Farallon Islands, plainly visible if fog is absent. They are slated to play the part of Helgoland to America's Pacific defences. For miles due south runs the motor speedway beside the surf-pounded beach passing the western fringe of the city. The blue hills of the peninsula fill the background. On my first ballot I admitted the Sutro view, if not the Sutro statuary, to my personal hall of fame.

The Golden Gate Park fronting the thunderous Pacific for half a mile and extending three miles inland is an American epic, or more strictly a Scottish-American epic, for it was created by the genius and tenacity of a canny Scot named John McLaren. The year 1937 marked the fiftieth anniversary of this remarkable landscape gardener's service as park superintendent and saw him still active as his busy life sailed into its tenth decade. Writes Mr. Dobie: "Administrations come and administrations go but John McLaren goes on forever. Grafting mayors, reform mayors, timorous mayors, labor union mayors, fiddling mayors, mayors who write poetry, mayors who build ships, mayors who sell flowers—there is not one who has had the temerity to suggest that John McLaren re-

ceive a blue ticket." In 1870 commenced the reclamation of this thousand-acre section of shifting sand dunes continually punished by sea gales. Not a tree or shrub grew on it and most San Franciscans looked on the whole project as a civic folly. After seventeen years under various superintendents the reclamation had made some headway but not enough to look successful. Then came McLaren.

Coarse grasses and lupines were the shock troops sent ahead to capture the sector from the sea winds and hold it firm. Then came batteries of Monterey cypresses and Monterey pines, as tough as they are beautiful. These evergreens enjoy nothing better than battling with ocean winds and they held the dunes in the throttling grip of their roots. The eucalyptus troops from Australia came to help and gradually the civilians of the tree world dared to take up their abode in Golden Gate Park. Maples, elms, birches, live oaks, pepper trees, even palms of every sort and bamboo groves and tea trees from the Antipodes and ferns and myriad shrubs found courage to enter. Rhododendrons by the thousand took up their residence here. Golden Gate Park is a modern miracle, another score for San Francisco's unwritten motto: "It can be done."

At the sea end of the park two Dutch windmills, one of which, as we should confidently expect, is the largest in the world, whirl through the sky their gigantic arms of Oregon pine clothed with canvas, pumping seventy thousand gallons of fresh water per hour into the chain of artificial lakes in the park. Between these mills stands the Norwegian sloop *Gjøa* sailed by Roald Amundsen through the Northwest Passage in 1905-6 from Norway to San Francisco and given by him to the city. Its name is that of an outpost in King William's Land where the ship was marooned by ice for twenty months.

Any visitor to Golden Gate Park can find whatever interests him most. Nothing, it seems, is lacking. A Japanese tea garden, a natural history building, an Africa building, a zoo, an aquarium, an aviary, buffalo and elk reserves, assorted statuary in great profusion and much of it good, a museum with over a million items, most of which, thank heavens, are stored in the basement, horticultural exhibits, bowling greens, a stadium, a music pavilion—these are some of the offerings, and I merely skim over the list. There is *too much* intrusion of specialties, yet hundreds of acres still remain a park of trees and glorious flowers.

Two items from the crowded roster of attractions have always caught my eye, the aquarium because I happen to like such things and the Shakespeare Garden because it represents a charming and unique idea. The aquarium, scarcely surpassed by that of Naples which caught Blasco Ibañez amidships while writing *Mare Nostrum* and held his pen for fifty brilliant pages, contains quite naturally a marvelous collection of Pacific fishes, than which none are more weird or lurid. What a spectacle they make in their illuminated tanks! The Pacific Slippery Dick in a gorgeous robe of purple-blue casts a disdainful glance at the Banded Damsel in the next tank, finding her a bit tame. "If stripes are in style," he seems to say, "give me the zebra fish in the third tank over. She wears them more smartly and anyway I like her sapphire eyes. They're like jeweled lamps." The Moorish Idol, a cream-colored Lothario with two black bands down his sides and a long white plume emerging from his anterior dorsal fin, is taken with the butterfly fish, whose upper "wing" is mustard yellow, the lower black and white. The saffron-colored surgeon fish and the gleaming silver pompano are inclined to be sedate in garb, but the triggerfish is a real tin-horn sport. He

wears black, or sometimes white with black-bordered fins, but always carries an amazing pink feather as a tail. In adjoining tanks sea horses stand on their scroll-like tails and Laenihi, called also sea acrobats, perform odd antics and then appear to go to sleep in some queer position.

One of the rarest and most beautiful of all ichthyian specimens is found in this aquarium and his presence is particularly appropriate, for although officially known as the angelfish he is really the *California* fish. Alone of all those who dwell in the sea he wears California's state colors, the opulent gold and blue.

It calls for a real effort to drag myself from this great collection of fishy wonders, but the Shakespeare Garden is worth the effort. Mr. McLaren has assembled all or almost all of the hundreds of flowers, shrubs and trees mentioned by Shakespeare and many of them, in the quoted words of the bard, are listed on copper plaques affixed to a brick wall in the garden. We find, for example, five items culled from a short passage in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Here's flowers for you,
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun."

All of these herbs and flowers may be found in Golden Gate Park. From *Romeo and Juliet* this line is written in copper—"They call for dates and quinces in the pastry." Mr. McLaren called for the same things in the park and got them. From *Othello* comes this quotation:

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep."

Both of these were easy to secure since the poppy is the California flower and grows by millions on many a roadside meadow and the mandragora is commonly found in woodlands.

"If I fought not with fifty of them
I am a bunch of radish,"

is quoted from *Henry IV* and the humble radish must consequently invade the park. Trees are not forgotten in this ambitious ransacking of Shakespeare and if I were certain that no reader would be bruised by the bard's very salacious metaphor I would set down here the reference to the ash, which reference like the others, is engraved in copper on the garden wall. It is from *Coriolanus*, Act IV, Scene 5.

More than four thousand different species of flora grow in the Golden Gate Park and the whole peninsula of San Francisco nowadays breaks into bloom at the least opportunity, whereas a century ago, even after decades of Spanish and Mexican rule, scarcely any trees grew and few flowers or shrubs except the *rosas de Castilla*. The floral and arboreal wealth of this region is definitely the triumph of a race supposed to be too busy to concern itself with mere beauty. Many a house in San Francisco conceals a back yard which is in reality a luxuriant garden, and the gardens are virtually all-year affairs. Carloads of commercially grown flowers, especially chrysanthemums, are shipped east every year from points very near the city, and southern California, strenuously publicizing its January rose festivals, is not ashamed to augment its own supply by importing from the San Francisco area millions of the blooms which it flings about so prodigally for tourists' delectation.

To Eastern doubters, of whom I was one until I learned bet-

ter, I beg to offer a personal testimony to the floral luxuriance of California's winter. This chapter is being written in mid-December at Carmel, a far suburb of San Francisco as Californians reckon distances. Holly wreaths are in the store windows and fat Santa Clauses at store doors. The radio fills the air nightly with *Adeste Fideles* and *Stille Nacht*. And yet a riot of nasturtiums climbs up and over the hedges in front of my seaside cottage. Geraniums like young trees are in full bloom in the back yard. Blue periwinkles and golden poppies carpet the yard in broad patches. Tigertails, vying in hue with the best Pacific sunsets, wag in air beside our front windows and compete with the luxuriant coprosma to shut out our view. The roadside is a solid pink-purple bank of "midday-flowers," whose massed plants creep along the ground irresistibly and with no care from man. They are made confident perhaps by their polysyllabic Latin name, *Mesembryanthemum*.

The lusty sea breeze which used to be the curse of San Francisco's vegetation has been so thoroughly tamed or out-generated that it has perforce accepted fate and learned to be as gracious and benevolent a foster mother to the trees and flowers as it has always been to the human builders of the city.

CHAPTER XVIII

ROADS THROUGH THE SKY

IN THE winter of 1936, before either of San Francisco's gigantic roads through the sky (across the bay and the Golden Gate) had been completed, an eastern Sunday paper printed a wondrous composite photograph which it called *The Roto Editor's Nightmare*. In it the news pictures of the period were delightfully scrambled. Haile Selassie and his umbrella were seen walking around the rim of the new astronomical mirror being fashioned for Mount Palomar while Hitler, standing on the same mirror, made an impassioned speech to thin air. Jean Harlow, Franklin Roosevelt and Mussolini surveyed Boulder Dam, but the center of interest was none other than the Golden Gate. Shirley Temple in five poses representing the Dionne quintuplets stood, fivefold, on a wing of the *China Clipper* as it roared in from the Orient while the liner *Normandie* sailed out under the Golden Gate Bridge. "One more photograph of the San Francisco bridge," wrote the editor plaintively, "and this department will scream."

Fearing an epidemic of screams if I add one more description of the bridges to the hundreds already printed I hesitate to approach the subject at all, yet these roadways through the heavens have created an epoch of their own. Prebridge and postbridge San Francisco are already becoming fixed terms in California's language. I shall compromise by treading very lightly on the huge statistical pedals and trying to set down

some of the changes which these new bridges are making in the bay region.

As everyone knows all bridge records in the world have been smashed to flinders by each of these behemoths. In length, in height, in storm and quake resistance and in engineering difficulties encountered and overcome they fantastically dwarf all earlier efforts of mankind and it is doubtful if greater spans will be built during the next hundred years, if ever. There is presumably a utility limit for big bridges as there is for big ships and only the prospect of large and steady toll traffic could ever warrant the outlay, perhaps running into hundreds of millions, for still larger bridges. No unbridged body of water in this country suggests new record breakers and other countries lag far behind the United States in motor traffic, always the chief burden bearer when it comes to toll charges. San Francisco, if concerned to hold its bridge supremacy, need cast a weather eye in only one direction, a rather surprising one. Little Denmark has tentatively proposed the building of two new bridges, one across the Öre Sund to connect Copenhagen with Malmö in Sweden, the other across the Great Belt to connect the Danish islands of Zealand and Fyn. These bridges, if ever built, will be ten and twelve miles long respectively, but whether the dream will finally turn to steel and concrete remains to be seen.

The San Francisco bridges have not, however, been built with a view to puffing up the civic breast with pride in their size, but to meet a great need. They have made the whole bay region in effect one vast city, regardless of surveyors' lines, and the growth of this circum-bay metropolis may well be one of the major phenomena of the twentieth century. The real epic in this achievement lies not in the enormousness of the

figures (again I am tempted) but in the ingenious conquering of engineering difficulties.

In planning the bay bridge, for instance, it was early found that the piers between San Francisco and Yerba Buena could not be built in the usual way. In other words the depth of the harbor and the muddy bottom made the underwater labor of sand hogs utterly impossible. This fact threatened to block the whole project, but an amazing solution was conceived and finally executed. To the layman and to many an engineer it proved one of those believe-it-or-not accomplishments. For the first time in history piers were built *from the surface down*. A booklet put out by the Associated Oil Company describes this extraordinary process in lay language thus:

"Each caisson consists of a cluster of huge steel tubes fifteen feet in diameter, held together by an outer casing. Compressed air maintained the buoyancy of the caisson as it was towed into place and anchored. In the space between the tubes, concrete was poured forming an enormous box resembling an egg carton except that the openings were round. Each tube was sealed with an air-tight cap. The concrete poured around the steel tubes caused the caisson to sink slowly. As it sank additional lengths were added to the tubes and more concrete poured around them.

"Eventually the bottom of the caisson sank to the mud in the bottom of the Bay. There a steel cutting edge pushed down through the mud. The caps were cut off the tubes and dredge buckets were dropped down through them to scoop out the mud below the caisson. Gradually each caisson was worked down through the mud to rock bottom, in one instance 235 feet below the surface of the water."

Thus did the incipient piers feel for solid footing. Having found it they climbed above the water to the height of sixty-story buildings. Two separate suspension bridges, each a mile

long and joined tandem-fashion, with the middle anchorage in the water, tied San Francisco to the island while a two-mile cantilever bridge tied the island to Oakland.

Many troubles such as the sudden lengthening and shortening of bridge sections by several inches due to effects of alternating sunshine and darkness were patiently met and overcome. On November 12, 1936, six months ahead of schedule and six million dollars below the cost estimate (two incidental records) the bay bridge opened with a fanfare heard the country over. Governor Merriam cut the barrier chain with an acetylene torch and President Roosevelt pressed the electric button in Washington which turned on the green "Go" lights. It was one of America's moments. Six lanes of traffic, three at either end, charged forward, meeting and passing in the Yerba Buena Island tunnel (widest and highest in the world!), whose content had gone into the bay just north of the island to form a new area, first for the 1939 Exposition and eventually for an airport. San Francisco, always exuberant and never ashamed of it, went wild with joy. Cannons thundered. Bombs, sirens, whistles, plain yells, filled the air. At night fireworks and searchlights seared the sky. Fiesta on a grand scale raged for three days and nights and meanwhile the bridge started at once to pay its bill. A quarter of a million motor vehicles containing a million persons passed over it in about a hundred hours. When finally the count slowed down to normal it was found that twenty years at the most will suffice to earn the seventy odd millions which the bridge cost. Thereafter, if estimates are correct, it is to be a free bridge, having worked out its period of apprenticeship.

The Golden Gate Bridge aroused a storm of opposition, a counterstorm of enthusiastic support, for San Franciscans dearly love a good disagreement. The conservatives saw only

the desecration of their most beloved landmark. The progressives saw only the glorious future of a city which should one day outrank New York in size and importance. I, as one person entitled to one opinion, think the bridge a definite enhancement of the most beautiful harbor entrance in America. I love its majestic sweep, its incredible towers soaring "ninety stories" above the turbulent tides, its cables dipping in a vast inverted arch, its steel "suspenders" striping the sky. At night it is a poet's inspiration, a challenge to the senses. It draws a luminous ribbon through the heavens linking the two flood-lighted towers, tying the dimly outlined Marin hills to the bright city. In clear weather, in gusty rain, in swirling wreaths of fog, it is marvelous to behold.

The construction difficulties with which the engineers of this bridge had to cope perhaps surpassed those faced in connection with the bay bridge. At a point twelve hundred feet out from the San Francisco side a ledge of solid rock was found on the ocean's bottom, but it was a hundred feet beneath the surface and at all times a fierce tide runs in or out at the rate of seven miles an hour. After blasting rock from a whole acre of the sea's floor to make a level base the engineers contrived a huge concrete fender for the pier. It looked workable, but after the access trestle built from the shore had been twice wrecked by storms and a large part of it again destroyed by a steamer which crashed into it in a fog, the difficulties loomed up as a nightmare. The thing was achieved, however, much of the delicate work being accomplished by divers toiling in total darkness a hundred feet below the surface. The fender, 750 feet in circumference, now surrounds and give solid protection to the sky-scraping south tower. The largest liner or battleship afloat could steam into it at full speed without even jarring the bridge.

Of all the records hung up by the Golden Gate Bridge the greatest, it seems to me, is that for almost four years of construction work under the most forbidding conditions not one single life was lost. Very definitely the builders put human life first and speed second, although by the terms of the charter the final cost was not permitted to exceed the estimate, namely thirty-five million dollars. A safety net, constructed at a cost of eighty-two thousand dollars, saved eleven lives at different times, but in November, 1936, the charm was broken and one man was lost. Three months later an appalling tragedy rent the splendid record into tatters. A heavy staging fell and crashed through the net, taking ten victims to their doom in the swirling waters of the Golden Gate. Three others escaped, one by clinging to a caster overhead for seven minutes (which he said seemed "a hell of a lot longer") until he could be hauled up to safety. His teeth clutched his brier pipe for the same agonizing length of time, only relaxing when his rescue was accomplished. The pipe then fell more than two hundred feet to watery oblivion.

In beauty, height, length of single span (forty-two hundred feet) and spectacular effect the Golden Gate Bridge far exceeds its bay rival, but its present utility is very much less, since the population of Marin County is thin when compared to that of the great bay cities. This road through the sky, opened to traffic in May, 1937, leads to beautiful little suburbs such as Sausalito and Tiburon, to Russian River's groves, to the white Leghorn chicks of Petaluma, to the gardens of Luther Burbank's town (Santa Rosa) and so north to the dim majestic trails of the Redwood Empire. The sky road across the bay leads to busy Oakland, to Berkeley with its beautifully located University of California (largest in the world!), to the

wine and geyser country of Napa Valley, to the impressive state capital, Sacramento, center of a tandem valley five hundred miles long, to the Mother Lode with its ghost towns of '49, to lofty Lake Tahoe and so to Reno, where inhibitions and prohibitions of all sorts are viewed with suspicion.

The postbridge era of San Francisco has swung smoothly into its stride and it has already been possible, without resorting to prophecy, to see the trend of the era, so far as it affects "the city." This designation, by the way, used habitually by some four hundred thousand families in northern California who dwell far outside the San Francisco limits, is very significant. It shows the grip of sentiment which the metropolis by the Golden Gate has always held and still maintains. Even to dwellers in fairly large cities such as San Jose, Fresno, Stockton and Sacramento itself, San Francisco is and remains "the city." The two bridges have drawn much tighter the ties that bind all northern California communities to their business, cultural and pleasure capital. They save from twenty to forty minutes' time each way for the estimated four hundred thousand families directly affected. They make day trips and half-day trips practical for many to whom such expeditions have been arduous or impossible. They open the city's evening pleasures to nearly half a million persons living on the perimeter of the bay for whom formerly the game was hardly worth the guttering candle of a slow and late home-coming. The interurban trains speeding across the bay bridge on its lower level supplement motor traffic, thus making these advantages applicable to all classes, not merely to those who drive their own cars. It has been carefully estimated that there has been an increase of well over fifty per cent both in shopping and good-time traffic, whereas the exodus of city dwellers

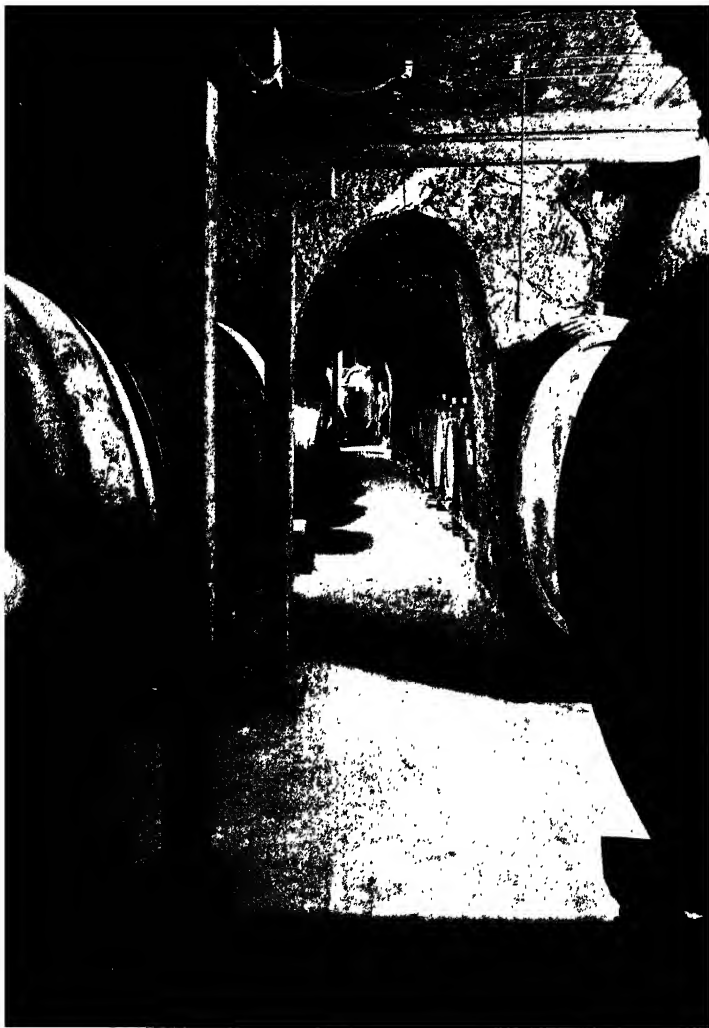
to new homes in transbridge communities has been under ten per cent, Marin County and Berkeley being the chief beneficiaries.

Amid all these obvious gains to commerce, pleasure and convenience a few San Franciscans find time to shed a sentimental tear for the decline in prestige of the Ferry House at the foot of Market Street, long the hub of city traffic. It still holds up its head and still receives and sends out ferries, but perhaps its most important use to visitors will be as a repository for a relief map of California which dwarfs all other such maps in the world. The project, fought through to a successful conclusion largely by Mr. William D'Egilbert, was completed at a cost of one hundred and forty thousand dollars and presents in accurate detail the whole vivid picture of the state. Its scale is a mile and a half to one foot, making its total length six hundred feet. On a magnesite base as hard as steel, the natural contours of the state will be indestructible, but the accomplishments of man, such as new bridges, dams, and even important buildings, are fashioned to scale and added from time to time, keeping the map strictly up to date. Lighting effects parallel the sun each day, presenting dawn, morning light, high noon, afternoon light and dusk. It is altogether a stimulating and romantic display, showing in the most vivid and understandable way the labyrinth of glamour knotted to San Francisco by its roads through the sky.

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

On May 22, 1937 the final link between San Francisco and California's Redwood Empire was opened to the public. This mighty highway of steel is the first of its kind to be flung across the outer mouth of a major ocean harbor.





WINE CELLARS

California's grape production reaches astronomical figures. In 1936 alone 1,699,000 short tons of grapes were grown, almost ten times as much as in all the other states in the Union combined. In the same year it is estimated that 53,160,000 gallons of

CHAPTER XIX

SUNSHINE INTO WINE

FATHER JUNÍPERO SERRA was the first man to co-operate with nature in turning California sunshine into wine. Almost immediately after founding the first mission in San Diego in 1769 he planted cuttings which he had brought from Mexico and in due course was able to cheer his helpers and guests with a fair quality of wine. Grapes of exactly the same type, fairly large and black and known as mission grapes, are still widely grown and produce both red and white wine of the ordinary type. (The color of the wine, in case this is a surprise to anyone, is not necessarily determined by the color of the grape. The tannin which gives the color is in the skin only and can be included or excluded at will.) At least two famous individual vines planted by the padres were long among the most glamorous sights of California, but only one of them now survives. The Trinity Vine at the San Gabriel Mission in Los Angeles is the present survivor and this magnificent patriarch is as old as Spanish California itself. From it and its fellows at San Gabriel are descended nearly all the mission vines in the state. It still bears several tons of wine grapes annually. Even more famous, however, though only a memory, is the late Big Vine at Carpinteria just south of Santa Barbara. The girth of its trunk was almost ten feet, it covered at least ten thousand feet of ground and its production in the best years was ten tons of grapes. I believe its claim

to membership in California's biggest-in-the-world fraternity was not challenged. The mission wineries went the way of the missions when Mexican rule destroyed the life of the chain, but there still exists at Los Gatos (The Cats) a novitiate in which Jesuit friars in their traditional robes carry on their ancient art of wine making.

Despite the vinous activities of the Franciscan padres in the San Gabriel Mission, San Francisco became and remains the chief gateway to the modern wine industry of California. From the near-by Sonoma Valley, which was later to be Jack London's Valley of the Moon, where he built his great Wolf House only to see it destroyed by fire before he could occupy it, Colonel Haraszthy, a resident nobleman from Hungary, distributed throughout the state pedigreed cuttings from the best European vineyards. He thus became the father of the industry and the Valley of the Moon became its mother valley. Haraszthy was commissioned by California's governor in 1861 to go abroad and secure the necessary cuttings. So efficiently did he accomplish his task that no less than one hundred and fifty thousand samples were imported and tested for their adaptability to California climatic conditions. At present the industry is widely distributed in the state from Imperial Valley to Eureka. Forty-four out of fifty-eight counties grow wine grapes commercially but Sonoma County and its neighbor Napa still boast more wineries to the square mile than any other area. In general dry-wine vineyards predominate near and north of San Francisco while sweet-wine vineyards are found in the south and in the San Joaquin Valley.

California has been very greatly favored by Bacchus and some experts say she has not shown herself entirely worthy of the wine god's favor, though it is fair to pass on the blame to the American public. The state has been dowered with two

immense advantages over the Old World. First, the vines from which California's grapes are grown are nearly all of noble stock. The state took advantage of centuries of European experience. Second, her climate is almost as regular and dependable as the beat of a metronome. Anyone who has ever surveyed a chart of French vintages has noted the extreme variation and consequent hazard in the vineyard weather of France. Many years during the past half century have been definitely bad, many others fair. Some have been good and perhaps half a dozen excellent. But the utmost California variation is between good and excellent. The vintners know almost exactly what to expect and base their plans on their knowledge.

One would suppose that in some seventy years of energetic American drive, catering to a population three times that of France, California's production would dwarf the French production and even invade the rival's territory, where peasants' feet still serve in some regions as presses. California is nearly as large in area as France and there is abundant testimony that it could produce as much and quite as good wine. It is true that it does produce nine-tenths of the wine made in America, the volume being somewhere in the neighborhood of a billion bottles annually, but this looks like a very thin stream when compared to the four or five billions of bottles produced each year in France.

The fact is, as everyone knows, that ours is a hard-liquor nation and France a wine nation, to the vast comparative benefit of France, where drunkenness is all but unknown except on the part of Anglo-Saxon tourists. Frequent and sometimes caustic have been the complaints that the golden state threw away a golden chance, when prohibition was repealed, to convert our country to wine-drinking habits. This could only have been done by a tremendous campaign of education, teaching

wholesalers, retailers and hotel people how to store, distribute and serve good unprocessed wines and teaching the nation how to buy and drink them intelligently. Producers say that such a campaign would have been doomed to failure anyway, that you might as well undertake to teach Americans how to be Europeans. Perhaps the magnitude of the task and the desire to take the line of least resistance and quickest profit discouraged them needlessly, but the fact remains that not one American in ten knows what *every* Frenchman and almost every European knows about wine. He does not even understand the elemental fact, nor try to understand, that sweet wines should never be taken with a meal except at dessert. He tries anything, or did in 1933, say Muscatel with his steak and potatoes, finds it sickish, proclaims it a foreign drink, and the French can keep it for all of him. Promptly he returns to the good old American hard liquors, captained by gin.

The wines of California are largely processed to keep them from spoiling. This means pasteurization, refrigeration and a slight sulphurization. Producers claim, a little overearnestly perhaps, that this is on the whole desirable, adding tang and mellowness, but the connoisseur thinks such argument not worth dignifying by an answer. The producer does, as a matter of fact, answer it himself by marketing untreated wines to that small coterie of the elect which demands bouquet and flavor rather than mere clarity of appearance. To market wine generally in its natural state would require many thousands of cool cellars, much determined instruction to wholesalers and retailers and an expensive battle of many years' duration against American *habit*.

An interesting by-product of an industry which is, after all, a very large and profitable one, consists of the vintage festivals that existed before prohibition or have sprung up since in

various wine regions of California, Escondido in San Diego County, Pleasanton, Lodi and St. Helena, forming a wide circle about San Francisco Bay, are four of the fiesta towns. Lodi, specializing in the Flame Tokay grape, but growing many other types, excites itself delightfully each mid-September with a three-day wine festival during which all other activities all but cease, while St. Helena's equally gay celebration in honor of the vine occurs generally at the end of August. The Swiss-Italian colony at Asti, still farther north in the Russian River Valley, is so colorful that it scarcely needs a fiesta to brighten it. Founded fifty years ago by three Italian emigrants, the Asti winery can now produce four million gallons of wine per annum. It has one tank (the largest in the world) which can hold half a million gallons, being thirty-five feet deep and one hundred and eighty feet long. Have I heard, or dreamed, that dances were held in this wine vat during the prohibition era? They could have been, anyway. In a church fashioned in the shape of a wine barrel the Swiss-Italian Catholics of Asti worship God, not Bacchus, every Sunday.

It is interesting to hear the wine kings and wine queens (a woman manages the huge winery in St. Helena) discuss the mechanics of wine making and display their erudite acquaintance with esters and ethers and aromas, which go to the making of bouquet, but to me the most surprising feature of the wineries is the cooperage. The Inglenook Company displays a cask dated 1498, and the manager likes to remark that he had to send Columbus back to Spain for it when he forgot to bring it on his first voyage. Another cask, dated 1537 and very elaborately carved, came from Germany. It is worth a small fortune but even the ordinary casks are of great value. Those in the Inglenook winery alone are appraised at five hundred

thousand dollars and the Beringer casks at St. Helena are nearly or quite as valuable. Good casks are made of oak and mellowed by decades of use. Their heads are concave, which is supposed to benefit flavor, and can scarcely be duplicated today, as the art of making them is lost. A workman while cleaning the inside of one of these casks at St. Helena once took a candle to give him light. The flames ignited the alcohol fumes and a sharp explosion blew off the cask's valuable concave head. The man's oval or square head, possibly less valuable except to himself, was unharmed and he crawled out of the barrel under his own power.

The St. Helena region, all wines and wineries aside, abounds in interest. There is a petrified redwood forest only a few miles distant, while on the slope of Mount St. Helena, which towers above the town, Robert Louis Stevenson and his California bride had their honeymoon in 1880 in an abandoned cabin of the mining settlement called Silverado. They were, of course, the Silverado Squatters and he wrote delightfully of this as of all regions to which his restless travels brought him. It is a score for California's womanhood that the best loved writer of modern times came to this state at all. He had met his Girl of the Golden West in Fontainebleau three or four years earlier and when, in 1879, he learned that she was ill in her California home, he made the long trip, then a very difficult one for a man in his poor health with almost no means, in order to be with her. She recovered her health and marriage followed in May of the next year. Stevenson's description of their refuge, halfway up that mountain, which was "still at her interminable task, making the weather, like a Lapland witch," leads us to admire the sporting character of the lady whom he had come eight thousand miles to claim.

Calistoga, neighbor town to St. Helena, is built on a thin

earth crust above a vast steam bath. Samuel Brannan, a Mormon leader, bought the region in 1859 and named it from the first two syllables of California coupled with the last two of Saratoga, whose western counterpart as a spa he intended it to be. Almost anywhere in the steamy sector of the city the ground may be tapped for boiling water. At a depth of about sixty feet there is a natural cold lake whose water is forced down through a hole drilled at any desired point to a furnace of hot rock lying about one hundred feet farther down. So potent is this furnace that it promptly turns the first of the flood to steam, which blows the rest, heated to two hundred and fifty degrees, up to the surface and high in the air. Any given section of this furnace retains its heating power for about ten years and then a new hole must be drilled at a little distance. In earlier times the hot-rock furnace lay within fifty feet of the surface but now it is necessary to drill nearly four times that depth. In another fifty years, they say, the continual drenchings of cold water will finally put out this furnace and there will be no more natural steam at Calistoga. Meanwhile it makes a stirring sight. One of the "geysers" (really controlled springs), privately owned, shoots boiling water two or three hundred feet in air and sometimes hot rocks with it, which explode into dust high above one's head. Just below the surface of the ground all over this property is a foot-thick layer of petrified earth, preserving, among other things, holes dug in it by prehistoric rats. Most of us would prefer to relegate twentieth-century rodents to that same dim era of the past.

I once made a sortie from St. Helena to Clear Lake and beyond, in search of redbuds with a San Francisco photographer of French-Belgian parentage who was an extraordinary character. He told me—and I believe it all—that he had taken

newsreel pictures of that other St. Helena on which Napoleon died, that in an aviation school as Issoudun he had taught Eddie Rickenbacker to fly, that his great-great-grandmother on the paternal side had been a concubine of Louis XIV. This is only a fraction of what he told me and yet he scarcely spoke a dozen words during the first hundred miles. Reticence was one of his middle names, which, by the way, included Marie Christine, but when finally the power of speech came he disclosed enough exciting personal memoirs to fill several volumes. He had been with his camera to the bottom of the Golden Gate inside the fender built for the south pier of the bridge. He had been shot at by the guards of Alcatraz when flying over the island to photograph it by government authority. A telephone message of explanation had been bungled and only Lady Luck had saved him from sudden death. I mention this man because I believe he is typical of hundreds who dwell in San Francisco. They come from everywhere. They have done everything unusual. A character city attracts such characters.

The redbud is one of the prime glories of Californian flora. Its color, that of vintage Burgundy, floods great patches of the landscape with its indescribable luminosity. It seems somehow a much more imperial color than mere purple, much more striking than mere scarlet. Excepting only the massed blossoms of the prune orchards of Santa Clara Valley seen in March, I think it is more stunning to the senses than any other floral effect in California. Not even a hillside of blue lupines, not even the prairie fires of coreopsis or poppy, can compare with it. Very often nature flings a great banner of redbud against a dull gray rock-strewn hillside and the biting beauty of the contrast not only arrests the gaze but imprisons it for minutes at a time. I have been told that the redbud tree

confines itself to Lake County and parts of Nevada County, but on the approach to Yosemite above Mariposa I have seen hundreds of these wine-colored banners, or their doubles under another name, flying against the background of gray canyon walls. Lake County, California's Little Switzerland, is so beautiful that it has no need of a redbud monopoly.

On the return from our photograph sortie to St. Helena an Alphonse-Gaston contretemps occurred. As my companion and I, with another man who had joined us, strolled over the pine-needle carpet in the Hoberg resort high in the hills I saw a five-dollar bill among the needles. Oh, radiant day! I stooped to pick it up, but no, it was not there. By a split second I was too late, and it lay in the hand of the companion who was a step ahead. We were both magnificent. He said, "Here, you take it. You probably saw it first." I said, "No, you keep it. You were there." A prodigious ravioli banquet at Dante's in St. Helena, with Chablis all around, solved this problem in social behavior.

CHAPTER XX

PRUNES, ROSES AND QUICKSILVER

A HUMBLE member of the plum family, considered by small boys to be in the same social class with an herb called spinach, produces early every spring the most sublime spectacle of California's varied carnival of blossoms. In the garden valley of Santa Clara, centered by the city of San Jose, tens of thousands of prune trees in serried ranks burst into bloom early in March and fill the green tray between the Santa Cruz Mountains on the west and the Mount Hamilton chain on the east with a petal cloth as white as bleached linen. The pageantry is hardly that of carnival after all but rather of Confirmation Day in an Italian city (or in Washington Square of San Francisco) with only girls participating. Each tree is like a palpitating *fanciulla* more intent on showing off her glistening white dress and veil than on what the priest is going to say. Apricot orchards and some pears, peaches and cherries add their different tints to the Santa Clara picture, but the prune rules the valley, yielding about a hundred and twenty million pounds of the dried fruit annually. All over the world save possibly in France one finds the product of this fertile region. A village grocery on Cape Cod familiarized me with the name of Santa Clara years before I knew where the valley was. Even in distant Rio de Janeiro I encountered the same name. At a fashionable restaurant I looked over the Portuguese menu and ordered *ameixas de calda* thinking it some native

Brazilian dessert. It was impressively priced at thirty-five hundred reis, so I knew it would be an intricate concoction. It proved to be a saucer of warm stewed prunes which had been imported, as the waiter proudly explained, from my own Estados Unidos, and specifically from Santa Clara in California.

I have seen the white pageant of the March blossoms from all angles but most excitingly from the air. The route of the United Air Lines between Los Angeles and San Francisco passes over San Jose and its vast surrounding orchard and as the panorama slides from beneath the plane's concealing wings every mile piles glory on glory.

San Jose itself, approaching a hundred thousand in population, is the garden capital of orchard-land. It was the first capital of California after removal of this dignity from Monterey in the autumn of 1849. Here, in the most hectic period of the gold rush, convened "the Legislature of a thousand drinks" on December 15 and strove, between drinks, to pass legislation in connection with the new constitution which should prepare California for statehood. In 1851, three months before actual admission, the capital was transferred, after a popular vote, to Vallejo, an incipient town which General Vallejo offered to build on the Straits of Carquinez. The oscillations of the next three years make an amusing political patchwork as seen in retrospect. The archives were first removed to Vallejo, but since there was scarcely one finished building to house them they were brought back to San Jose. The bibulous legislators, having a legal home on the Carquinez Straits but no roof over it, met provisionally in San Francisco; then, in January, 1852, took to the steamer *Empire* and sailed to Vallejo. There they sat on nail kegs, sawhorses or piles of lumber and deliberated the destinies of California, recently admitted as the thirty-first state in the Union. They slept on board the *Empire*, but soon

tired of this arrangement and they also found the nail kegs hard on legislative—morale. Within two weeks they transferred to Sacramento, but were back in Vallejo in the spring. Unfortunately, however, General Vallejo's money gave out and he could not fulfill his ambitious promise of construction.

The next year the legislature voted itself out of Vallejo, which had never really "jelled," and into Benicia, a village only a few miles distant, named for the wife of General Vallejo. This was declared the "permanent seat of government." It was permanent for all of ten months, at which time Sacramento finally became and remained the capital of California. Parenthetically, one of the few inhabitants of Benicia at this time was a Dominican nun named Sor Dominga, whose preconvent name, immortal in the history of romance, was Concepción Argüello.

The city of San Jose, not mourning its lost honors unduly, has done remarkably well. Its population is now more than twice that of the other three temporary capitals combined and not very far below that of Sacramento itself. Several famous criminal trials which have brought it a nation-wide notoriety (since crime is always news and civic virtue is not) have failed to obscure the fact that this is an outstanding garden city of the West, a rose city in particular, rivaling Pasadena and Portland, Oregon. Its municipal rose garden is one of its appealing features and the rose pageant, officially celebrated in May, is second only to the great prune pageant of March, staged by nature alone.

Toward all sorts of established creeds, as well as religiosities, isms and occult philosophies, San Jose is almost as tolerant as Los Angeles. It is a poor street that does not have its temple or tabernacle or at least a divine healer or spiritual adviser advertising his services. Near the center of the shopping district I have noticed a whole-wheat food shop with this pious cau-

tion conspicuously displayed in the show window: "The Testimony of Jesus is: The Whiter The Bread, the Sooner You're Dead." His own product, says the earnest shopkeeper, "contains the identical elements of which God made your body and if regularly eaten will build up your physical body just as the Word of God taken into your heart and obeyed will build up your spirit."

Most absurd of the pseudo religions or philosophies of the region, too much of a nuisance even for San Jose's tolerant spirit, is Father Riker's Holy City, a weird colony beautifully located in the near-by Santa Cruz Mountains. From its own catechism I cull these questions and answers printed for the instruction of prospective Holy Citizens:

Q. What is Holy City Interpretation of God?

A. We suggest that you spend the small sum of 10 cents and read "God Exposed."

Q. When was this philosophy established?

A. In 1908, prior to the great Halley Comet.

Q. How many members in the order?

A. About the same as Christ had.

Q. Are any of your people married?

A. They are all married to wisdom—(Spend 25 cents for "There is No Future.")

Q. How does Holy City regard woman?

A. Holy City says she is more successful than God in attracting man's attention—(Read "Woman Uncovered," 25 cents).

Q. What do you mean by Devil Worship?

A. Christ said "Love your enemies."—(Read "Devil Worship," 25 cents.)

So it goes *ad nauseam*. Father Riker publishes a leaflet called *If I Were Your President—Explaining a New, True and Guaranteed Sure Shot Successful Government*, offering five hundred dollars' reward if his principles are successfully disputed.

Over his office appears a large painted sign stating that he, "the king of all Wise Men," offers "twenty-five thousand reward" to anyone who can find any flaws in his system. The dollar sign, however, is carelessly omitted from the announcement, so all you can certainly count on, if you find a flaw, is twenty-five thousand of something.

The jolliest thing about this colony, aside from its magnificent scenery, is that Father Riker in 1936 pulled the leg of one of Europe's great dictators. His holy assistant showed me, and I read, a letter from an official source expressing warm sympathy for Father Riker's splendid movement. Obviously the writer of it, and his principal, wished to avail their regime of the influential support of Holy City.

In the Hester district of San Jose itself is Rosicrucian Park, headquarters of the brotherhood for the western hemisphere, with an imposing Egyptian Temple and Oriental Museum free to the public, whether or not interested in the Rosy Cross. The inner sanctum of the temple, subdued to a crepuscular dimness, boasts among its sights a marvelous old Buddhist lamp and several striking paintings, including a huge gleaming eye surmounting a cross, and a blue-eyed Christus, which was painted in eight hours, I was told, by Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, the grand imperator of the order. "Pardon me," said the soft-voiced woman in charge of the temple. "Do you feel any vibrations in this room? Many people do." I tried conscientiously to vibrate but seemed to have no rosy resonance in my system.

The glorious mountain region surrounding San Jose has been so thoroughly civilized by a network of perfect motor roads that spectacular scenery rewards the mildest pressure on the throttle of your car. There are few regions to compare with it even in California. Northward runs the Skyline Boulevard

to San Francisco along the lofty crest of the peninsula. From this backbone descend various ribs through deep woods, including clusters of redwood. Of many such ribs perhaps the most charming, from a sylvan angle, is the descent to La Honda, whose Big Tree Inn is famous for its trout, and on by the Alpine Drive to Portolá, named for the first white man to tramp these woods.

Eastward from San Jose in three hundred and sixty-five broad zigs and zags lies the ascending road to Mount Hamilton, on which is located Lick Observatory. Southward, and perhaps the best of all, is the Hecker Pass from Gilroy to Watsonville, the final Pacific link of that highway triumph Yosemite-to-the-Sea. From a clearing on the flank of Mount Madonna, which Portolá used as a lookout, one may see, and never forget, the whole surf-smothered coast as far as Monterey. Behind and all about is a mixed forest of redwood, live oak, madrone with its smooth limbs of russet brown and manzanita preferring rich maroon.

Numerous and varied are the tourist sights of Santa Clara Valley: They seem to sound every note from the majestic hangar of the ill-fated *Macon* at Sunnyvale, actually a *quarter of a mile long*, to the quasi-comic mineral water of Alum Rock Park which tastes like chicken soup, and from the dignities of Palo Alto with Leland Stanford University and the home of an alumnus in its first class, Herbert Hoover, to that bizarre monstrosity, the Mystery House of Winchester. This mansion is a grotesque freak built by Mrs. Sarah L. Winchester from Winchester rifle fortunes. She added to it continuously during thirty-six years, as directed by her familiar spirits, believing that she would die if she stopped building. The reaper finally came anyway, but in the meantime she had constructed some two hundred rooms, forty stairways, forty-

seven fireplaces, and any number of oddities serving no purpose except to placate her spirits. Many doors open upon nothing. Stairways go up only to come down again like the King of France and his forty thousand men. Elaborate blind alleys lead to blank walls. Secret passages have no secret except in the disordered mind of the lady who planned them.

Such sights have a cash value in California's second industry (tourists), but for glamour give me some less trumpeted sight like the ghost town of New Almaden, thirteen miles south of San Jose. Here was once the greatest quicksilver mine in America, yielding, with its neighbor mine, the Guadalupe, a total of a hundred million dollars' worth of the liquid metal from the rich cinnabar ore. New Almaden was named for that very old Almadén in Spain where quicksilver mines have been worked since Roman times, a name which Spain's civil war brought into newspaper headlines everywhere. The California Indians discovered the "red earth" centuries ago and used it for their lurid cosmetic purposes. In 1824 an old Indian gave the secret away to a Spanish California, but it was virtually only a painting secret. The mission church of Santa Clara was given a red cinnabar coat, but no one had the least idea of the mine's actual value. Even General Frémont, heading his presumably "scientific" expedition in 1846, appraised the whole New Almaden mine at thirty thousand dollars.

In the eighteen seventies and eighties it came into its own and rapidly produced quicksilver millionaires to compete with California's gold and silver millionaires. More than eighty miles of tunnels were built in the workings of New Almaden alone. Six thousand persons dwelt in the combined upper and lower towns, the upper centering about the mine itself, the lower centering about the furnaces and the manager's hacienda. Today a wraith community, with only a handful of in-

habitants, lingers in the neighborhood of the hacienda. I do not know quite why this ghost town of quicksilver has been neglected by publicity. The gold ghosts of the Mother Lode and even the silver ghosts of Nevada have their established place, but this cinnabar specter, this spirit of mercury, remains unsung. I think it is more lovely in its brookside somnolence beneath a warm sun or a cool moon than almost any other western ghost.

CHAPTER XXI

MONTEREY'S PENINSULA OF PLEASURE

I SEEM to be continually appearing and reappearing throughout this book on that peninsula which bears the name of Monterey. That is not essentially because of my affection for the region, but because this peninsula is so remarkably many-sided. In at least three senses it is a California capital. The city of Monterey is the romantic capital of Spanish and Mexican days. The mission at Carmel was capital of the chain and is still the central point of mission interest. Hotel Del Monte, with the twenty-thousand acres of forest and play land owned by the corporation, is fairly called the pleasure capital of the state. The fusion into one whole of elements so different as the languor of old Spain, the consecrated zeal of Padre Serra and the sophisticated gaieties of Del Monte is not the least of the peninsula's wonders.

Of its many bright facets the gardens of the peninsula, both public and private, are among the most romantic and they are supplemented by a variety of wild flora said to be greater than that of any other spot in the world. Like many another greatest-in-the-world claim of California this one is easy to credit. The public gardens of Monterey are almost as full of associations as they are of lovely flowers. In the patio back of the Old Pacific House is the so-called Memory Garden where the city celebrates its annual birthday on June 3. *La Favorita*, a sort of local "June Queen," leads a ceremonial procession

into the garden and the wife of the presidio commander cuts the birthday cake with her husband's sword. On other days than June 3 this gracious enclosure suggests the retreat of an Andalusian aristocrat, yet here, in the nineties, was a noisy ring where bulls fought bears to amuse the populace. It was a score for Monterey when peace returned to dwell in this Pacific patio.

A conspicuous and very brilliant garden is that known as Colton Hall Park in front of Colton Hall and the adjoining Old Jail. It is on historic soil. The first mayor of Monterey, a Yankee parson named Walter Colton, built in the spring of '49 the hall that bears his name, using, in large part, fines which he levied upon gamblers and drunkards. Fortunately there were enough of these gentlemen to provide the city a handsome income. In this building, as mentioned earlier, the first constitution of California was drafted in the fall of '49 and the territory was made ready for admission to statehood. The city has established its modern offices in a new but harmonious building flanking the Old Jail on the side opposite Colton Hall and in the patio of this structure is a small but exquisite sunken garden. It seems to me the choicest one of all and it warms one's heart that civic Monterey still, and always, places beauty on an equal footing with utility.

A far cry from rose gardens is the humble sardine, yet this silver midget of the sea, together with the nobly housed abalone, contributes much to the ensemble of Monterey. Sardine catching and packing constitute perhaps the most important element in the city's industrial life and employ many hundreds of Sicilians and Japanese to add their racial colors to the scene. The canneries alone represent an investment of some ten million dollars. The sardine harbor is always full of those exotic round-sterned boats whose blood brothers one may see

in the harbors of Palermo, Messina or Naples. At the call of the catch they chug out to the fishing grounds propelled by little Diesel engines, and return to the canneries laden with the wriggling shafts of silver which are to become picnic provender and *hors d'oeuvres* all over the country. The sardines are drawn up from the boats through pipes by suction to belt conveyors, where they start their real journey toward our tables and picnic baskets. They are baked as they move slowly along the conveyor, then guillotined wholesale, then packed by skillful girls, and finally sealed and coopered. About fifty million pounds of sardines are canned annually in Monterey and it takes a goodly number of sardines, say fifty at a guess, to weigh a pound. The film directors of Hollywood when they wish to picture Sicilians or Neapolitans fishing in Mediterranean waters merely run up to Monterey with a cameraman and the deed is quickly done. The visitor may easily see Italy-in-California for himself without depending on trick photography and he may add detail to the picture by viewing in the meadows along the Carmel road the immensely long brown seines of the fishermen spread out to dry in the sun.

Fresh fish of more than a hundred varieties are caught in Monterey Bay and sold by local fishermen, but the abalone, monarch of all shellfish, surpasses in popularity any champion of flavor from the finny group. Abalones are one of the charms of California and any native son will gladly inform any newcomer from the East that he has not lived until he has sunk his teeth in an abalone steak. On the Fishermen's Pier of Monterey one may see these emperors of the shelly world being brought in and removed from their enfolding shells. This process must be accomplished by stealth, as it were, when the bivalve is caught in a mood of relaxation. If he makes up

his mind that he does not care to have his shell opened he suddenly grows "tough" and an iron crowbar will hardly suffice to pry the two halves of his case apart. The fishermen, however, know abalone moods and seldom have trouble removing the delectable white meats from their shells. These are pounded into flat steaks by husky Japanese girls and the steaks are then ready for the frying pan. On Monterey pier itself is one of California's famous abalone restaurants, whose late proprietor, Pop Ernest, is said to have been the first man in the state ever to cook abalones. California, if satisfied of the truth of this claim, should surely erect a monument to his honor.

The more one wanders about Monterey, where our flag first waved on the Pacific coast, the stronger is its hold upon the imagination. There are few towns in the United States that can be said, except by their own incurable boosters, to possess in any marked degree the spirit of romance, but among those few Monterey is in the front rank. Despite its chief business street (named Alvarado), which is disappointing because it is rather like Main Street anywhere, the town does breathe forth the fragrance of mission incense, the sweetness of the Castilian roses, the bouquet that one calls Old Spain.

There are many ingredients of Monterey romance and one of them at least constitutes a surprise. In 1833 a trading ship named the *Natalia* went ashore on the beach just below the Old Custom House. Relics of it are now displayed in the little museum located in the Custom House and a notice attached to them declares that the house at the corner of Webster and Abrigo Street, built by Don José Abrigo, was constructed from the very timbers of the wreck. If this is true it is something to quicken the pulse, for the *Natalia* had been, some twenty years prior to its sudden demise, a French sloop of war, named the

Inconstant, and on it Napoleon fled from Elba for his crowning adventure of the Hundred Days. This fact has been definitely authenticated.

A frail young Scottish writer in search of health came to Monterey in 1879 and was befriended by a French restaurateur named Jules Simoneau. The strangely assorted pair (though Simoneau was a most intellectual cook) became intimate comrades. The Scotsman soon secured a temporary job with the *Alta Californian* at a salary of two dollars a week. The Frenchman won such publicity as any restaurant keeper in the world might well envy, for his protégé, Robert Louis Stevenson, never afterward tired of praising Simoneau's cooking as the best he had experienced in all his travels. Alas, this restaurant has gone. But its hearty fare and the mental stimulus imparted by Simoneau, who "played chess and discussed the universe," left an enduring monument in Stevenson's own enthusiasm.

Everyone who loves R. L. S. will catch the infection of his love for the Monterey peninsula by reading his delightful sketch of it called *The Woods and the Pacific*. He often roamed the pine-woods, as we may do, trailed by the "unending, distant, whispering rumble of the ocean." But let us beware of following his example in one particular. In discussing a forest fire which he was watching in these very woods he says,

"I came so near to lynching on one occasion, that a braver man might have retained a thrill from the experience. I wished to be certain whether it was the moss, that quaint funereal ornament of California forests, which blazed up so rapidly when the flame first touched the tree. I suppose I must have been under the influence of Satan; for instead of plucking off a piece for my experiment, what should I do but walk up to a great pine tree in a portion of the wood which had escaped so much as scorching, strike a match,

and apply the flame gingerly to one of the tassels. The tree went off simply like a rocket; in three seconds it was a roaring pillar of fire. Had any one observed the result of my experiment my neck was literally not worth a pinch of snuff; after a few minutes of passionate expostulation I should have been run up to a convenient bough.

"I have run repeatedly, but never as I ran that day. At night I went out of town, and there was my own particular fire, quite distinct from the other, and burning as I thought with even greater spirit."

Del Monte, pride of the peninsula and one of the largest resort hotels in America, owes its immense fame first to Colonel Charles Crocker, one of the big four of the earliest transcontinental railway, who founded it as an institution of pleasure over fifty years ago, and more recently to S. F. B. Morse, who took active charge of affairs in 1915 and has built up the name of Del Monte to a commanding position in the smart world and the sports world. The rise of Del Monte has in fact been one of America's great success stories in the field of planned pleasure. Four golf courses are located at various scenic points on the peninsula and two of them are privately owned by the company. There are also no less than five polo fields, which is appropriate in view of the fact that Del Monte was polo's first home on the Pacific coast. Here also is the trapshooting center of the West. Tennis courts are as numerous on the hotel grounds as are celebrated names on the hotel register. Beaches, swimming pools and solaria are scattered about the peninsula as thickly as millionaire villas. The floral park surrounding the hotel itself is worthy in size and exquisite landscape gardening of the hostelry which it bowers. It contains one hundred and twenty-six acres with seven miles of park and roadway.

At Pebble Beach is a golfers' lodge likewise named Del Monte, which is even more fashionable than the parent hotel.

It would seem that beauty of design and setting could advance no farther. From the lounge of Del Monte Lodge, blue-carpeted, gray-walled and ceilinged, adorned with murals that strikingly blend these hues, one gazes out of huge plate-glass windows upon green lawn, blue sea, the white strand of Carmel, and the pastel shades of the distant mountain chain.

The Seventeen-Mile Drive along the cypress-dotted coast line of the peninsula, passing the Lodge, is privately owned by the company and maintained as a toll road with a fifty-cent admission charge for all visiting cars, but it is on this road, especially in the Pebble Beach region, that many millionaires have their sea villas, presumably in the style called early Mediterranean or a close ally of this. The palatial Fagan house was imported piecemeal from Italy, and others look as though they could have originated on that fellow peninsula of the Old World. In surveying these palaces and thinking what the gold and silver "nobs" of an earlier period would have erected here one rejoices in the present era of good taste, feeling that the millionaires of the year 2000 will surely not look upon our architectural age with derision.

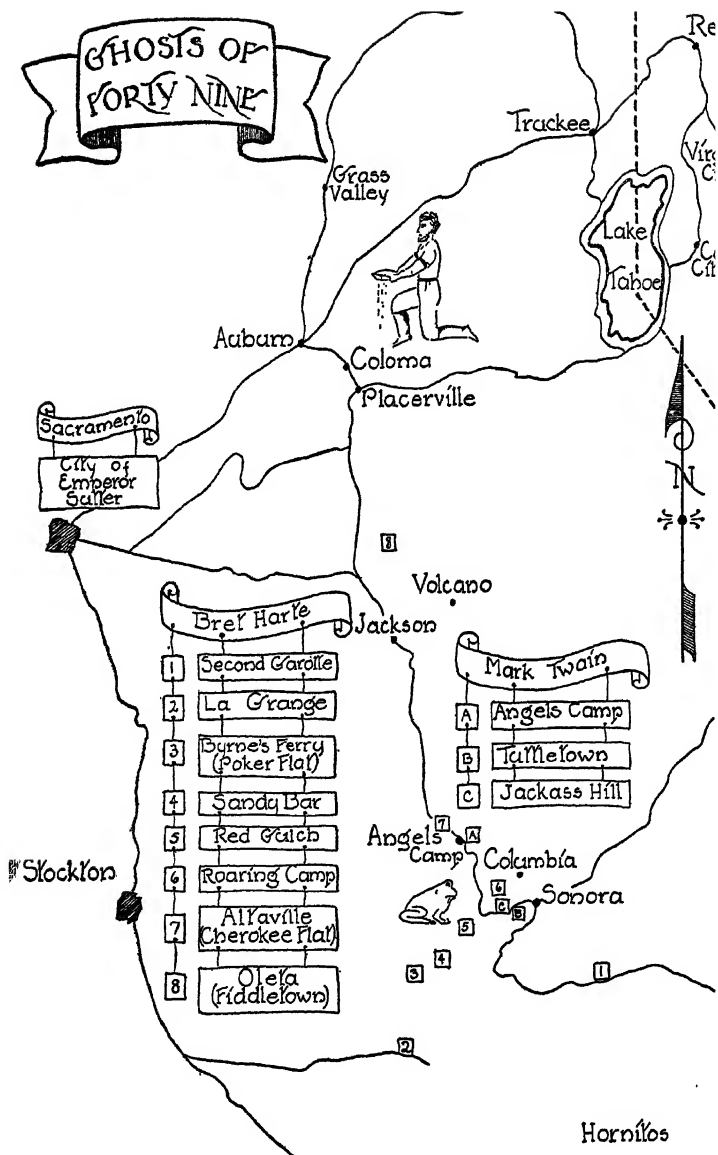
Anyone who feels that the world is too much with him at Del Monte may quickly take refuge among the storm-blown cypresses of the coast, which lend themselves very naturally to contemplative moods. The *Cupressus macrocarpa*, or Monterey cypress, is one of the very rarest of conifers in its wild state, yet paradoxically one of the most tractable in cultivation. To only two tiny spots in the world is the tree strictly native, the two extreme points of lovely Carmel Bay, namely Point Lobos on the south and Cypress Point on the north. These wild trees are blown into fantastic forms as if by the bellows of Boreas. It is astonishing that a tree which nature intended for wild, rocky headlands drenched by fog and spray should

be so very docile in the hands of man. The tamed Monterey cypress is now grown in many parts of the world in both hemispheres and on both sides of the equator. It even submits, without protest, to the ultimate indignity of topiary fashioning. In many a garden it is trained to become a billowing globe, a spiral, a peacock, a basket or even a watering pot. But deep down in its heart, it is still, we may be sure, the wild *macrocarpa*, lashed by Pacific winds, smothered in spume. Its conventional behavior is but a cloak to hide its brooding nostalgia.

On the avenues of Carmel-by-the-Sea the case is different. The cypresses here were planted by man, but they are extremely near their ancient habitat. The breakers thunder to them and the sea wind bends them to its will. There is free abandon in their every gesture. At the foot of Ocean Avenue, along the adjoining sand dunes, lining a full mile of Scenic Drive and the street called San Antonio, they make a glorious effect, bowing slightly toward the east yet dramatically saluting the sky. I am willing to risk an absolute superlative, a thing which scenic effects have prompted me to do only once before in print when discussing the Geirangerfjord of Norway. I think the cypress groves and avenues of Carmel-by-the-Sea provide the most artistic, the most beautiful, the most supremely *right* arboreal effect I have ever seen anywhere in the world.

GHOSTS OF FORTY-NINE

GHOSTS OF FORTY NINE



CHAPTER XXII

THE CITY OF EMPEROR SUTTER

THE earliest history of Sacramento, now the imposing capital of California, is nothing more nor less than a chapter from the personal biography of that picturesque adventurer, Captain John Augustus Sutter, born of Swiss parentage in a German Rhine town. In 1839 this bold pioneer, then thirty-six years of age, arrived in California and promptly ingratiated himself with the Mexican governor, Alvarado, by curing the latter's cattle of a disease that was ravaging his herds. Alvarado, in friendly mood, offered Sutter large land grants in any unoccupied part of Alta California. The Swiss showed his venturesome spirit by choosing the uncharted and little explored region drained by the Sacramento River, and the governor, though amazed at such a decision, gave him eleven square leagues to develop almost as a personal empire. With a small mixed band of whites and Kanakas guided by friendly Indians Sutter made his way up the river and finally halted on August 12, 1839, at what is now Sacramento. Here, close to the point where the American River enters the Sacramento, he built a fort and prepared to found his own little realm of trade. He became a Mexican citizen and acquired the high-sounding title "Commissioner of Justice and Representative of the Government on the frontier of the Rio del Sacramento." His settlement he named, perhaps in a moment of homesickness, Nueva Helvecia, or New Switzerland. "Within an incredibly short

time," says Rockwell D. Hunt in his history of California, "he had in effect established a feudal barony. . . . He found himself in possession of thousands of sheep, cattle, horses and hogs, roaming at will over his great principality. He developed a profitable trade in beaver skins and other commodities. He was lord of all he surveyed."

John Sutter's character has been the subject of much discussion in print. Hollywood discussed it visually in the film *Sutter's Gold*, released in 1936, but it is difficult to get a clear picture of the man. He was bluff, hearty, generous, likable, but if we try to make him noble we get into difficulties. One thing, however, is certain. Seldom in history has there been a case of such mass injustice and official ingratitude as that shown by the squatters of the gold rush era and later by the state and national governments toward a pioneer whose energy paved the way for many a great fortune and contributed indirectly to the saving of the Union.

Sutter, though a Swiss-Mexican, was a staunch and outstanding friend to Americans. As a local "emperor" he gave the Yankee immigrants unstinted hospitality. As an authority of the Mexican regime he gave them passports with a freedom that sharply annoyed the Californios, causing doubts as to his loyalty. He openly encouraged transcontinental immigration and gave the newcomers practical aid as well as personal hospitality. General John Bidwell, after intimate association with Sutter, wrote of him: "No pioneer ever did so much for this state as Sutter. Nay, I verily believe, no pioneer ever did so much for the United States." Everyone knows how this service was requited. To rehearse the old story briefly, Sutter's man James W. Marshall, sent up the American River valley by him to build a sawmill, discovered at Coloma on January 24, 1848, a metal flake that was to shake the world. In the diary of Mar-

shall's assistant, Henry Bigler, appears the following: "Monday, 24th this day some kind of mettle was found in the tail race that looks like goald, first discovered by James Martial, the Boss of the Mill." A cool man must Henry Bigler have been to write his laborious journal at such a time. Others, alas, were not so cool. Four days after the discovery Marshall disclosed his find to Sutter and the two made every effort to keep the secret from leaking out, but they might as well have tried to prevent the American River from flowing. Some Mormons in Sutter's employ got wind of the treasure and immediately deserted their humdrum jobs for the glitter of gold. The vigorous Mormon merchant, Sam Brannan (later to found Calistoga) heard of it, secured a bottle of gold dust and nuggets and promptly constituted himself a town crier for San Francisco. To the consternation of Sutter when he learned of it, Brannan roamed the streets of that raw community waving his bottle of gold and shouting at the top of his lungs, "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!"

This seems, even from his own viewpoint, an insane thing to have done, but Sam Brannan was like a small boy with news too big for him to hold. The insanity spread like a prairie fire and the first result was the almost complete depopulation of San Francisco. Sutter's Fort was already becoming a ghost community and the Swiss-Mexican emperor could not even harvest his rich crop of wheat. From that point John Sutter's life became a nightmare. Job, who dwelt in the land of Uz, had no train of hard luck to surpass that of Sutter, who dwelt in his New Helvetia; and whereas Job's story had a happy ending, the Lord giving him "twice as much as he had before," Sutter's story ends in the most pathetic snuffing out of all hope, all honor, leaving an old man to die alone, broken by injustice.

The locusts of greed swooped down on Sutter's property, overran it entirely, squatted on his land, stole everything movable, corrupted the few Indians and Mexicans who still served him, made him look ridiculous when he claimed what was indubitably his own. Marshall's gold discovery had occurred while California was still Mexican territory, actually *nine days* before the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The new masters of California sent an appointee of the Secretary of the Interior to determine the validity of the great Mexican land grants and he reported, in 1850, that they were undoubtedly valid, being "equivalent to patents from our own government." This made it a trifle more awkward for the United States to achieve the legal seizure of Sutter's land, but it was accomplished on mere technicalities, as any broad-minded student of history admits today, and an old man was left to spin out his sunset years endlessly suing for justice first from the state of California, then from the Department of the Interior at Washington. It became one of the jokes of the nation in the seventies, but finally and mercifully Emperor Sutter died in 1880.

Every nation has its skeletons in the closet and the Sutter skeleton does not rattle unduly. The Swiss adventurer has even come into a tardy recompense as a glamorous figure of pioneer days, which perhaps he would have preferred from posterity to any sort of cash settlement upon his estate. Directly opposite the capital in Sacramento rises the imposing Italian-style building of the Sutter Club, one of the leading social clubs of California, and in other parts of the city are the Sutter Lawn Tennis Club, the Sutter Theater, the Sutter Junior High School and the Sutter Hospital.

Sutter's Fort, headquarters of New Helvetia during the founder's imperial days, lies not far from the heart of the

city, about a mile east of Capitol Park, and is the chief historical showplace of Sacramento. When threatened by the encroachment of the expanding city the disintegrating fort was saved by the energetic action of the Native Sons of the Golden West and gradually restored to its early estate when it served not only as a great trading post but as western terminus for the covered wagon trails. It is a parallelogram comprising two city blocks surrounded by a wall eighteen feet high. Within are various adobe structures such as shops, barracks, and store-rooms carefully restored in the original style and so far as possible with the original materials. The fingerprints of nameless Digger Indians who fashioned these mud bricks are plainly discernible and even the old cornerstone is preserved with Indian masons' signs upon it. The landscaping of the grounds was the work of that beloved park patriarch of San Francisco, John McLaren, and its beauty shows his touch. I shall never forget my first sight of it early in March when a disciplined army of blossoms, both pink and white, from the little orchard of Japanese flowering peaches waved its bright flags against the background of historic walls. These trees of oriental ancestry bear no fruit, but exist, and justify their existence, merely for beauty's sake.

The buildings of Sutter's Fort, now forming a state museum of pioneer days and especially the days of '49, abound in interest. We see, for instance, wagon wheels that rolled the Donner Party to its doom in the terrible winter tragedy of 1846-47 when thirty-six persons, having traveled all the way from Missouri, froze to death after they had actually entered the borders of California. We see a piece of a tree on which Kit Carson carved his name in 1844; a mirror into which Frémont gazed while shaving; the original "rocker" used at Coloma by James Marshall to wash American River dirt for gold; a fake safe of

French manufacture used by Forty-Niners for their stores of precious dust. The safe, cleverly designed to appear very solid, was really a wooden firetrap, its huge bolts only macrocephalous tacks pounded into the wood.

Three early California stagecoaches, all brought on a seventeen-thousand-mile voyage around Cape Horn, are exhibited in one of the sheds, together with the first steam fire engine likewise brought around the Horn, but these are eclipsed in interest by a Wells-Fargo coach and by a vast prairie schooner which made its own way overland in the fifties. A single rear wheel of this ship of the desert weighs seven hundred pounds. The sort of entertainment which relaxed weary travelers in that period is indicated by a very popular ballad of the day displayed in one of the cases. It is entitled *The Little Widow Dunn*, and commences with these powerful lines:

“There’s a charming little widow
Who keeps a candy store
Where the children buy their chewing gum.
She sells taffy for a penny.
Her name is on the door.”

The metric composition perhaps leaves something to be desired, but the exciting content of the ballad must have been just the thing to rouse strong men for a skirmish with the Indians.

The modern capital city of California, supporting the name of the holy sacrament, was laid out by John A. Sutter, Jr., and at his father’s insistence a public park was provided at intervals of not more than ten blocks. It is still a park community and possesses a quiet residential charm rare in a city of its size and importance. The largest park, comprising twelve city blocks, surrounds the lofty two-and-a-half-million-dollar capi-

SUTTER'S CITY

Sacramento was laid out by John A. Sutter, Jr. and the new town celebrated the 4th of July 1849 in an oak grove where the Capitol now stands. The present building, set in a magnificent park, was completed in 1874.





"SUNDAY MORNING IN THE MINES"

The lusty spirit of the Forty-Niners is vigorously depicted in this painting by Charles Nahl which hangs in the Crocker Art Gallery at Sacramento.

tol building. In this park is a collection of trees and shrubs gathered from all the chief battlefields of the Civil War, and a three-acre plot of trees native to California, including samples of almost everything the state produces from desert yucca and cactus to redwood and *Sequoia gigantea*. Most pleasing are the varied pines of California. How noble and numerous they are! In Capitol Park one may see tall sugar pines, silver firs, yellow pines, bull pines, digger pines, Monterey pines, and rare Torrey pines, a fantastic branch of the family native only to one tiny area north of San Diego and to the channel island named Santa Rosa. I have named by no means all of California's pines, but enough perhaps to hint at the rich evergreen scenery that makes many a section of the state a forest wonderland.

Sacramento suggests so many different things to different people that one cannot discuss it briefly with any fairness to its importance. The Crocker Art Gallery, displaying a large painting of the ceremony wherein the last spike of the early transcontinental railroad was driven into its tie in the presence of the big four (including Charles Crocker), recalls the key role played by this city in pioneer transportation. The astonishingly cosmopolitan population of its riverside sector lends color for the filming of exotic motion picture scenes. The Sacramento River has, in fact, served as a double for the Amazon, the Yukon, and the Yangtze, to say nothing of its quite regular role as the Mississippi. A drive anywhere in the immediate neighborhood of Sacramento reveals the extreme fertility of the region, much of which is polder land farmed by sturdy and tireless little Japs. It produces great crops of fruit, olives and garden truck, captained by asparagus. It is the asparagus capital of the United States as San Francisco's Riviera is the artichoke capital, as Santa Clara is the prune capital, as Stockton is the celery capital, as Salinas is the lettuce capital, as Im-

perial Valley is the cantaloupe capital, and so on up and down the state. I could soon weary my hand and your eye by merely cataloguing California's major services to the country, but it is upon *gold* that we are now intent and upon Sacramento as the immediate portal to the Mother Lode. In the words of a song dear to Forty-Niners:

Oh! California!
That's the land for me,
I'm going to Sacramento,
With my wash bowl on my knee!

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MOTHER LODE COMES TO LIFE

PERHAPS because there is no Mother Lode in the strict geological sense, meaning a parent lode with sons and daughters, the definitions of it are vague and very contradictory. Some authorities trace it from about Drytown and Volcano down to Mariposa, others from Coloma or Placerville to Sonora and still others include, even in a "strict definition" the whole gold strip as far north as Grass Valley. Relaxing strictness it means the entire gold belt of California, that intricate network of gold-bearing quartz veins which, with the placer mines and stream deposits, have yielded two billion dollars worth of golden treasure.

From the peak year of 1852 when California's hills gave up more than eighty-one million dollars in gold to the greedy horde of miners, the annual yield gradually shrank to about ten million dollars. It seemed that the region, if not played out, was too tenacious of what it had left to be very alluring. Then came the great depression and a new army of gold seekers poured over the Sierras in 1931-32, not in covered wagons but in ancient Fords and Chevrolets. They came not in excitement but in desperation, knowing that a hard day's work panning dirt beside some mountain stream or roadside gutter would yield from fifty cents to a dollar in gold dust. There was also the remote chance of finding a good-sized nugget, but this happened so seldom that few of the modern miners indulged

in feverish dreams of wealth. They toiled with pickax and gold pan to keep life in their bodies, earning less in a month than many a Forty-Niner had earned in an hour. So patient and persistent, however, was this migratory army that in 1932 it is said to have panned six hundred thousand dollars in "loose gold."

In 1933 came President Roosevelt's dollar-devaluation program, bursting like a star rocket over the western gold belt. The federal government gradually raised the price of gold from twenty dollars an ounce to thirty-five dollars, thus pumping new life into a moribund industry. In the same proportion that Americans in Europe suffered from the effects of the declining dollar California gold benefited from the rising price of that which backed the dollar. I know what the former effects were, for I was in France during the whole of that long slide, so I can well imagine the cheerful obverse of the devaluation picture. The Mother Lode stirred in her grave and came to life. Panning and placer mining became nearly twice as profitable as before. Deep mines which had not been worked for decades stirred to eager activity. Huge dredges lumbered through the land not far from Sacramento scooping up untold myriads of bucketfuls of gold-bearing gravel which could now be worked with profit.

A new gold rush of the old ruthless type was impossible, even had new discoveries abetted the high gold price, for California laws now forbid the sale of placer claims or the stock promotion of companies to work such claims, but individual effort is free to all, and the deep quartz mines, requiring much capital and machinery, are exempted from the restraining law. In regions where these deep mines exist, and prosper from devaluation, the great depression was scotched almost before it could be felt. Grass Valley, for instance, with three major

mines had to be told that there was a depression. The picturesque little town hummed with activity when gold soared in value. It still hums and there is no more cheerful town in the country.

Grass Valley today is typical in its prosperity of the resurrected Mother Lode, a circumstance which seems peculiarly fortunate since it was here that the quartz mining industry had its birth two years after Marshall's discovery of loose gold. A man named George McKnight, when walking over a pine-needle-carpeted hillside one October day of 1850, stubbed his toe against a spur of rock, thereby dislodging a piece of snow-white quartz. He stooped to examine it and made a discovery worth many hundred million dollars. To quote Robert Welles Ritchie, who seems to have been the first to publicize McKnight, as late as 1928, "The cleavage surface showed white as coconut meat, and through the glassy crystalline substance ran a ribbon of rich yellow, all clotted like honey in the comb. . . . McKnight, discoverer of gold quartz in California; daddy to an industry which long outlived the ephemeral dazzle of the placer diggin's."

Grass Valley's famous quartz-gold mines, the Empire, the North Star and the Maryland-Idaho, are working now at capacity. Their vast buckets move up and down the deep shafts in endless procession, their ore-crushing mills emit an unending roar, whose din is so violent that it turns the stomach of many a new worker and would make any worker stone deaf in a few years if he stayed in the mill without respite. The crushers reduce the dreary gray ore to fine sand and a quick-silver process removes the free gold. In a mill of the Empire Company, which crushes twelve hundred tons of ore a day, I stayed for about two minutes and my ears rang with the hellish clamor for two hours afterward.

The so-called central shaft here is sunk to a depth of ninety-four hundred feet, almost *two miles*, whence the steel buckets bring up the auriferous ore. Workmen descend and rise in these buckets and the trip takes one hour and fifty minutes each way. One way is on company time, the other on the worker's time. Suburban commuters who grumble at a trip of half or three quarters of an hour between home and office may piously reflect on the lot of these men who spend three hours and forty minutes of each day riding through darkness in damp buckets. The mules of these deep mines are likewise lowered and raised in buckets, but only twice a year. They stay underground for six months at a stretch, having good subterranean stables, and are then brought up to the surface and sent to pasture for a vacation to recover from their long unnatural life. Danger is announced to the men below in a manner that seems odd to the uninitiated visitor. "In case of emergency," reads a conspicuous sign, "a strong banana smell will be injected into the compressed air line. Upon smelling this immediately leave your work and go to the nearest station."

The town of Grass Valley has a considerable Chinese colony, reminiscent of the early days when the patient Celestials were the best gold diggers in the region. There are even two joss houses, one guarded by a wrinkled ancient named Happy, the other by a younger rival named Louis. Happy, who looks at least a century and a half old though his hair is still black, is proud of a holy inscription in classic Chinese, which, if I understood his strange mumbling, only two men in California are now able to read. His rival, Louis, though formerly a park caretaker, looks upon himself as a potent holy man. When told by some white men that Christ once walked on the water Louis exclaimed testily that there was nothing remarkable

about that. He could do the same any time he chose. They dared him to make good on his boast, so Louis went out rowing in a small boat, stepped briskly from the gunwale and all but drowned before he could be hauled back to safety.

The Mother Lode (loosely defined) falls naturally into two parts, the section from Placerville northward where gold was first found and the southern trails through the ghost country upon which Bret Harte and Mark Twain left their indelible marks. Sacramento is the anchor city for the northern region, Stockton for the southern. The famous Pony Express route, now approximated by the Lincoln Highway (here United States route 50) running east from Sacramento through Placerville to the Nevada border south of Lake Tahoe, is a convenient dividing line.

One cannot drive more than a few miles from Sacramento on this highway without seeing one or more of those behemoths of gold which are dredging their grotesque way through a smiling land and turning it into a hideous wilderness. There are nine of these colossi, said to be earning a quarter of a million dollars apiece per annum. Buckets on an endless belt scoop out the terrain to a depth of forty or fifty feet and the gravel is washed on the dredge itself, the gold being then extracted by mercury. Very slowly but inexorably the dredges travel onward, floating in the miniature lakes with which their own excavations surround them. When they reach a motor road they merely eat through it like the insatiable monsters that they are, and the road must be rebuilt behind them. The countryside left in their wake is the "abomination of desolation," unfit for any future use save that of a government bombing field, which it is destined to be. In a few years the land available for such ruin will have been exhausted, and thanks to the vast area of Sacramento's double valley it

will be no more than a small ugly patch on the noble green garment that clothes central California for a length of six hundred miles.

The town of Placerville (correctly pronounced Plasserville) is the node of the northern stem of the intricate gold region. Capital of the county so appropriately named El Dorado, this comfortable community is none other than the Hangtown of '49 fame. It won its early name because of the salutary hangings which occurred at the "old hangtree" in the center of the town. A settler named "Wheelbarrow John" Studebaker here developed a wheelwright business which was to be the seed of a great automobile business, and later Horace Greeley did his bit for the fame of Hangtown by bumping his head clear through the roof of Monk's stagecoach in sight of many witnesses, just before he was to make a campaign speech for the presidency. This incident, which must have been less funny to Dr. Greeley than it has been to posterity, mellowed the grim town with a touch of comic relief.

Other such touches, many of them quite unintended, abound throughout the Mother Lode story and have been set down in many a breezy volume. Others live orally and have yet to be recorded. Two anecdotes will here serve as samples of hundreds.

A man was hanged for stealing a horse but was immediately found to be the wrong man. His penitent executioners erected a nice headstone over his grave and carved upon it, "Hanged by mistake. The joke is on us."

A churchgoing gambler put a five-dollar gold piece in the collection plate one Sunday, thinking it a silver quarter. Too late he noticed the error and allowed a groan to escape him. "Cheer up," whispered a friend in the next pew, noticing the incident. "The preacher's a good fellow and I know him well. I'll get it back for you." "No," replied the gambler gen-

erously. "Leave her lay. I gave that shiner to the Lord. To hell with it."

Only eight miles north of Placerville is the birthplace of an era. Although gold had been earlier found at various points in California and Governor Alvarado had been wont to display a ring made of native gold, James Marshall's discovery at Coloma was the "match struck in the dark" which set fire to the American imagination. The effect can only be compared to Stevenson's private forest fire resulting from his playful lighting of the Spanish moss on a Monterey pine. An imposing monument to the man who started this great conflagration of greed for gold rises from the hillside above Coloma where Marshall made his rude home. It was erected through a legislative appropriation of the state and shows Marshall pointing down to the spot where he first saw the gleam of gold in the race of Sutter's mill. A carved inscription refers to the first "nugget," but this word is crossed out and changed in the interest of truth to the words "flake worth 53 cents." This grandiose statue to sheer luck, for Marshall was anything but brilliant, seems to leave me cold but the river valley itself is a momentous exclamation mark stamped upon the unwinding scroll of history. The scenery too is just what it should be, exciting in its bold lines, yet softened by the surrounding verdure, by acacia trees as yellow as French mimosa; by shy flowerlets such as the purple shooting star and the lavender delicacy called miner's lettuce. It is of savage grandeur tempered by nature's mantle just as the harsh gold story itself is romanticized by the tunic of time.

A celebrated gold town which has largely deserted its first love in favor of fruit culture is Auburn, once prosaically known as Wood's Dry Diggings. Almost alone of the Mother Lode ghosts it has donned the robe of culture, yet every year

its enthusiastic "Whiskerinos," growing luxuriant beards and burnsides, stage a colorful Forty-Nine Frolic.

One of the town notables is the mining engineer Jim Stewart, who maintains in his home a private Forty-Nine museum even more interesting than the one in Sutter's Fort. Stewart once worked up an extremely clever publicity quarrel with his friend William Lee, thus putting Auburn on the national map with a million dollars' worth of free advertising in 1924, just in time for the American Mining Congress which attracted ten thousand visitors to the little town. The quarrel, aired mightily by the press, was a pure hoax centering about the disinterment of three French miners buried by a cave-in sixty years earlier. The bitter enmity of David and Jonathan stirred northern California to its depths, but was wonderfully resolved on the very day the congress met. David and Jonathan were suddenly the same old chums as of yore. The injunctions were dismissed, the petitions withdrawn and the two disputants chuckled long over the cash value to Auburn of their red-hot controversy.

Jim Stewart's Forty-Nine Museum, protecting itself by the characteristic warning:

No Smoking
" Hobnailed Shoes
" Dogs
" Exceptions

is the sort of place where you long to loiter indefinitely. Every item stops you in your tracks. Personally I found myself halted most insistently by the advertisements and printed notices of an earlier era. I noticed, for one example, a trespass warning which indulged in the following verbigeration:

"Retrace Your Steps as Speedily as Possible or You Will Be Roughly Handled and Subject to Arrest."

Mr. Stewart's collection of crystallized gold flakes, hardly rivaled elsewhere, is kept, for safety, in the vaults of the Placer County Bank in Auburn, but is freely shown upon request. As varied in design as snow crystals seen under a microscope such crystals of gold are of rare romantic beauty, the loveliest children conceived by the Mother Lode.

This vigorous old lady, like Sarah when quickened by Jehovah, has been marvelously rejuvenated by the mounting price of gold. Frankly, she feels herself to be interesting once more and has shed her senility like an outworn garment. Men are courting her again and they have rather better manners than the bearded ruffians of '49.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GHOST TOWNS WITH BRET HARTE

THE phantom towns of '49 are found not in the neighborhood of the deep quartz mines, which have never ceased to produce in a colorless and corporate way, but in those highly personal "diggin's" which first attracted the mad rush of settlers with their rockers and their Long Toms, their sluice boxes and pans for placer work. These localities are scattered up and down the long network of veins called the Mother Lode, but the most and the best of them are south of Placerville. This region, stretching down more than eighty miles as far as Mariposa and Hornitos, fairly reeks of '49. It is redolent of the racy romance that Bret Harte saw and captured for posterity. It hints generously of Mark Twain, who first unsheathed his genius here and wrote a story of a jumping frog which the world will not let die. It shouts of the boldness of Joaquin Murieta, who was made a badman by the cruelty of the Forty-Niners and devoted his brilliant talents to a life of revenge. A glance at any map of this phantom region instantly resurrects that mad era. As the eye travels down from north to south the hot pace of former times accelerates. Drytown, Volcano, Jackson, Whiskey Slide, San Andreas are eclipsed in torrid romance by Angels Camp, Slumgullion, Roaring Camp, Red Gulch, Jim Town (Jamestown) and Sonora. A dozen other significant names leap out from the map with raucous yells, pistol shots and rough laughter, Second Garotte, Raw-

hide, Squabbletown, and of course Columbia, once the rough hell-raising center of the whole region and now the most interesting ghost in the Mother Lode.

The three personal names I have mentioned above, those of two authors and a bandit, are the convenient pegs upon which I hang my own explorations in the phantom land and rather than follow any motor road, tidily knotting together *all* the innumerable points of interest, I shall attempt to sort them and collect a very few to hang upon each of the pegs. That of Francis Bret Harte is by far the most important, for the Mother Lode was his country and seldom was his pen at its best anywhere else. He was the father of the "Western" story, though his spirit must groan as it beholds the low uses to which his modern followers have brought this type of fiction in the pulp magazines. At Sonora or Tuttletown, history does not seem to know which, he became a schoolteacher in the middle fifties and then turned his hand to mining. Perhaps he lacked the knack that rougher men had, for he panned little gold but he did possess an extraordinary talent as a sympathetic listener. Men talked to him as to few others and everything that young "Frank" Harte saw and heard he stored in his mind for future use. More than a decade later he found himself editing the *Overland Monthly* in San Francisco, and therein he published *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* in 1868 and 1869. These two stories, with *The Idyl of Red Gulch*, are generally considered his masterpieces, though many another yarn presses them closely.

Both Sonora and Tuttletown seem to have forgotten whether or not they ever boasted a schoolteacher named Harte but many another community which provided the setting for some immortal tale is proud to honor him. A south Mother Lode town is hardly thought to be civilized without its Bret

Harte Garage, Bret Harte High School or Bret Harte Theater.

On the Harte peg one must certainly hang at least eight ornaments: Second Garotte, La Grange, Byrne's Ferry (Poker Flat), Sandy Bar, Red Gulch, Roaring Camp, Altaville (Cherokee Flat) and Oleta (Fiddletown). At the risk of becoming a bit useful, like Baedeker, I must set down in a sentence or two the literary connection of each of these places.

Second Garotte on the Big Oak Flat Road to Yosemite still boasts the cabin where Tennessee's partner lived with Tennessee. To be sure, Bret Harte places it on "the outskirts of Sandy Bar" but it is said that no characters in all his fiction are more clearly identifiable than the two men (James P. Chamberlain and Jason A. Chaffee) who lived in this cabin at Second Garotte. Their astonishing friendship, untarnished by Tennessee's cool theft of his partner's wife, did not, in real life, conclude with Tennessee's hanging but with his natural death at the age of eighty. Three years later his bereaved pal, unable to stand the loneliness, seems to have said to himself, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put Jinny in the cart," and he thereupon shot himself—at the age of eighty-three.

La Grange, on the Tuolumne River and the road to Modesto, is the scene of many a Harte story, including probably *M'liss*. On the red mountain above may be easily imagined Smith's Pocket, where the fierce young girl burst into the presence of the schoolmaster and rasped, "I want to be taught."

Nearer to Tuttletown, heart of the Harte region, is Byrne's Ferry, a ghost hamlet on the Stanislaus River. This is supposed to be Poker Flat but the well-groomed Mr. Oakhurst would no longer find the place worthy of his skill at cards. The shell of one house and one or two gaunt stone chimneys are all that remain of this derelict of fate.

Sandy Bar, Red Gulch and Roaring Camp are practically obliterated as towns but their names will live as long as the world continues to read Bret Harte. At least two cabins on the slope of Jackass Hill, in this neighborhood, are pointed out as dwellings of the author himself, but whether they are actual or apocryphal, no one seems certain. Cherokee Flat, locale of the poem *To the Pliocene Skull*, has rather deplorably succumbed to civilization along with the name Altaville, but Fiddletown, though submitting to the modern alias Oleta and supporting two or three hundred inhabitants, has phantom aspects that vividly recall the days when Chinese shacks lined both sides of the main street for a mile or more. A very extensive Chinatown of gold diggers existed here and no more patient and thorough toiler than the Heathen Chinese ever prodded the vitals of the Mother Lode. The imagination may easily resurrect Ah Fee and Fung Ti, who walked these streets through Bret Harte's vivid fiction. The old wooden hotel of *An Episode of Fiddletown* still stands in a good state of preservation and one may picture the encounter of the Honorable Jackson Flash with the strutting Kentuckian, Colonel Starbottle, as having taken place before its primitive porch which lies flush with the street and supports a rough balcony by six "Fiddletown columns" of pine.

Less numerous but no less interesting than the Bret Harte towns are the Mark Twain towns in the same part of the Mother Lode. The localities essentially his simmer down to three, Tuttletown, Jackass Hill and Angels Camp. At Tuttletown the old Swerer store where Sam Clemens traded (and where Bret Harte may have clerked) is still sound, a small stone building with a wooden top and roof. On Jackass Hill where Bret Harte may have lived Mark Twain definitely did live and his cabin, beneath the branches of an old oak, is an

authentic landmark of the region. A very significant little shanty it is, for in it, while Mark was hiding from the law in 1864-65 with the Gillis boys and Dick Stoker (made famous as Dick Baker in *Roughing It*), he penned, almost beyond a doubt, the story that first made him a world figure. Probably in Angels Camp he had heard from Ross Coon, the barkeeper of Angels Hotel (though San Andreas claims the honor for its Metropolitan Hotel), about Daniel Webster, the most remarkable frog of modern times. Jim Smiley, owner of the amphibian, would "sing out 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do." Jumping on a dead level was, however, Daniel Webster's specialty and it was a bitter day for Jim Smiley when, in a forty-dollar jumping contest, "Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman," but could not budge. Only when Dan'l "belched out a double handful of shot," did Smiley perceive the dirty work of his opponent, "and he was the maddest man—and—" Mark Twain climbed up to his cabin on Jackass Hill to immortalize poor Dan'l as *The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*.

The story was written in 1865 and soon became a world classic. Even the Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes* published it under the title of *La Grenouille Santeuse du Comté Calaveras*, only to have it "clawed back into a civilized language once more by patient unremunerated toil" of Mark Twain himself. Angels Camp, quick to grasp the publicity value of this story, instituted an annual Jumping Frog jubilee which is held in May and attracts throngs of twenty-five thousand or more.

The days of '49 (and '65) are simulated, the inhabitants spending the winter months in growing luxuriant whiskers for the occasion.

Terrific is the excitement when the mayor of Angels Camp greets with brass band and formal speech the arrival of the previous year's winning frog. Frog fanciers, bringing the choicest jumpers from their respective stables, pour into the little town from all over America, entering their contestants at one dollar per frog. Four arenas, each a series of circles to aid measurements, are marked off in the main street and the officials take their stand with tape measures handy. Each frog jumps individually and is allowed three tries of three consecutive jumps each. The best triple jump wins the hundred-and-fifty-dollar prize, which was invariably paid in California gold until Mr. Roosevelt called in the precious eagles and double eagles in 1933. Amid a terrific din of encouraging yells and revolver shots the frogs, appropriately stimulated from behind, gather themselves for their supreme efforts, as if each were conscious that the shade of Daniel Webster looks on from its frog heaven.

Californians are proud that in spite of enthusiastic frog Olympics held in many parts of the country the world's record for a triple hop is still held by a California frog named Budweiser (owned by a Stockton man) and that the winning leap of fourteen feet eight inches was made not in any fancy frog stadium but on the main street of Angels Camp.

This town, though its name is correctly spelled without an apostrophe after the "l," was originally the camp of one George Angel. Aside from the jumping frog it has an aura of romance all its own. Bret Harte of course wrote about it, Edwin Booth played in it. The *Pliocene Skull*, though found in Cherokee Flat, was brought here and made Angels Camp

the Loch Ness of its day. Many an erudite scientist was gloriously fooled and wrote learned treatises about it before the joke of its planting was discovered. An incident typical of Angels Camp is commemorated by the little street called Raspberry Lane. It seems that a man named Ben Raspberry once jammed a ramrod in his gun and could not remove it. He finally shot the thing out and it stuck in the ground beside a manzanita bush. In pulling it out of the ground Raspberry pulled a piece of quartz with it and thereby struck one of the richest veins in all the region, taking out ten thousand dollars in the first three days. Such is the story, at any rate, which the oldest inhabitants tell.

Joaquin Murieta, the archbadman of the whole Mexican race, was one of the most ruthless fiends who ever galloped over the Mother Lode, piling up the impressive total of at least three hundred murders during his spectacular career; but there seems no doubt that he was first corrupted by settlers from across the mountains, particularly by certain Irishmen who wanted what Murieta had, a rich claim and a pretty woman. According to persistent story they trumped up a charge of theft against his half brother, accusing him of stealing a horse which he had legally bought. With horsewhips an augmented band of miners numbering twenty-one flogged this half brother to death before Joaquin's eyes, then lashed him almost to insensibility and while he lay on the ground helplessly they took turns ravishing his woman Rosita, whom Joaquin deeply loved. It is small wonder that this frightfulness made the Mexican a badman. His genius for evil, however, was something which his despoilers had underestimated. He made up his mind to devote the rest of his life to revenge and well he succeeded. Nineteen of the twenty-one men involved in the outrage Murieta murdered one by one in the course of years,

always leaving as his mark a crescent cut in the victim's forehead, or the word "Revenge" on a scrap of paper. The other two men of his original enemies were murdered by other hands.

Like a beast who had tasted blood Murieta made the first nineteen victims a mere overture to his grand opera of murder. Several women were in his band and they liked to help his lieutenant, one Garcia, known as Three-Fingered Jack, tie a string of Chinamen together by their queues and dispatch them one after the other.

An extremely bold and picturesque technique in crime, coupled with a loyal memory for anyone who had ever befriended him, made Murieta legendary. For years he outwitted all who tried to capture him and one can hardly travel anywhere in this region without hearing local anecdotes of this superb badman. In the end, however, his sense of melodrama was his undoing. While drinking in a barroom, incognito of course, he overheard a boastful tippler cursing his name and vowing he would get him. Instantly Joaquin jumped upon a chair, announced his identity, fired several shots into the crowd and fled. He was finally killed in a running fight with the ranger Harry Love. The Americans then showed a spirit almost as beautiful as that which had started Murieta on the downgrade. His head and the bloody hand of Three-Fingered Jack became popular exhibits at peep shows and remained so for years in San Francisco, first in King's Saloon and later in Dr. Jordan's Museum of Anatomy. The earthquake of 1906 did something to justify itself by destroying these gruesome relics forever.

The Mother Lode towns especially seared by Murieta's scorching presence are vaguely identified, and legends are contradictory, but the Stockton Chamber of Commerce, after

a study of the region, seems to register the belief that the flogging of the bandit's half brother and himself occurred at San Andreas; that he was very often seen at gambling halls in Hornitos near Mariposa; that he came as near to establishing his home as such an inveterate nomad could on Mokelumne Hill south of Jackson; that the shooting affray which led eventually to his death commenced in the Mitchler Hotel (then the Sperry Hotel) in the town of Murphy's.

Had the bandit known it there existed a most remarkable hideaway only a few miles south of Murphy's by way of Vallecito. I refer to the Moaning Cave which was discovered as recently as 1921. (Mercer's Cave, north of Murphy's, was well known to the miners of the fifties.) It is extraordinary that the golden state has not even yet blown its golden trumpet about Moaning Cave. Guidebooks mention it in a casual phrase if at all. I have never seen a tourist folder about it and it is not even mentioned in an elaborate local pamphlet discussing this whole region, yet it is among the most exciting wonders of the West, far superior to many sights that are widely publicized. I heard about it from an enthusiastic friend in Sacramento and made my own inquiries in Angels Camp. "Greatest cave in the country," said a drugstore clerk in this town. "I'm telling you that you could drop the Woolworth Building into it just like dropping a jackknife into your pocket." There was miner's license in this flamboyant statement, for the actual dimensions of the cave's main chamber are one hundred and twenty feet by one hundred feet by one hundred and sixty-five feet, but the truth is so impressive that it needs no exaggeration.

Moaning Cave is privately owned and it was the owner's son who discovered it when, as a boy of nineteen, he all but

stepped into it—and oblivion. Its name is from an eerie moan or wail that formerly reverberated through it, owing to air currents, at almost regular intervals of five minutes. It was so weird and human that it sometimes frightened women almost to the fainting point, but the owner unintentionally silenced the moan when he built a seven-ton spiral stairway of iron from the surface of the ground to the cave's floor. This was like grounding a radio aerial, but insulation of the stairway, says the owner, would restore the cave's awesome voice.

Remarkable stalactite and stalagmite formations abound here as in all caves of this type. There are hanging torpedoes, perfectly formed and extending at the rate of one inch per century. If you strike them with your knuckles they ring like temple gongs. There is an Eskimo igloo, an American eagle, a fall of Yosemite, a tulip bulb and of course (since no cave in the country is complete without this feature) a limestone replica of the bosom of Mae West. More important than these sights are a "wagonload of Indian bones," as the owner expressed it, in a lower and nearly inaccessible cave. Some of these bones are almost, but not quite, petrified, as are Indian clubs found beside them, and since scientists reckon that it takes nature seven hundred years to accomplish the petrifying process in this spot one may safely reckon that the Indians to whom these bones gave bodily frame died at about the time the Black Death swept over Europe. When all men thought, under pain of death for thinking otherwise, that the earth was a flat plate with jagged edge somewhere to the west of Spain these Indians roamed the Mother Lode.

The lad who found this cave in 1929 was not the first to find it, for a party of Frenchmen stumbled upon it in 1853, took out some fifty Indian skulls (two of which are now in

the Smithsonian Institute) and then apparently forgot the location. The cave was sealed from human knowledge until 1921.

My favorite ghost towns of the Mother Lode—to return from my moaning tangent—are the conspicuous Columbia and the inconspicuous Volcano. Neither has outstanding literary associations but each is a true Argonaut town wonderfully preserving the past. Whereas some, like Sonora, Angels Camp and Jackson, have remained living towns of some importance and others, like Poker Flat and Red Gulch, have been obliterated, these two are of that elect company, numbering perhaps a dozen communities in all, which have been embalmed by the passing decades. Columbia once boasted twenty thousand inhabitants and is said to have missed the honor of becoming state capital by two votes only. There is talk now of making the whole town, which has one per cent of its former population, a state historical monument.

One hundred and forty-three faro banks once operated simultaneously on Columbia's streets, while the fandango halls and the thirty saloons were crowded to their doors. On the scales of the Wells Fargo Express office, whose red-brick building is still as sound as ever, fifty-five million dollars' worth of gold has been weighed. Fabulous was the wealth of this immediate region. Relatively conservative estimates place the value of the gold taken from the ground within a radius of two miles of Columbia's post office at eighty-seven million dollars. The Stage Drivers' Retreat, the old firehouse, St. Anne's Catholic Church, a red-brick schoolhouse locally claimed to have been the first American public school in California, a saloon and fandango hall and several of the old stores are still in perfect preservation. At these stores miners eagerly bought sugar at three dollars a pound, flour and potatoes each

at one dollar and a half a pound, sardines at four dollars a can, salt pork at fifty cents an ounce, candles at fifty cents apiece and common pocketknives at thirty dollars, yet we of this soft century have much to say about the high cost of living.

Volcano, northeast of Jackson, was the "Crater City of '49" and is a most appealing phantom today. Ninety million dollars' worth of gold was taken from the immediate region, three million from the gulch opposite the post office and the St. George Hotel. It was common for miners to pan from the hill's rich gravel at least a thousand dollars a day and keep it up for months at a time. Ten thousand gold diggers and their motley retinue once lived in Volcano, where now, after "revival," the town's population is one hundred and fifty.

There is somber talk to the effect that Volcano may some day rest beneath the waters of a proposed hydroelectric reservoir but at present it is one of the most romantic phantoms of '49, with numerous relics including a wooden church in which the eloquent Thomas Starr King used to preach, a crude hostelry still lettered "Sawdust Inn" and the three-story St. George Hotel, once the pride of the town, and now in its third reincarnation after fires, still the center of everything that remains. A Swedish bartender here serves drinks over a bar that authentically "came around the Horn," and entertains his customers with melodies from a huge Swiss music box brought to Volcano by covered wagon in '51.

Modern gold diggers are still lured to the little stream that runs through this town, either to pan laboriously for the expected fifty or seventy-five cents' return per day, or in the hope of finding a nugget. Stirred by the bartender's tale of a honeymoon couple that had very recently found a nugget here worth twelve hundred dollars I repaired to the stream one afternoon and panned industriously until dusk blanketed my

efforts. I was lucky for I found—nothing! The story of the honeymoon couple has a sequel. They gave up their honeymoon trip, panned for gold feverishly for the two or three weeks at their disposal, and never found so much as another gleaming flake.

RENO AND THE SILVER GHOSTS

“THE Biggest Little City in the World” is the Pacific coast’s last outpost before definitely fading into the interminable arid stretches of Nevada. The silver ghosts of the bonanza days which flooded San Francisco with wealth and fantastically decorated Nob Hill lurk on the slopes of Mount Davidson, some twenty miles southeast of Reno and likewise twenty miles east of the California state line. They are quite as astonishing, if less brutal, than the gold ghosts, and their story is an inevitable supplement to that of the Mother Lode.

The approach to Reno from Sacramento is marvelous by any route. The chief highway, over Donner Summit and past Donner Lake, roughly the covered-wagon route of old, affords a succession of superlatively fine views. The more southerly route, once followed by the pony express, through Strawberry and Phillips, then skirting the southern shore of Lake Tahoe and finally turning north, is also spectacularly lovely and passes through tiny Carson City, the “smallest capital in the world,” since the West must have its extremes in either direction. A combination route rimming Lake Tahoe is perhaps the grandest of all approaches.

This lake in skyland, a phenomenon from many angles, would attract tremendous notice in any state less richly dowered than California. It is the loftiest large lake (one hundred and ninety-two square miles; altitude, six thousand two hun-

dred and twenty-five feet) in the world, with the single exception of Lake Titicaca in the Andes. It is the product of a prehistoric sea of ice fifty miles long and two thousand feet deep, with many tributary glaciers whose paths are plainly cut on the hills above. Its depth (one thousand six hundred and forty-five feet) is substantially greater than any lake in Switzerland, which its monumental scenery inevitably suggests. Strangest of all, its surface never freezes though zero weather often prevails for days at a time. This is said to be owing to a natural system of vertical circulation which constantly draws the surface water down before it can freeze.

On the northern rim is a man-made curiosity as odd as anything nature has contrived. I refer to the famous Calneva Inn, built squarely on the *California-Nevada* line, with the "frontier," marked in black, cutting straight through the ballroom. Fire destroyed it in the spring of 1937 but reconstruction quickly set in. Nevada's divorce seekers when dancing here are very careful not to waltz over the line, for their six weeks' residence in Nevada must be continuous, without one moment's break. A false step or glide might force them to start their divorce suits all over again. The original inn was constructed in 1931 when Nevada legalized gambling, and thus postdated Frank Bacon's play *Lightnin'* by many years, though it is carelessly called the setting of this state-line classic of the stage.

Nevada is not at all reticent about its own "emancipation." It does, in fact, pride itself on permitting openly and frankly what other states condone and keep under cover. If this silver state thrives by capitalizing human weakness in all its forms it is not for other states or cities to cast stones unless they can do so without hypocrisy. So say the defenders of the Biggest Little City and its smaller but equally emancipated sister cities.

Soon after passing the state line the motorist begins to see

billboard advertisements of numerous "clubs," especially that tireless advertiser, "Harold's, The Friendly Club, Where Ladies and Gentlemen Feel at Ease." "Crapless Crap" is stressed on these signs as one of the attractions, and "One Cent Roulette, Inexpensive Fun With Unbelievable Possibilities." Harold's window on the main street contains a whirling wheel of chance with the ball which has such unbelievable possibilities for you and me bobbing around like a cork on a choppy sea. Other clubs by the dozen fill the central part of the city and their popularity seems never to wane. My first arrival in Reno was on a Friday afternoon out of season, yet the beano (or tango) room of the Reno Club on the main street was packed to capacity. This impressed me but it was certainly no more impressive than the huge Bank Club next door which seethes with activity at almost any hour. Roulette, faro, stud poker, panguingui (pronounced panguinny) and twenty-one are only a fraction of the means which this huge establishment gives you to increase your wealth.

Night clubs and cabarets are as numerous as gambling clubs. Some are merely tourist traps like the poorest ones of Montmartre, offering nothing commensurate with their prices, while others are exceedingly sumptuous and quite as sophisticated—I think this is accurate—as any in the world. There is no denying the essential truth of Reno's slogan. A city of twenty thousand inhabitants, in a high valley of the Sierras, manages to maintain night clubs that would look smart in New York, London or Paris. Its Riverside Hotel would likewise look smart in any of these cities. It is wonderfully appointed and managed and has had as many as thirty-five well-known millionaires registered on its books at the same time. One love-smitten lady called up her "next intended" in Paris from this hotel, billed and cooed with him for an hour and a

half, thus running up a single tally on her telephone bill of \$985. The per-capita wealth of Reno is claimed to be the highest in the United States and the per-capita ratio of telephones (forty-two to one hundred) is also the highest. Honesty (about human desires) is, it would seem, the best policy.

A great loss to Reno's night life was the destruction by fire in 1936 of its so-called Country Club, one of the most luxurious and altogether excellent night haunts in the world. A lesser loss, but one which the fates do not seem to decree, would be the burning of the great elliptical "cow pen" on the outskirts of the city. Here many a harlot in her dreary cubicle "works" in the manner of the late Barbary Coast of San Francisco and the price of her toil is boldly posted over her door: Gladys \$2.00; Betty \$2.00; Boots \$2.00. Reno requires the advance publication of such costs and likewise the brilliant floodlighting of the arena of sin, with officers of the law always handy. It does not emulate the Barbary Coast in the matter of thievery by its workers.

Every male visitor to Reno inspects the cow pen as part of his tourist program and a few years ago fashionable women of the divorce colony in search of thrills to while away their few weeks of waiting for the law used to walk through here surveying their fallen sisters with condescending horror and thanking God that they were not as other women. Reno, which hates to forbid anything, did finally forbid this practice and respectable women are no longer admitted to the cow pen. The sources from which recruits are drawn for this scarlet city-within-a-city would no doubt be startling in many cases. As I stood on the sidewalk briskly jotting down notes a girl whose sign read "Sylvia, \$2.00" hailed me from her window. "Hey, Buddy, are you writing a sonnet?" "No," I said quite truthfully, "but I'm going to write a book and I'll put you in

it." "How about letting me collaborate," said Sylvia earnestly, "I used to be with the *Sacramento Bee*." I declined Sylvia's collaboration but I have now put her in this book. A Sacramento man who was my companion on this tour of the pen told me that a friend of his had been startled to see one of his fair classmates of a great coeducational university leaning from the window of one of these cubicles. She had embarrassed him by the cheery greeting, "Joe, old boy! If it isn't you!" Another friend of my friend had similarly noted in the pen a girl he had once known in the church socials of his city. "For heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "how on earth did you get here?" "Well, Ed," she responded coolly, "if you'll stop looking so holy I'll tell you. It's very simple, really. I just figured that I might as well put it on a paying basis."

The city of Reno was first put on the map in a big way in 1910 by the Johnson-Jeffries fight. It was kept on the map by the prominence of the divorce "industry" and latterly it has become a quick-marriage haven for California couples. It is also a university city, a well-churched city, and, as it fairly claims, the "commercial and financial center of Nevada and California communities east of the Sierras." These solid, virtuous accomplishments are of course overlooked by humanity in general, which thinks of it as the world capital of personal liberty. Reno is a sociological curiosity of the first magnitude. Its immense success is traced by the city fathers (and the state legislators) to the simple formula of discarding hypocrisy.

The ghosts of bonanza days are almost suburban to Reno. On a hill road that loops southeast and down to Carson City one passes over the Comstock Lode which disgorged three hundred and fifty million dollars in silver, to say nothing of very rich gold-bearing ore. Here one finds Virginia City, Gold Hill and Silver City, fabulous names of the seventies, now

phantom hill towns with a few barrooms, stores and of course "clubs," since this is Nevada.

The silver legend has been so elaborated in a few decades that it is difficult to sift the truth from the fiction. It seems, at any rate, that a young Scotch woman named Eilley Orrum ran a boardinghouse for California gold hunters at Gold Gulch, Nevada. Among her rough boarders were two brothers named Hosea and Ethan Allen Grosh, a man named Old Virginia Fenimore and another named Pancake Comstock. Eilley was known as the Washoe Seeress and made a great business of gazing at her crystal ball and then telling the miners where to look for strikes. Legend insists that she directed the Grosh brothers to Mount Davidson and that following her counsel they first uncovered the "blue stuff" which was to make a new generation of San Francisco millionaires. Both brothers died of infections before making known their find and six years elapsed before Pancake Comstock, having possibly come across a treasure chest of the late Hosea and Ethan Allen containing charts, rediscovered the lode which came to bear his name. Virginia City, named for Eilley's boarder, Old Virginia Fenimore, sprang up overnight just above the lode, and tunnels totaling two hundred and fifty miles in length now honeycomb the ghostly hill beneath it. Nevadans claim that their state, admitted to the Union in 1864, gave the deciding vote that passed the thirteenth amendment prohibiting slavery and that the silver bullion of Nevada restored United States credit after the inflationary period following the Civil War. The silver hill is, at any rate, quite as important historically as it is picturesque, which is saying much. Old Pancake was a humble instrument in the hands of fate as was James Marshall on the other side of the Sierras.

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MARVELS IN THE
MOUNTAINS



CHAPTER XXVI

THE EYE OF PALOMAR

THE fourth decade of the twentieth century has seen no bolder project and certainly no more exciting one, than that of the two-hundred-inch telescope being built for erection on the top of Mount Palomar in San Diego County under the auspices of "Caltech," which is everybody's name for the California Institute of Technology, located in Pasadena. Its cost, an estimated six million dollars, supported by the Rockefeller Foundation, is not tremendous compared with such ventures as Boulder Dam or the San Francisco bridges but its possibilities are limitless. I talked with the supervising engineer and asked him many eager and elementary questions such as any layman would ask ("Will this prove whether there is life on Mars or other planets? Will it establish the limits of the universe? Will it determine whether or not the universe is expanding?") but he answered with a studied moderation which was the very opposite of boasting. One would gather from listening to his level and unemotional answers that nothing in particular might result from this immense undertaking, but of course such caution is psychologically necessary. So breathlessly has the world, and especially the American world, been watching each step in the advancement of this attack on space that all those connected with it wish to counteract extravagant hopes. The same gentleman who put the brakes on my too hopeful questioning, Captain C. S. McDowell, has stated in

print that the telescope will undoubtedly reveal new facts beyond our present knowledge. More specifically he has explained that it will push out the astronomical horizon, giving over to study a volume of space about eight times that so far studied; enable astronomers to make large-scale spectra of the brighter stars and learn more about their atmospheres; and bring our own solar system, the planets and asteroids, much more within our ken. What the telescope *may* mean is a speculative theme so vast that it must tempt the scientist to lay aside his caution. It definitely does tempt the lay mind to wander into all sorts of fantastic by-paths. Suppose, for instance, we learn, or even strongly suspect, that somebody on Mars has also erected a gigantic telescope with which to look at us, that he is frantically signaling by some apparatus so huge that the eye of Palomar can detect it, that he . . . that . . .

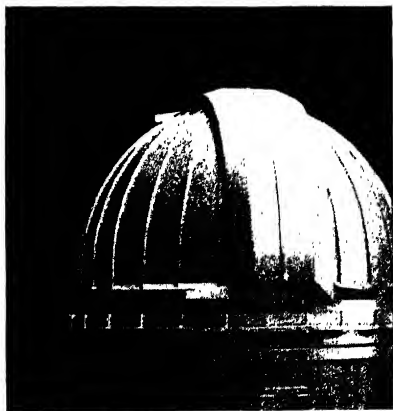
One envies the astronomers who will first have the thrill of gazing through this telescope. They will "ride the tube" as they have long desired to do. The observer will mount to a lofty platform which rides on the shutter arches of the enormous dome and there go *inside* the telescope itself, entering a chamber and seating himself in a comfortable chair to use at his ease the prime focus directly from the giant mirror below. This saves light and frees the image from the distortions which may be caused by the ordinary diagonal mirror. As in other telescopes of the so-called equatorial type the tube of this one is designed to rotate about two axes. This makes it possible to fix the instrument upon any given star, set it, and then drive the whole mounting by a sidereal clock so that the telescope automatically follows the star. Other observatories have, of course, the same feature, but riding the tube on high, while the observer gazes down directly at the great mirror, will be something new under the sun.



Ayre

THE EYE OF PALOMAR

It required over a year to anneal the melted glass for the disk to be used in the largest telescope in the world on Mt. Palomar. The disk is approximately seventeen feet in diameter and weighs almost twenty tons. On the right is a model of the completed observatory.





PANORAMA OF YOSEMITE

The entrance to Wawona Tunnel frames a sweeping view of Yosemite Valley, with Cathedral Rocks and Bridal Veil Falls on the right, Half Dome in the center and El Capitan, rising 3604 feet in a sheer precipice from the valley floor, on the left.

The carrying of the giant mirror from Corning, New York, to Caltech's optical shop in Pasadena was a romance in transportation and the whole country seemed to breathe easier when the trip was safely accomplished. The long period of grinding it then commenced, and what a tedious and unromantic task it is, as compared with the gallant and conspicuous business of bringing it across the continent. Specifications called for its shaping to within a millionth of an inch of absolute accuracy over its entire surface. This meant at least four years of patient concentration, removing some four tons of glass from the huge mass and not permitting one irreparable slip. I watched the whirling grinders one afternoon from a glass-curtained balcony at the far end of a great hall and marveled at the exceeding delicacy of the work on a subject so colossal. No wonder the public must gaze with awe from a distance if eventual success or failure is to be measured by the millionth of an inch. The ordinary mind cannot grasp such a measurement any more than it can grasp the astronomer's measurement of star distances in light-years.

If nothing delays the Caltech program the mammoth mirror will leave Pasadena some time in 1940 and will inch ponderously up the new road provided by San Diego County to the summit of Mount Palomar, at an elevation of six thousand one hundred and twenty-five feet. There will be several other smaller mirrors, including one of one hundred and twenty inches, which is itself larger than any other mirror in the world. (The reflector on Mount Wilson measures one hundred inches.)

The entire telescope is estimated to weigh about a million pounds. It will gather six hundred thousand times as much light as the human eye. It will magnify the bodies in our solar system ten thousand times. All of these big figures bring the

average of us, and even the trained few who understand their significance, back to the original thought that the eye of Palomar *may* reveal to inquisitive earthlings some astonishing news of our neighbors in the solar system and of the unfathomable universe of which we are so humble a part.

CHAPTER XXVII

CRESCENDO TO YOSEMITE

A CRESCENDO should not, in strict fairness to itself, start with a fortissimo passage from the brass section of the orchestra, abetted by cymbals and tympani, but my excuse for opening the Crescendo to Yosemite with a brief uproar about Boulder Dam and its effect on southern California is that one cannot quite ignore such a giant undertaking of man even in a discussion of nature's marvels. Boulder Dam seems to belong between magazine covers rather than book covers, but it will hardly be out of place to mention here the vital changes which it is already beginning to make in southern California.

Water for a thirsty land has been this region's cry ever since 1771, when Carlos III of Spain by royal decree gave to the newly founded pueblo of Los Angeles perpetual rights to the water of the Los Angeles River. Boulder Dam is designed to answer this cry at last in a way that is as nearly permanent as any such answer can be. It stores sufficient water for the domestic needs of ten million new Californians and makes possible the irrigation of two million acres of hitherto uncultivated land. Beside this it furnishes cheap electric power and light on a scale never before matched, its capacity being much more than the combined capacity of the next three competitors in this country (Niagara, Conowingo, Muscle Shoals).

The Boulder Canyon Project itself is a reclamation and flood-control project of the federal government, the power-transmis-

sion system is an undertaking of Los Angeles City, and the Colorado River Aqueduct is a child of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, comprising, at the start, thirteen cities. Electricity is to bear the burden of repaying the one hundred and sixty-five million dollar cost of the whole development and it is estimated that fifty years will be sufficient to achieve this.

The scope of Boulder Dam and the lake formed by it can only be appreciated by a flight over it, which fortunately can be made on the regular route of the Lindbergh Line (T.W.A.) between Los Angeles and Albuquerque. This view of it is photographed indelibly on my own mind as one of the supersights of the air. In serpentine outline, with a few wider portions where the serpent seems to have swallowed something too large for it, the sapphire lake wriggles between the barren hills of Arizona and Nevada. It is, when full, one hundred and fifteen miles long, with a coast line of five hundred and fifty miles, being almost eight times as large as the next largest artificial body of water (Gatun Lake) in the world. Its capacity is *ten trillion gallons*, which is enough to give every man, woman and child on earth five thousand gallons, or every citizen of the United States eighty thousand. The area of the lake, two hundred and twenty-seven square miles, is substantially greater than that of Lake Tahoe. The dam itself dwarfs all others. It would dwarf the pyramid of Cheops. With a base thickness of six hundred and fifty feet and a top thickness of forty-five feet at the height of an eighty-story building, it carries a wide roadway, uniting Nevada and Arizona, which is said quite obviously to be the most expensive quarter-mile of roadway ever built. The cement in the dam, not counting the powerhouse and appurtenant works, weighs fourteen billion pounds. The total cement, if poured into a mold one hundred feet

square would rise in air two and a quarter miles. It is over three times as much in cubic content—and this is the Very Big Bertha of my figures—as all the cement used in the construction of both San Francisco bridges.

Southern California, the beneficiary of the harnessing and domesticating of the Colorado River, terminates with some finality at a curtain of mountains centered by the Tehachapi Range only fifty miles north of Los Angeles. North of this curtain nature grows strangely temperamental. She sinks to her lowest point of depression in the United States (310 feet below sea level) in Death Valley and only ninety miles away rises to her highest point of exaltation (14,496 feet) on Mount Whitney. She supports in several groves the *Sequoia gigantea*, the famous "big trees," including—as one would assume—the largest individual tree in the whole world. Feeling that she must justify such temperament by extraordinary beauty, nature goes in for the most spectacular floral effects in Kern County and the most gorgeous scenery in the Yosemite climax.

Kern County, centered by Bakersfield, is the kingdom of oil, and this "black gold," whose winning by man requires thousands upon thousands of ugly derricks, does not enhance the landscape. Nature accordingly compensates the county, though surely she cannot be blamed for the ugliness, by providing the richest tapestry of flower fields to be found anywhere in California, which is another way of saying anywhere in the world. Our planet is said by the botanist Charles Bessey to produce twenty-eight separate and distinct orders of wild flowers in all. Twenty-six of these, in about one thousand varieties, are represented in Kern County. The golden poppy is king and the blue lupine queen, at least in the merry month of March. Their colors, symbols of California, lie in blankets stretching mile after mile. Sometimes the gold predominates,

sometimes the blue. Often they combine in about equal volume to form a curious blazing purple no more to be described than the *Alpenglühn* on Bernese Alps. It seems to prove, by the laws of the spectrum, that the golden poppy, monarch of Pacific flowers, is nearer red than yellow though it does not look so until united with its deep blue queen, the lupine.

Death Valley, commonly called the hottest place in the world although it is thirty-six degrees from the equator, is the exact antithesis of the brilliant meadows of Kern County. It won its name in the most obvious way by proving a hellish deathtrap to several parties of Forty-Niners. A quarter of a century later F. M. Smith brought this torrid sink of horror to the nation's notice by the discovery of rich deposits of borax, and the Pacific Borax Company made it romantic by the development (and advertising) of the twenty-mule-team method of transporting the product from the valley to civilization. The wagons, holding half a carload each, were drawn by a string of eighteen mules, two abreast, and two horses, all guided by one "jerk" line a hundred and twenty-five feet long. Laboriously this primitive wagon wended its creaking way a hundred and sixty miles with only three or four saving water holes to tide its animals and drivers over the perilous journey. The ground was a mere crust over oozing mud in many places though a salt field a thousand feet in depth had also to be crossed. Needless to say Death Valley, like all other deserts in California, has succumbed to civilization. The entire area is now a national monument. The borax is removed from the valley by train, and the traveler, instead of courting a cruel death, seeks one of the luxurious desert inns that have sprung up.

Near to this desert as the eagle flies, but far as the motor drives, situated on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, are

the big trees of California, or *Sequoia gigantea*. They are the oldest and largest living things on earth, rivaled but not equaled in these respects by their cousins of the *Sequoia sempervirens* belt running parallel to the northern coast of California. There are some forty groves of big trees high in the Sierras at an altitude of five to eight thousand feet, the best known being those of the Sequoia National Park, the General Grant National Park and the Mariposa Grove within the southern boundary of the Yosemite Park.

Persons who have never visited California are quite naturally confused about the state's big trees and its redwoods. It is indeed a downright misfortune that the nomenclature of California's forest giants should be so confusing and inadequate. Non-Californians think of both branches of the sequoia as redwoods, and Californians themselves sometimes designate true redwoods as big trees. The Big Tree Grove just north of Santa Cruz is a case in point, for its magnificent specimens are of course redwoods and could be nothing else. Big trees fill their lungs with mountain air and seldom descend below the five-thousand-foot altitude while redwoods drink in rich draughts of Pacific fog and are not happy if removed far from the coast. Both branches of this supertree are sequoias but this is not, as the tenderfoot assumes, a scientific equivalent of redwood. It is the Latinized form of Sequoyah, who was a Cherokee Indian chief of great distinction, credited with having given his tribe an alphabet and a written language.

The *Sequoia sempervirens*, or true redwood of the coast belt, is slightly the taller of the two cousins, while the *Sequoia gigantea*, or big tree, is the stouter and the greater in bulk, and likewise tends to live longer. The redwood sends forth its evergreen growth in flat sprays culminating just under the sky in a spire like a spruce, while the big tree's foliage is

bunched in hanging plumes and the lofty crown is rounded like an inverted bowl. The redwood is clannish, grows rapidly in clusters or circles, elbowing lesser fry out of its way, whereas the big tree is an individualist, not much concerned with family or clan life. These differences superimposed upon the basic difference of habitat make distinction between the two cousins very simple. Scientists have worried themselves and wrangled not a little over the correct name of the big tree. It has been called *Washingtonia Californica*, *Sequoia Wellingtonia*, *Sequoia Washingtoniana* before *Sequoia gigantea* became general and big tree popular. The latter is as insipid as any name could possibly be, but at least it is brief and pointed.

The big tree, with which we are solely concerned in the Sierras, was chosen in 1935 by a popular nation-wide vote as America's national tree. Nearly three million ballots were cast, in a poll conducted by the National Life Conservation Society, and the giant of the Sierras won from some sixty competitors. The American elm was a fairly strong second. My own vote would be for the redwood of the coast groves because I like the majestic cathedral effects of its grouping, but for sheer loveliness, regardless of size, I should have to mark my ballot for the Monterey cypress.

The redwood was discovered by Portolá in 1769 and was well known in the early part of the next century, but the *Sequoia gigantea* managed to hide its vast bulk from man's gaze, incredible as this seems, until three years after the gold rush of '49. General John Bidwell had apparently seen some specimens in 1841 and reported the discovery to Frémont but that busy gentleman gave Bidwell's story no credence or interest. An apparently authentic signature and date carved in the bark of a now fallen giant named "Hercules" in the North Grove of Calaveras, namely "J. M. Wooster, June 2,

1850," seems to establish this obscure person as the second white man to find a big tree, but it was left for a hunter named "Old Dowd" to convince the world in 1852 that such trees really existed. He found this same North Grove of Calaveras only a few miles up the Stanislaus River from Murphy's (of Bret Harte and Murieta fame) but when he reported it to his companions they merely laughed at him. The Mother Lode region was full of tall stories and they were not to be beguiled into looking at Dowd's phantoms. Dowd managed, by taking them on a hunting trip and luring them imperceptibly up the Stanislaus, to bring them into the presence of trees which literally humbled them and made their caustic raillery seem what it was, the stupid chatter of very little men. Some of these trees were about three hundred feet high with trunks nearly twenty-five feet in diameter. The truth then spread faster than any fiction could have spread and California knew that it possessed another biggest-in-the-world.

The largest individual tree in total bulk is the "General Sherman" in Sequoia National Park. Although a mere two hundred and seventy-two feet in height its circumference just above the ground is eighty-eight feet, its diameter thirty-seven feet four inches. At the top of the base flare, thirty feet from the ground its trunk is eighteen feet five inches in diameter. Its first large limb is six feet eight inches in diameter at a point one hundred and thirty feet from the ground. This is roughly the height of a fourteen-story building. It is so high above the eye that it does not betray its huge size but if one measures off six feet eight inches on the ground one realizes that General Sherman is gesturing to the heavens with branches that are twice as thick as the trunk of a large oak. Lumbermen estimate that the entire tree with its branches contains about one million feet of lumber, board measure, which is the equivalent

of forty acres of production in good average timber land. The *Queen Mary*, the *Normandie* or the Empire State Building could be nicely crated by the lumber of this one tree, and the General Sherman, while the mightiest thing that lives, is by no means alone in its grandeur. Many of its neighbors rival it in size.

The age of the big trees is even more stimulating to the imagination than their size. In the building of the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park is a cross section of a *Sequoia gigantea* with its concentric rings neatly marked by thumbtacks and ticketed with dates. This particular tree is supposed to date from A.D. 207, but that is not impressively old. The same museum mentions the oldest known sequoia as one which was cut down at the ripe age of three thousand two hundred and ten years in 1892 in the Converse Basin just north of the present Sequoia National Park. If this tree were cross-sectioned instead of existing somewhere as lumber it would date from the year 1318 B.C. Rameses II, or perhaps his father, Seti I, was then ruling beside the Nile. When the tree was eight hundred and twenty-eight years old a distance runner staggered into Athens to report that Miltiades had defeated the Persians at Marathon. When it was one thousand two hundred and seventy-four Julius Caesar was daggered to an untimely death by envious Roman senators. At the mellow age of two thousand eight hundred and ten this sequoia might have heard with mild interest that an explorer named Columbus had sailed across the ocean to this virgin hemisphere. When celebrating its three thousand and eighty-seventh anniversary it must surely have heard telepathic whisperings to the effect that a good Franciscan padre named Junípero Serra was establishing missions in its own part of the earth. The stillness of the primeval forests was

vaguely threatened and the threat became appalling eighty years later with the arrival of the gold-crazed Forty-Niners.

The forest of which this particular tree was a member met its doom at the hands of ruthless lumbering interests and only that very small grove of very large giants called the General Grant National Park now remains to bear witness to what might have been. "Save the giants" became California's slogan just in time and there is now no danger of extermination as there are a great many protected areas both of big trees and redwoods.

The age of the Sierra giants has been much debated as the method of computing it by year rings is open to doubt. Many scientists believe that these trees have sometimes formed more than one ring in a single year. Few of the most determined debunkers, however, have suggested less than twenty-five hundred years as a safe age limit for many of the oldsters in many a grove in the mountains (coast redwoods do not quite match their mountain cousins in longevity) and this limit would carry them back to an era before the Periclean age.

Big trees are as nearly indestructible as any growing thing can be. The bark is a foot to eighteen inches thick. The wood, containing almost no resin, ignites with difficulty and burns slowly. Insects and fungous growths avoid it. Their combined ravages bother a sequoia less than a few gnats bother a healthy human being. I have been told that it is possible to ring a sequoia or cut out its heart without causing serious danger to its life. Lightning is its worst enemy and some scientists aver that barring this one foe, whose blows are persistent rather than deadly, it is quite conceivable that big trees would attain a height of *six hundred feet*. "No ordinary bolt," wrote the naturalist John Muir, "ever seriously hurts Sequoia. In all my walks I have seen only one thus killed outright. . . . The Se-

quoia, instead of being split or shivered, usually has forty or fifty feet of its brash knotty top smashed off in short chunks about the size of cordwood, the beautiful rosy red ruin covering the ground in a circle a hundred feet wide or more. . . . It is a curious fact that *all* very old Sequoias have lost their heads by lightning. Of all living things it is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck."

The General Sherman, already mentioned as the largest living tree in the Sierras (which means in the world), is also claimed to be the oldest, but the "Grizzly Giant" in the Mariposa Grove disputes the latter claim. The Mariposa Grove, with six hundred sequoias of the hugest size, boasts several other sylvan celebrities, including the "Faithful Couple," the "Telescope," essentially unhurt though its heart was once burned out from the ground to top, the "Fallen Monarch," along whose prostrate trunk six-horse coaches were formerly driven, and the "Wawona Tree," through which the road passes. For well over half a century this strange living tunnel has been widely publicized as the curiosity that it is. "Ralston the Magnificent" had the tunnel cut in 1880 and first drove a four-in-hand through it—a typical flamboyant Ralstonism. Since then countless thousands of persons have driven horses or motor cars through it and all but a very few have stopped to photograph it. We are told that if a tunnel were similarly bored through the "Grizzly Giant" three automobiles could drive abreast through the aperture and the tree would safely straddle the road and remain sound of life and limb, though perhaps shaking its grizzled head in protest at such goings on way down below.

The central valley of the Yosemite is the grand crashing climax of the scenic crescendo from the south. "*Golly, what a gully!*" is said to have been Theodore Roosevelt's explosive

comment when he first surveyed this stupendous chasm from Inspiration Point. There is really little more to be said, though we are all driven as by a demon to try to describe it. Many people, and I am one of them, feel that the Yosemite Valley, with its towering cliffs and its cascades from the very sky, surpasses in sheer grandeur even the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It has also the advantage of a verdant, well-forested valley floor. The rock face of El Capitan as seen from this floor makes Gibraltar as seen from the neutral ground a mere fragment of majesty. The Cathedral Spires, much like those of St. Gatien in Tours, make the greatest spires ever begotten of the golden era of faith seem paltry and meaningless. The battery of incredibly lofty falls, headed by the mighty Yosemite itself, which plunges almost half a mile in three leaps, utterly dwarfs the falls of the Cirque de Gavarnie, pride of the Pyrenees. The array of stupendous domes and half domes surpasses in spectacular effect the Dolomite peaks. I may perhaps sound like a cross between a "boastful American" and a tourist leaflet but it is my considered opinion as a traveler that no bag of wonders poured out by lavish nature upon the Old World can compare with the composite miracle of the Yosemite. Merök in Norway and Chamonix in the Savoy Alps could make out a good case but all in all they must bow, I think, to this valley.

To clinch the decision the valley floor of Yosemite is a Deep Grassy Valley, which is the meaning of Ahwahnee, a name that graces the luxurious inn there located. The grass is very fine and from it soar splendid trees of many varieties, sugar pines and yellow pines, black oaks and golden-cup oaks, cedars and noble Douglas firs. The hotel itself, one of the finest in California, carries out the sylvan theme, the portecochere being solidly carpeted with pine needles, and the din-

ing room beautified by pillars of sugar pine peeled and stained. The cascade concerto from falls that leap like athletes, tumble like clowns, flutter like nervous maidens or merely slither down the half-mile rock faces, fills the Ahwahnee air day and night, especially in the melting month of May, and several of the falls seem to be visible from almost any window.

Personal explorations in Yosemite are limited only by personal strength. To some the romantic spots like the Happy Isles in the Merced River or the rock curiosities like the gigantic nursing bottle, with its forty-foot stone nipple, are supremely worth hunting up. Others search for bruins to feed, not unduly frightened by the significant warnings, "Do not feed the bears from your hand but we have a hospital for those who do." Still others are chiefly concerned with the winter sports which are in charge of a famous Austrian ski champion from Kitzbühel. A mechanical "up-ski" drags the sport seekers and their implements of sport to the crest of the hill above the cabin at Badger's Pass and Father Gravity carries them down—a mile a minute. The winter season at this lofty altitude lasts far into the spring.

Almost every visitor to Yosemite finds himself at one time or another on the ledge called Inspiration Point. On that rocky point two thousand feet above the Deep Grassy Valley he is likely to exclaim, as did the first Roosevelt, "Golly, what a gully!"

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CHAPTER XXVIII

WHERE LASSEN VIES WITH SHASTA

SIX counties in northern California have combined with three in southern Oregon to form a travel unit publicized as the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland. Since a name, like an airplane, can carry only a limited amount of luggage without being overloaded the thrilling name of Lassen is omitted from the compound title of this region, but it is nevertheless one of the great names of scenic California. A "durable Dane," as Aubrey Drury calls him, bore this name in the forties of the last century, tough-fibered Peter Lassen, who served as guide to John Charles Frémont and then devoted his rugged talents to a vain attempt to find an easy "northeast passage" into California. He was murdered by hostile Indians in 1859 but his name settled firmly upon the only active volcano in the United States, then upon a county of California, and finally (1916) upon the newly created Lassen National Park. In this park scientists find an infinite variety of volcanic phenomena worthy of their study and laymen find numberless marvels to write home about. These include not only Mount Lassen itself, whose temper exploded in a violent way in 1915, but Cinder Cone, which blew off in 1850, and numerous extinct cones like Crater Mountain, Brokeoff Mountain and Black Butte. They include the weird lava formations of Chaos Crags and Chaos Jumbles, the boiling pools of Bumpas Hell, the dunes of many-colored volcanic scoria with gorgeous peacock

blues predominating, the lavish assortment of mud volcanoes, fumaroles, solfataras and underground lava tubes, and, perhaps the strangest of all, an area which was utterly devastated in 1915 by a hot blast that escaped *horizontally* from the side of Mount Lassen. The mountain suddenly opened one day in May and belched fire in a series of blasts so violent that the flame throwers of modern warfare are mere nursery toys by comparison. A deep blanket of snow lay on the mountain's flank but this was instantly converted into boiling water which poured down the steep slope toward Lost Creek and Hat Creek on the northeast, cutting a path of destruction that varied in width from a few hundred yards to a mile. Nothing could stand before it. Large trees were snapped off like sticks of punk or torn up by the roots. Huge boulders cascaded down as if in fright. For a length of ten miles the countryside was scoured cruelly and for twenty miles the "boiling snow" was warm to the touch. The scars remain permanently but nature has set to work in her own inimitable way to conceal and beautify them. Streams which were such monsters of destruction in 1915 are now singing brooklets fringed with golden willows so demure and delicate that they seem to deny the mountain's evil past. Lassen is quietly dying and some scientists think that the convulsions of 1914-17 were the last gasps of the ten-thousand-foot giant. He is thought to be about twenty-five million years old and prior to 1914 had not ventured any senile mutterings for two hundred years.

The region round about Lassen and far enough from it to have escaped its tantrums is one of sylvan charm and very abundant water. The latter asset is in itself something of a marvel in California, whose cry, since colonial times, has been for water and more water. It is locally claimed that seventy-eight per cent of all the water in the state originates within

fifteen miles of the Pit River which flows from east to west midway between Mount Lassen and Mount Shasta. Burney Falls, in a recently created state park, is a miniature Niagara yet most of its water wells up from the ground within a mile above the falls, keeping the flow constant at all seasons. Its hundred-and-sixty-five-foot plunge is a beautiful sight, to which speculation as to the water's source adds mystery and romance. It is asserted that fifty times as much water gushes from the saturated ground all through this region as could possibly seep in from rain and melted snow. Whence comes this mighty surge? From Crater Lake in distant Oregon, some insist, and possibly this is not so absurd as it sounds, for there also exist in the vicinity of Havana enormous springs of pure water which could not possibly originate on the island of Cuba even in the rainiest season ever known. Some scientists believe that Cuba's miraculous water supply comes underground and undersea all the way from Mexico. Compared with such a theory the Oregon source of the myriad wells of Pit River Valley seems easy to believe.

The people of California have voted to conserve the Pit River waters and those of the McCloud and the upper Sacramento in an immense central valley lake to be called Kennett Reservoir and to be held in check by a dam in the Sacramento Canyon just below the present town of Kennett. This will involve the drowning of Kennett itself as well as a long stretch of the Southern Pacific tracks and some parts of the important motor highway 99 to Oregon. It will be another Boulder Dam project on a lesser scale and should bring enormous benefits to central and northern California. What is a submerged town or two with a few miles of drowned transportation compared to that supreme blessing, water?

From a point on the lofty Redding-Alturas road the most

valuable timber stand on the Pacific coast is visible. The eye can gaze down upon two billion feet of fine virgin timber, and the trees which make up this impressive stand are well worth closer acquaintance. Of them all I like the straight tall sugar pines best. They are not colossal like the big trees or the redwoods but they are strong, interesting and regal. The sugar pine alone of all trees refines its own sugar. From a scar the sap leaks down and is rapidly crystallized so that it may be picked off and eaten with genuine relish, as I know from experience. If the scar is old the sugar has a slightly gummy taste that detracts from one's pleasure in it but sugar from a fresh cut is not gummy, but a real delight to the sweet tooth.

The city of Redding serves as the headquarters and point of departure for the Shasta-Cascade country and is a hub of many an interesting spoke. That leading west to Weaverville is called the Trinity Highway and takes the motorist through a ghost country of gold mining towns which would rival in a small way the Mother Lode itself if only it had had its Bret Harte to carry its romantic message to the world. The town of Old Shasta, six miles along this highway, dates from '49 and was once the county seat of Shasta County. Today it is a phantom town not unlike a little Columbia, its brave brick buildings, built to resist marauders both red and white, standing gaunt and pathetic amid its cobwebbed memories. Whiskeytown, French Gulch, Deadwood and many other little placer towns of the neighborhood are closely reminiscent, both in name and appearance, of the towns on the Bret Harte trail. A tablet in Horsetown, Shasta County, proclaims that the pioneer Major Pierson B. Reading (for whom the city of Redding was named until a Central Pacific official named Redding was flattered by the change in spelling) first discovered gold in that place in 1847. Major Reading's daughter has confirmed

this date from her store of memories, but Isaac Cox, writing the annals of Trinity County in 1858 gave the date of Reading's discovery as the spring of 1848 and the place as Reading's Bar where a small creek empties into the Trinity River. If the memory of Major Reading's daughter is correct this Siskiyou trapper anticipated Marshall's find at Coloma by some eight months. If the annals, written a decade later, are correct, Major Reading was about three months behind Marshall. It matters not greatly as Marshall was certainly not the first man to find gold in California. Fate merely chanced to dramatize the first gold flake of Coloma and rather neglected the rich strike in Trinity River, but Trinity found the metal quite as much to its liking as did the more celebrated regions to the south. Almost a quarter of a billion dollars' worth has been mined from Trinity County, and the La Grange Mining Company has joined California's biggest-in-the-world club by operating the largest hydraulic gold mine—in the world.

Weaverville, center of this activity, has recently staged a comeback as remarkable as that of Grass Valley. In its high days it boasted two thousand white inhabitants, in addition to five or six hundred Chinese. It went the way of all gold towns and was for half a century a ghost of itself with only a few die-hard families to keep up the semblance of a town. When gold mounted in price to thirty-five dollars an ounce, it sprang back into life and now claims at least fifteen hundred inhabitants. Some of its streets look as comfortable and sure of themselves as the streets of a New England town with three centuries of background.

The Trinity River has its sources on Mount Eddy, which is neighbor-across-the-way to Mount Shasta, California's handsomest white-headed patriarch. Although some three hundred feet less lofty than Mount Whitney, Shasta is the unquestioned

monarch of the Pacific. It rises in conical form to a height of over fourteen thousand feet from a plain whose altitude is only four thousand feet, whereas Mount Whitney starts its individual climb to the skies from a surrounding altitude of eleven thousand feet. I must be pardoned for a rather special vigor in championing Mount Shasta for I was, so to speak, brought up on it—in Massachusetts. An enormous framed picture of the noble peak filled practically one whole wall of our dining room and from earliest boyhood I looked upon Shasta as a mountain apart from the herd, one whose beauty was something for Fujiyama to shoot at, whose majesty was something to worry Mont Blanc. My first glimpse of its snowy cone, many years later, was from a point on the highroad in Oregon not far south of Medford and the actuality did not fail to measure up to my earlier visions of it. It towered gloriously from the plain, "lone as God, white as a winter's moon," to quote Joaquin Miller, who was one of the early pioneers to climb it.

The southern approach, from Redding, brings one through the country of Joaquin Miller's youth—and what a youth! Christened under the thumping moniker Cincinnatus Hines Miller the child who was one day to be the "poet of the Sierras" attended school in Eugene, Oregon, but ran away in 1854, fearing punishment for having accidentally broken a cow's leg by throwing a stone with bad aim. The boy turned up eventually in the region of Dunsmuir, south of Shasta City, and was locally known as Mountain Joe's boy because he was harbored by a rough mountaineer in his cabin on the side of Castle Crags. While here he became involved in an extremely picturesque battle between an army of twenty-nine whites, aided by some Shasta Indians, and a band of hostile Modocs who had their stronghold high up among the crags. The

Modocs used their primitive bows and arrows, this being perhaps the last battle in history in which such weapons were ever used, and as bad luck would have it young "Nat" Miller was struck by an arrow. He lingered for weeks between life and death but recovered and later described the battle in vivid verse. As a youth he married—by Indian ceremony—a pretty Indian girl and begat two half-breed children, but later, perhaps remembering the runaway technique of his boyhood, deserted them and was subsequently married to an Oregon poetess.

At Dunsmuir I once fell, by sheerest chance, into a Lions' Club weekly dinner and the cordial roaring of the Lions was enough to "do any man's heart good to hear." I learned a great deal of exciting local lore, for the gash in the hills where Dunsmuir nestles has long been an artery of travel between Oregon and the Sacramento Valley. Near their town, one of the Lions said, a number of immigrant wagons of Frémont's expedition became hopelessly bogged. For seventy years they remained there, to be finally salvaged during the World War and sold as junk. Another Lion told me of the mysterious race of Lemurians supposed to be dwelling in some remote fastness at the base of Mount Shasta and still another mentioned that his mother had christened the Dolly Varden trout, though he had to admit that the name savors of flattery since the Dolly Vardens are cannibals which eat their smaller cousins, the Rainbows. Perhaps the name was bestowed in propitiation just as the ancient Greeks named their Furies the Eumenides.

The subject of trout is an important one in the Shasta region for here in Mount Shasta City is, as you have already assumed, the largest trout hatchery in the world. It is, in fact, not merely large but of rather surprising interest. Man has here succeeded in beating nature at her own game. The trout breeder, with

a skillful technique that seems ruthless but is merciful, strips the eggs from the lady trout, then takes the gentleman trout from his tank, prods him firmly and thus squirts the milt with trained precision directly over the eggs. The process requires less than a minute and fertilization averages ninety per cent, which is far better than nature can do in the spawning grounds. Neither male nor female fish is in any way hurt if the operator knows his work.

Many eastern brook trout are raised in the Shasta tanks, their forebears being imported largely from a hatchery at Sandwich on Cape Cod. Idaho trout are raised from Idaho stock and Mackinaw trout from Lake Michigan stock. Many Loch Leven trout are also to be seen, whose grandparents swam in the loch that Mary Stuart knew too well. Some fifteen million ichthyan infants of the tribe of trout are hatched in Mount Shasta City annually (not to mention vast numbers of salmon), and the size of the babies may be judged from the fact that it takes one hundred and eighty-five little rainbows to balance the scales at one ounce. Some of the adults, however, weigh several pounds apiece and a few are allowed to live here in their native tanks to the ripe old age of twelve or fifteen years, which is approximately nature's limit. In one of the tanks the unfortunate freaks of the hatchery are assembled, such as albinos with pink eyes, two-headed trout and so on. I was shown a pair of Siamese twins whose weight totaled eight pounds somberly patrolling the waters of the freak tank side by side, each the mysterious shadow of the other.

Mount Shasta, as well as the city of that name, and Shasta Springs are curiously enough not in Shasta County at all but in Siskiyou County, which takes its name possibly from the Six Rocks (Six Cailloux) which a pioneer French Canadian guide used as a ford to cross the Umpqua River. No county,

however, is big enough to monopolize this mountain, which can be seen from many counties round about, including one or two in Oregon. Its name is sometimes said to be derived from the Russian word *Tschasta*, meaning chaste, but however desirable and romantic this might be in tribute to its eternal mantle of pure white, it is incorrect, for the Indians bestowed the name upon it, and Peter Ogden, the Hudson's Bay trapper who first discovered it in 1826, merely borrowed the name already in use.

There is an awesome air of mystery about Shasta with which few mountains seem able to clothe themselves, and this accounts, perhaps, for the absurd stories which are circulated, and often believed, about the strange village of Lemurians in a glen at the mountain's base. The Lemurians are supposed to be descendants of that race which inhabited a prehistoric continent long since vanished beneath the waters of the Pacific. Individuals and groups are always hunting for this village and in the fall of 1930 a band of Rosicrucians came from Santa Cruz and spent some time in an organized search. One Frater Selvius wrote a long article about it in the *Rosicrucian Digest* of May, 1931, but stated that his pen was cramped because the really vital facts were being reserved for book publication later. The article, however, told a sufficiently tall story to satisfy most readers. It discoursed at length on "the strangest mystical village in the Western Hemisphere," where "the last descendants of the ancient Lemurians, the first inhabitants of this earth, find seclusion, protection and peace. . . . Various members of the community . . . in pure white, gray-haired, barefoot and very tall have been seen on the highways and in the streets of the villages near Shasta. . . . Many testify to having seen the strange boat, or boats, which sail the Pacific Ocean, and then rise at its shores and sail

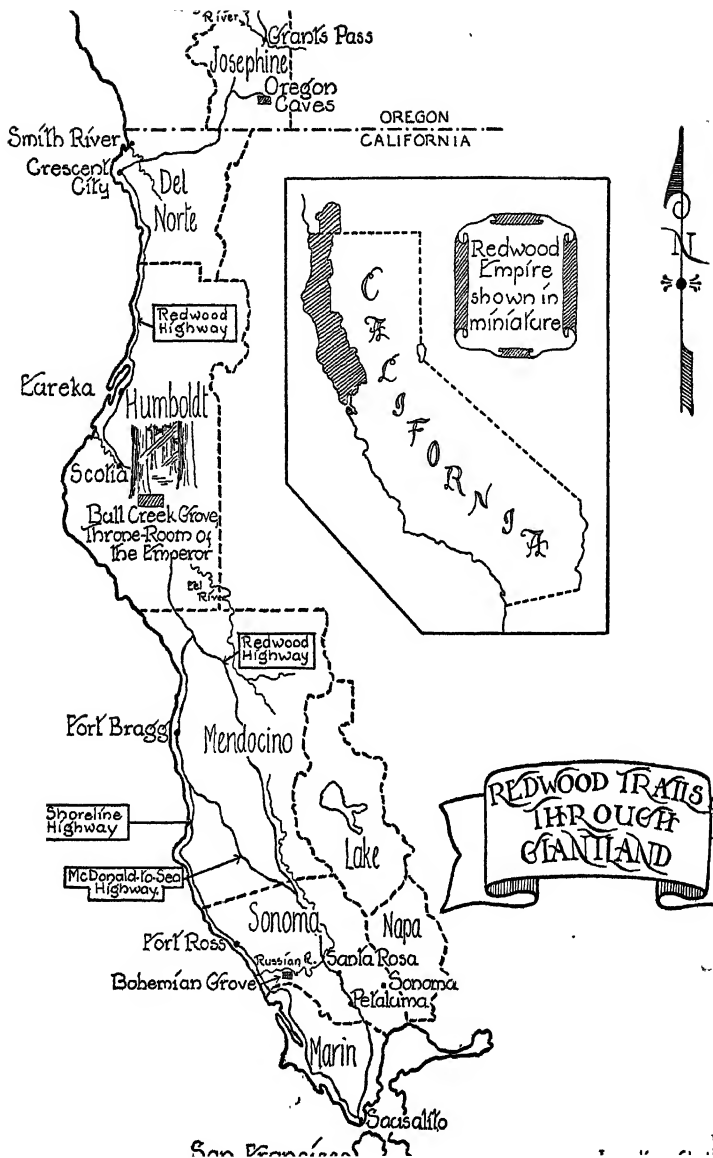
through the air to drop again in the vicinity of Shasta. . . . This boat . . . has neither sails nor smokestacks."

A representative of the Lemurian village, we are told, once undertook an ambassadorial visit to San Francisco. "His visit was heralded by many strange methods and he was met by a committee at the Ferry Building and ushered up Market Street to the mayor's office where the key to the city was given to him in typical San Francisco style. . . . Never has San Francisco seen such a being of nobility, humility, and majestic bearing in one expression."

There is much more, but two thoughts occur to the average reader of this article: first, that no people on earth enjoy a good frolic, including a parade, more than do the San Franciscans; and second, that Mount Shasta, being lost in lofty contemplation, is likely to give little heed to the racial affiliations of those curious little creatures called men who make their home at its base.

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REDWOOD TRAILS THROUGH
GIANTLAND



CHAPTER XXIX

THE REDWOOD EMPEROR'S DOMAIN

IT TAKES something rather special to make the goose bumps leap out from an inner excitement to the surface of my seasoned hide, for my program of travel has brought me face to face with many wonders of nature and man. It seems not to be a matter of familiarity or travel sophistication, for certain things, some of them hackneyed from long publicity, accomplish this physiological phenomenon repeatedly. The fantastic peaks of Rio de Janeiro will do it any time and every time, as will the Geirangerfjord, the surf on Portugal's beaches, the dim Gothic glory of the interior of Notre Dame de Chartres. In California the Yosemite Valley brings on this prickly sensation and to this I would add the cypresses of Carmel, the prune orchards of Santa Clara seen in March, the lupine and poppy fields of Kern County, the first glimpse of Lake Tahoe approached from the Nevada side, the old books of San Marino, the well-trumpeted miracle of the Golden Gate Bridge and—emphatically—the redwood empire's endless majestic groves of *Sequoia sempervirens*.

Perhaps the latter must take first place, though I shrink from comparisons of things so unlike as trees, bridges, blossoms, scenery and books. I stand in awe of the *sempervirens* groves more than of any other achievement of nature which I know in any part of the world. I am stirred, though I do not quite know why, ten times as much by these gregarious giants

of the coast, feeding on Pacific fogs which the euphemists call sea mists, as by their more individualistic cousins of the high Sierras so lamely named big trees. Each grove of *sempervirens* is like a mighty fane of the Olympians, but to compress such a marvel thus into man's puny vocabulary as a mere "temple of the gods" is to tame it almost beyond recognition. It is more utterly overpowering than the roar of Norway's Vöringfos or our own Niagara. It crushes the senses. One feels pitifully silly and futile pattering about the mossy carpet at the base of these giants. A full-sized modern battle could rage in one of these groves and the trees whispering together up there in the sky would scarcely notice it, though they might be mildly annoyed at the odd little commotion around their ankles and they might feel occasional stings when shells sank fiery fangs in their fibrous red bark.

For about a hundred and fifty miles the groves line the main Redwood Highway between Willits and the Oregon border, and for nearly a hundred miles the effect is almost that of one stupendous aisle. To drive a car through this aisle or the spur aisles of the lesser roads is to heighten the sense of ridiculous contrast and to deepen one's humility. One feels like a gnat driving a beetle. Even the motor coaches, including the huge new Greyhound stages, perhaps the biggest vehicles that roll on pneumatic tires anywhere, are made to seem like nursery toys. If one of them could be strung up by a cable to the first main branch of an average redwood perhaps seventy or eighty feet above the road its proportions would be approximately the same as one of the shiny little vehicles brought by Santa Claus each Christmas to many an American home and dangled from the parlor Christmas tree before the glowing eyes of youngsters.

The seed from which a redwood grows is smaller than a

mustard seed, which makes the scriptural parable a bit tame. If the "grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field . . . became a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof," what of the atom of vegetable life which becomes a three-hundred-and-fifty-foot redwood with trunk perhaps twenty feet in diameter? Many of these identical trees were tall and husky when the parable was first spoken but they were then as now confined to the Pacific belt of northern California, a land unnamed, unknown, undreamed of. In ages long before the great sayer of parables walked the earth the sequoia or its very near coniferous relatives clothed great sections of the globe from Greenland to Mexico, from Spitzbergen to the Mediterranean, as countless fossil finds have proved. The great family of which the California sequoias are the only survivors dominated our planet not thousands but millions of years ago, according to the assertion of some eminent scientists. The prehistoric pterodactyls, dinosaurs, giant sloths and saber-toothed tigers of a hot and humid era were wiped out of existence by changes in the earth's climate, but through some inexplicable freak of chance the trees they knew remained—in California alone. The ice age destroyed most of the sequoia forests of the world and lightning and primitive man then carried on the task of destruction, but miraculously the American Pacific redwoods escaped. They are nature's only *living* proof that the giant age ever existed on the crust of our little sphere.

The restriction of sequoias of both branches to the confines of California seems almost to have been a political deal arranged between Mother Nature and the state's astute officials. The *Sequoia gigantea* of the Sierras would not dare to stray across the boundaries of Nevada nor would the lofty members of the *sempervirens* clan dream of crossing the Oregon line.

These latter do, as a matter of fact, come perilously close to disobeying the unwritten law. They stray up to the very line and look over, but *they do not cross*. One of the most impressive groves of all is located on the banks of the Smith River within ten miles of Oregon, but that grove is the last northern sentinel. I have not heard the most ardent Oregon booster claim the existence of a single grove on his side of the line. If a few isolated trees exist they are relatively small and unnoticed. In California there are a million and a half acres of redwood timber and ninety-seven per cent of this is within the playground area known for convenience as the Redwood Empire. Lumbermen estimate that there are one hundred billion feet of lumber in the redwoods still standing. They say it would take two hundred years of industrious effort to cut the forests down and that even in so doing they could hardly keep up with nature's own program of reforestation, for redwoods reproduce themselves automatically, each ancient stump begetting a group of from four to a dozen new shoots which often grow up into nearly perfect tree rings. Eighty per cent of the present redwoods are said to have sprung from stump sprouts rather than from seed and the "redwood circles" thus formed are a feature of many a grove. It is this remarkable power of propagation rather than its longevity that has given the redwood its name of *sempervirens*, everliving. Individual trees do not live quite as long as their Sierra cousins, say one thousand to twenty-five hundred years as against fifteen hundred to three thousand, but they know how to keep their race everliving and they appear always to be mightily concerned with this task.

The vitality of the redwood patriarchs, even when fire or the motor-driven saw of the lumberman has seemed to lay them low in death, is one of their most amazing qualities. A



GIANTS OF THE FOREST

Ninety-seven per cent. of the world's redwoods line the roads of the Redwood Empire north of San Francisco and stretch back into forests and parks to occupy 1,500,000 acres. These monster redwoods reach a height of 364 feet, a diameter over 25 feet and an age exceeding 2500 years!



PLAYGROUND IN THE HILLS

From the Redwood Empire to San Diego, the famed California sun shines down on golf links designed to test the skill of an expert.

trunk apparently charred to complete destruction will often send out fresh vigorous shoots twenty feet from the ground. Almost any stump left by the lumberman will go on propagating as if it scarcely noticed the amputation of almost its entire person. It will sometimes sprout a new tree straight from its severed core, leaving to the youngster the task of feeling for the ground on all sides by a ring of roots like tentacles.

Because of this extraordinary capacity for second growth the lumbermen are inclined to laugh at artificial reforestation and in particular at the law requiring that a new redwood shall be planted from seed for every tree cut down. Such planting, they say, is required for political effect only, like a candidate kissing babies in public. "Lumber is a *crop*," said one of them to me, "and should be cut intelligently regardless of women's clubs and their protests. Even redwoods, when they get too old, deteriorate."

The other side of the picture is seen in the appalling devastation by the lumber interests of the Sierra's big trees before "women's clubs" and all public-spirited citizens rose up in wrath to halt the slaughter. It was just barely in time in the Sierras and certainly there would have been no sense in waiting until the eleventh hour, or the one hundred and ninety-ninth year, to save the coast redwoods. A Save-the-Redwoods-League sprang into being a few years ago when the forests were being depleted at the rate of half a billion board feet per annum, and backed by the efforts of the Redwood Empire Association it succeeded in securing some fifty groves along the main north-south highway and converting them into state parks, thus saving this forest aisle for posterity, not to mention this present generation. Many other groves, privately owned, are reasonably safe because of the tremendous weight of public opinion which looks upon the slaying of these giants

almost as murder. Possibly sentiment has gone too far in some cases and has needlessly hampered the lumber interests, but anyone who drives along the Redwood Highway or wanders in the forest cathedrals that line it will think such sentiment a good fault and will send up paeans of thanksgiving that such ageless wonders, preserved from ice and lightning and primitive man, have once again been saved, this time from the ax and saw of big business.

The Redwood Empire, like the old Italy of Metternich's famous phrase, is a "geographical expression." It includes San Francisco and a string of eight coastal counties north of the Golden Gate, culminating in Josephine County, which lies across the state line within the boundaries of Oregon. This latter, though lacking redwoods, has fine forests of sugar pine and Douglas firs. It has spectacular caves, swift salmon rivers, and the attractive key town of the highways, Grants Pass. The Redwood Emperor's domain is a playground area of exciting variety and charm, a wide ribbon of assorted marvels. It has a great deal to offer beside trees yet trees are certainly the chief force in its magnetism. They make it unique. The tallest known tree on earth is here in the North Dyerville Flat near the Eel River, namely Founders' Tree, scraping the sky at three hundred and sixty-four feet, and not far away, bordering the same river, is Bull Creek Flat, whose ten thousand acres support more vegetation, by weight and bulk, than any other like area anywhere; but it is the accumulated arboreal wealth of Giantland, mile piled on mile, that distinguishes it from the big tree region of the Sierras. The latter is marvelous, stimulating, amazing, anything you like, but it takes the mighty redwood aisles of the north coast to knock you into a little heap of abject human dust apologizing for your very existence.

CHAPTER XXX

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE EMPIRE

A. The Mystery of Petaluma

NOT many miles north of Sausalito, that glamorous Rivieralike suburb of San Francisco which clambers up the steep hills from the Marin shore, the motorist through the Redwood Empire notes hundreds, thousands, then *millions* of white Leghorn hens brightening the countryside. By this sign he knows that he is approaching Petaluma, the world's egg basket. The Leghorn population of the poultry belt centered by Petaluma has not been definitely ascertained, but a complete census would show between two and three million of the best egg makers in the world. A hen who cannot produce at least two hundred eggs a year in this stimulating well-sunned region is a poor anemic thing hardly worth the trouble of feeding and housing. She is frozen out of Petaluma society by her more vigorous and prolific sisters and soon develops an inferiority complex. The thought of her ultimate usefulness as table fare brings her little comfort. Nature intended her to lay eggs, a lot of them, weighing two good ounces apiece and covered with a firm chalk-white shell. If she cannot make good on this assignment she has failed in her life mission.

Two hundred times two million is four hundred million, and that number of eggs, three for each inhabitant of the United States, Petaluma produces each year. Mr. Frederick

Simpich, writing for the *National Geographic Magazine*, asserted that the "Petaluma hens still cackle, but in a hollow, mirthless way—without any familiar old barnyard levity. Raised in fancy pens, they never learn to scratch for worms; setting is a lost art, and hens no longer proudly strut, followed by their peeping chicks." This is all true and yet I seemed to notice in the birds a real enthusiasm for their work. They may have lost their sense of humor, they may mourn at times for the good old days when their ancestors hatched their own eggs and expressed their own personality by scratching for worms and strutting before their young, but they know well that the world has reached the machine age and that, as factory workers, their conditions are perfect. No feathered sweatshops are allowed to exist in Petaluma. In pens as spotlessly clean as so many Dutch kitchens, with just the food and grit they like best, with constant solicitude for their wants, with three hundred days of sunshine per year guaranteed by the weatherman, their lot is really a happy one. I doubt if many of them indulge nostalgic longings for the old barnyard days of their great-grandmothers.

Mediterranean fowls, especially white Leghorns, are known by trap-nest records to be the world's best layers, and it is a lucky circumstance that the Leghorns, well-formed, alert, snow-white of feathers, scarlet of comb and wattles, are so decorative to the California landscape. A thousand of them penned on a hillside meadow make a wonderful sight. Ten thousand are ten times better. Leghorns lay more poundage per pound of food than any other hen. Many of them make a new egg two days out of every three. These eggs, with pure white shells, achieve first place in market demand all over the country except in one city, which prefers the brown-

shelled eggs of Plymouth Rock hens. That city, need I say, is Boston!

One of the large hatcheries in Petaluma can hatch nearly two million little fuzzball chicks a year and an appealing sight these myriads of Leghorn youngsters make. They start life the color of a pale lemon, and their tiny shrieks of curiosity at beholding the world for the first time fill the vast areas of the incubating house with a shrill symphony. So careful is this hatchery to preserve the so-called "layability" of its birds that only eggs from two generations of two-hundred-egg-a-year layers are accepted, and the pedigree must be guaranteed by trap-nest records and sworn affidavits. In other words, each chick must be dammed and granddammed by a first-rate layer and likewise sired by a father whose mother and grandmother were equally prolific. The list of specifications is much more complicated than this, but it would make heavy reading to set it all down. The net result is that the atoms of lemon-colored fuzz can be counted upon to grow up into wonderful trap-nest performers if they prove to be of the right sex for this work. Therein lies the mystery of Petaluma.

The sexing or sex sorting of young chicks is a very recently acquired art in this country, though the orientals have known it for centuries. The Japanese learned from the Chinese and in 1934 a number of Japanese experts were brought to this country to teach Americans the art. Petaluma sells millions of day-old chicks and naturally each buyer wants all the chicks to become pullets. The difference between a day-old male and female is so slight as almost to defy detection—almost, but not quite. The difference in the cloacal folds can be learned, but it takes months of hard work to attain expertness and there is no short cut. Only youth can learn this art at all, for only

youth has the cool nerve and the clear vision required. A young man of twenty-three or twenty-four is too old and cannot hope to become a virtuoso any more than if he started with the violin at this age. Nothing less than virtuosity is profitable since any high-grade hatchery must guarantee to its customers ninety-per-cent accuracy. The best boy sexers of Petaluma attain ninety-five per cent or even ninety-seven per cent perfection, but like the musical artist if the sexer stops practicing for a few months his technical skill drops very fast. He will score no better than eighty per cent accuracy upon returning to work, and this is not good enough. For this reason the hatcheries must incubate eggs at intervals all through the year, regardless of market demand, merely to make sure that their youthful sexers keep in practice. It costs at least five hundred dollars to train a new boy and then it is uncertain whether he can ever attain the necessary degree of skill.

The sexing is paid for on the basis of piecework at half a cent per chick, and the boys earn at least one hundred dollars a week during the three spring months of the high season. They must have wonderful eyes and wonderful nerves to start with, and they may not indulge in the weest drop of alcohol or the smallest puff of smoke. The penalty for infraction of this rule is a prompt sacking, though this means a heavy loss to the employer. Sexing can hardly be called a lifework since the boys are too old to carry it on after they have reached the age of twenty-five. Many of them, however, then find other forms of employment in the hatcheries.

For an hour I watched the boy sexers of this great Petaluma hatchery and marveled at their skill. Rapidly, yet without the appearance of haste, they picked up one fuzzy chick after another, examined it briefly and tossed him or her into the correct pen. "How do you do it?" I asked one of the boys.

"Show me the difference." Courteously he did so. "This one," he said, "is a pullet whereas this one is a cockerel. There. Do you see?" I didn't see, but I am over twenty-five.

I did see carloads of day-old chicks starting their journey to various destinations. They can live comfortably without food or water for two or three days and so they can be sent almost anywhere west of the Mississippi. By plane they can be sent anywhere in the United States and some of them have even journeyed to Pacific isles by the *China Clipper*. Such a journey through the sky, undertaken by a tiny creature which was inside a tough white shell in Petaluma yesterday, must seem a mystery far more inscrutable than the mere matter of its own sex.

B. Sonoma, Cross-Section of the Past

Petaluma is one of the gateways to Sonoma County, whose hospitable roadways lead through a region as varied in interest, as rich in history and as romantic as any part of California. The personalities in the roster of Sonoma are numerous, outstanding and colorful and they have left a legacy of glamour to the whole county.

Only three miles east of the chicken city is the old adobe residence of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, one of the most notable figures of the Mexican republican period in Alta California and one of the best friends of the raw young colossus which took over this great region from Mexico and ran up its Stars and Stripes in token of the taking. In spite of the highhanded behavior of that picturesque band of Yankee trappers who invaded Vallejo's then home on Sonoma's main plaza and forced him to acknowledge the Bear Flag Republic, he continued to maintain a high respect for the United States

and always wanted California to be a part of it. When this finally came about he became a United States citizen in good and regular standing. His country home, which he named Lachryma Montis (Mountain Tears) but which is now commonly called Casa Grande, is one of the romantic sights of the region but it is topped in interest by the plaza of Sonoma itself.

This plaza, with its adjoining mission, northernmost of the entire mission chain, presents a veritable cross section of California history yet it is strangely neglected by the hordes of travelers who visit near-by San Francisco. The mission itself is wonderfully mellow, despite its relative youth, having been founded more than half a century after that of San Diego. Its bell tower, rising above the roof of warm red tiles, is covered with ivy, and before the mission entrance is a venerable wooden cross. Inside the structure a silver plaque marks the precise spot where, on July 4, 1823, Padre Altimira, the founder, knelt before the altar dedicating the mission to San Francisco de Solano, the apostle of the Indies. Because of confusion of this name with that of the other San Francisco, the great Assisian, this mission came gradually to be known simply as the Sonoma mission. It is packed with historical relics, among which I noticed some letters in German script signed J. A. Sutter, an early Bear Flag and a crude magazine of San Francisco's silver seventies entitled *Thistleton's Illustrated Jolly Giant*. Beneath the font is buried one of California's famous mothers-in-law, Doña Maria Ygnacia Lopez de Carillo, the mother of General Vallejo's wife.

In a corner of Sonoma's sleepy plaza is a huge granite boulder surmounted by a bronze figure grasping in his hand the Bear Flag. This marks the very spot where the emblem was first raised, and since the Bear Flag is still that of California as

a state this spot is dear to all native sons and patriotic "immigrants" to the golden melting pot.

Just off the plaza, almost opposite the mission, is the tough old tavern known as the Blue Wing Hotel, once a favorite hangout of Joaquin Murieta himself and still displaying the bar where he used to toss off fiery liquor. It has the distinction of being the oldest bar in California. My companion on one of my visits to Sonoma was a San Franciscan who was proud to relate that his wife's mother had made two dresses out of a voluminous cape which had once been worn by the celebrated Mexican badman. The lady was the wife of a sheriff who was always hot on the heels of Murieta, but she, like almost any impressionable woman beholding this dashing desperado, had been fascinated by him. On one occasion she warned him that danger threatened and the Mexican promptly leaped through a window to escape, but his cape caught on a nail and remained there. It was a splendid blue cape lined with red and provided two very striking dresses which the lady wore without revealing the entire story as to how she had come by the material.

The Blue Wing Hotel is now a museum and contains innumerable items relating to the history of this "cradle of California," as Sonoma calls itself with some reason (though Monterey is certainly a more venerable cradle). One sees items relating to "Fighting Joe" Hooker, whose house on the southern outskirts of the town was originally brought in sections all the way from Norway around Cape Horn. One sees mementos of Jack London, whose Glen Ellen ranch in the *Valley of the Moon* (a name supposedly equivalent to the Indian word "Sonoma") was a near neighbor to this town. One sees also, and cannot help seeing, a curious relic of Luther Burbank, the wizard who taught nature so many valuable

and beautiful tricks in Santa Rosa, now the county seat of Sonoma County. This relic is the 1915 Willys-Knight, an open touring car, which is the only car Luther Burbank ever owned. It was the first Willys-Knight sold in California and Mr. Burbank drove it until his death in 1926. It became a familiar sight on Sonoma and Marin County roads.

The Home Experimental Gardens of the wizard, preserved "in memory of our citizen of the world whose love of youth and growing things was expressed in the work done in these gardens," do not constitute a show place in the usual sense of the word. Sponsored now by the Santa Rosa Junior College, they are not open to the public but are still used for their original purpose—experimentation. The master experimenter is buried here beneath a twin-trunked cedar of Lebanon.

Nature seemed to bow to the will of this patient, undiscourageable man and do, in the end, whatever he demanded. The spineless cactus, producing forty-seven and a half pounds of stock forage per plant and ninety tons per acre, stands out as his most valuable triumph, but his other notable achievements in hybridization and propagation are exceedingly numerous. The mere mention of them all would make a formidable list. Some few of the more conspicuous are the Burbank potato, the Bartlett plum, with the flavor of a Bartlett pear, a calla lily with the fragrance of a violet, a blue poppy bred from the common crimson type, and the lovely Shasta daisy.

Sonoma County's many gleaming facets of attraction include the Gravenstein Highway to Sebastopol, apple center of the state, the Geyser Highway, linking two areas of natural steam geysers harnessed as in Italy, a petrified forest of gigantic redwoods overwhelmed some millions of years ago by volcanic action, presumably from Mount St. Helena, and finally

the Russian River for almost the whole of its length. This is the famous redwood playground of San Franciscans, with many giant sequoia groves, including that thrilling arboreal temple of the Bohemian Club where the annual Hi-Jinx draws upon itself the attention of the country on the Saturday night nearest the full moon of midsummer.

C. Bohemians in the Russian Sector

The Bohemian Club of San Francisco has grown in four stages from its first crude quarters over the California Market to its present sumptuous building at the corner of Post and Taylor Streets. One wonders what St. John of Nipomuk, patron saint of Bohemians the world over, must think of this growth to worldly affluence of his San Franciscan wards. Perhaps he cannot say much, since this ascetic saint, who was flung into the Moldau from the Charles Bridge of Prague because he would not betray the secrets of his empress given in the confessional box, now rests in a very gorgeous tomb in St. Vitus Cathedral within the walls of Hradčany Castle dominating the Bohemian capital. Furthermore his tongue is petrified. The pious come from all quarters to behold this wonder in a separate shrine and kiss it for its curative powers.

I do not think petrification will ever set in on the tongue of a San Francisco Bohemian, alive or dead, for it has been too well lubricated with choice beverages and choice talk. The spirit of these Bohemians, if those I know are fair samples, has not been vitiated by material success. Most of them have money and most of them are prominent in San Francisco affairs, but their joy in life is not smothered by business or sophistication. Their talk is lusty, humorous and stimulating. Their interests are liberal, especially toward all the arts. They

have a wonderful library and use it. They have a first-rate orchestra of their own members which plays for the club itself and only for the club. Care is so firmly banished from their gatherings that it scarcely requires the annual ceremony of destruction by fire on the grove altar during the summer festival of the Hi-Jinx. The Bohemians are *bons viveurs* and they know almost all there is to know about mixing drinks.

Basil Woon, in a lively chapter on a theme dear to his heart, has summed up their spirit thus:

"The Bohemia of windsor ties and dirty fingernails and unbrushed hair, of cobwebby attics and empty larders and raucous polemics, of free love and unwashed linen and churchwarden pipes, of gay repartee and unpaid bills and undiscovered genius—this Bohemia is often as false as the Bohemia of the frat houses and breakfast clubs. For Bohemia is not a manner of living; it is a philosophy of life. It is a thing of the heart and mind, not of a bottle of *vin ordinaire* and a hunk of cheese. . . . To my mind, it is to the credit of the Bohemian Club that it has not persisted in inking its fingers and wearing holes in its socks. It does not pose. It does not need to, for its traditions are already created. Once a year it goes on a good, healthy, roaring back-slapping beano and for the rest of the time it sits comfortably back in a mellowed atmosphere and pays attention to its purse and its tummy."

The Redwood Grove on the Russian River is magnificent or it would not be a redwood grove. In its two hundred and eighty acres the Bohemians have built dozens of tasteful, half-concealed cabins with such names as the Pink Onion, the Rhapsody, Scotland Yard, Sans Gêne, County Gaol, and for nonresident Los Angeles members, the Camp of the Lost Angels. Some have private kitchens and nearly all have that prime Bohemian essential, a good bar, but there is an open grove dining room above which the trees shoot up in massive

columns to the sky. Here the members eat well and at festival time a vast kitchen crew serves the delectable food. It took a hundred and sixty-four of these amateur K.M.'s to serve the crowd at the last Hi-Jinx.

Near the "dining room" is the fine rustic theater in which the famous grove plays, written, acted, staged and lighted exclusively by members, are put on. The seats are redwood logs fashioned to provide comfort, and the scenery consists of living trees. From the steep hillside against which the stage is placed the Thespians and choristers make their way down mossy paths for their appearances behind the footlights. High in the trees are platforms from which soloists are heard and sometimes the world's most famous stars of opera are permitted—it amounts to that—to sing here as club guests without financial reward or even transportation expenses.

No festival plays in the world surpass in verve and artistry those of the Bohemian Hi-Jinx and certainly no setting equals that of the grove. A few settings such as Visby's ruined Church of St. Nicholas, Carcassonne's venerable walls and the cathedral square of Salzburg, may have greater romantic appeal because of their associations, but none has such unearthly grandeur. Since redwoods are unmatched by anything that nature grows, this grove stage can have no competitors except in other redwood groves.

Only Bohemian members, resident and nonresident, are admitted to the Jinx or even allowed to enter the grove for a period of two weeks before it. At other times guests are permitted within these sacred precincts, even women guests, but women must positively leave the grove by nine o'clock in the evening. Members then gather about their little campfire or in the camp circle where a great central fire in a clearing attempts to put out the moon and stars. The scene is beautiful

and romantic beyond words, for no electric lights (barring only those of the theater) are permitted in the grove lest they send their garish beams hither and yon, robbing Bohemians of their illusions.

One woman and one only, a bronze Diana, naked and unashamed, makes her home in the grove. No one seems to know quite how she succeeded in getting in except that she was designed by a former president of the club and took an honorable part in the play of 1915. She is the only statue in the two hundred and eighty Bohemian acres.

Speaking of nakedness, I was told of a bearded Bohemian professor who was sunning himself on the club raft during the club's stag period one summer in a state of nudity which no professor should assume except at his own peril. A pair of horn-rimmed glasses and a transparent mantle of dignity were his only garments, when suddenly three young girls in a canoe drifted mysteriously into his presence. He was fairly caught in a first-class predicament, for he could not jump or dive into the water with his spectacles on and his glasses case was not handy for the very good reason that his birthday suit had no pocket in which to keep it. The girls, fluffy young things in summer dresses, each with a parasol to match, were so busy chattering that at first they did not notice him. When suddenly they did their consternation was twice as great as his. They gasped and screamed prettily and seemed on the point of fainting. In turning their backs with violent modesty, all at the same moment, they capsized the canoe and then their screams became shrieks of terror, for none of them apparently could swim. Not a Bohemian seemed to be in sight or within earshot except the nude professor. The situation was desperate. Rather than let the young things drown before his eyes he finally plunged in and hauled them to safety on the raft.

I need not say that the water had disarranged the girls' wigs and washed off their disguise. It also altered their squeaky treble voices to baritone and bass. They were Bohemians who had painstakingly planned the whole thing and the woods were suddenly alive with other Bohemians who had been taking in the fun guerrilla-style, each behind his own tree. Great was the merriment as the muscular girls hoisted the professor to their shoulders and carried him to the altar where a medal for bravery was ceremoniously pinned to his beard.

The Russian River was once called Slavianka and its present name recalls the period shortly after Rezánov's visit to California when his Muscovite followers tried to colonize this region. Their first attempt was on the edge of Bodega Bay, but a few years later, in 1812, they removed to the present Fort Ross, a few miles north of the mouth of Russian River, and built a stockade of redwood palings. The Mexicans called it *Fuerte de los Rusos*. Here the Alaskan-Russians, aided by a few Aleuts whom they had brought down the coast, strove to establish themselves as contenders for the rich prize of northern California. They built two blockhouses, a commandant's house, a barracks, a warehouse, a jail and a Greek Orthodox chapel inside the stockade, while shops and numerous dwellings clustered about it on the outside. This attempt at colonization was not successful and in 1841 the Russians sold out to Emperor Sutter, then rising to the peak of his power. In exchange for their movable property, including rusty firearms and pieces of ordnance, plus their shadowy title to the land, they took Sutter's promissory notes. One wonders where these interesting papers are today. Perhaps they would be worth, as souvenirs, their face value, which was never collectable.

The Russians disappeared, leaving their name on the map and a faint aroma of an exotic civilization wholly at variance

with that of Old Spain and Young America. Their chapel still exists, surrounded by remnants of the other structures. It is a crude wooden church with a steeple and an ugly cupola which the earthquake of 1906 threw down and which California restored for sentimental reasons. Russia is gone from California except as a name and even the name is obscured. Fort Ross does not sound particularly *Russ* and the name Russian River is now overshadowed in fame by the Bohemian Grove upon its bank.

D. Where the Giants Turn to Lumber

Some of the original redwood timbers from which Fort Ross was built are still completely intact and undecayed after a century and a quarter of exposure. Wonderful wood is this for building purposes, soft to work in spite of its extreme durability, handsome in its russet-ruddy hue and beautiful of grain. My Carmel cottage is sheathed with redwood boards inside. They will take paint as smoothly as any kind of lumber, but their natural surface is so attractive that one hesitates to cover it. There is a suèdelike softness about its texture and in some lights an almost satin sheen.

All the elements of destruction seem to avoid redwood as if by agreement. Dampness hesitates interminably to rot it. From trunks that have lain in wet ground five hundred years good lumber has been sawed. Fire plays with redwoods, but is as slow to kill them as to kill their cousins of the *Sequoia gigantea* race. White ants avoid them like the plague. These insects simply cannot take the tannic acid that lurks in and beneath the bark. The chief difficulty of redwood lumbering is the gigantic size of the trees themselves. Often after they are felled they must be blasted lengthwise by dynamite before

they can possibly be handled even by the massive machinery of the lumber companies. It often takes a day to fell a single tree even with the portable dragsaws generally used. With axes it might take a week. Indeed the sheer labor of cutting down one of these mammoth pillars of timber was the redwood's sole protection in former times. The Indians never attempted it and the early Californians did so sparingly. To cut down and cut up a redwood with axes and handsaws must have seemed like cutting up a whale with penknives and nail files. But one tree thus dissected was enough to build a settlement. I have seen at Corbell a tree from which, as lumbermen assert, twenty-two good-sized bungalows could be built. A windstorm once broke off its top at a height of three hundred and eight feet from the ground and its diameter at this lofty point, inside the foot-thick bark, proved by careful measure to be twelve feet six inches. The weight which the roots of this tree are called upon to support is staggering to the imagination, but this is by no means an isolated example. Millions of its forest brothers are almost as tall and massive.

The felling of such a tree provides dramatic hours and a few final terrific moments of climax. One cannot call it a single moment of drama, for it is prolonged like a hound's leap in slow-motion pictures. "Timber," yells the woodsman, and everybody within sight or sound ceases whatever he is doing to look and listen—and more than incidentally to make sure that his own life is not endangered. Slowly, ponderously, with Olympian deliberation, for it takes a long time to describe an arc from a point three hundred feet in air to the ground, the giant lies down upon his side. The beholder, thinking this is gently done as if by a celestial derrick, is startled by the final frightful crash which seems to shake the whole planet and perhaps to jar it slightly out of its orbit

about the sun. The falling monarch breaks or cracks numerous limbs of other trees in his descent and some of these limbs are themselves quite as large as good-sized trees. They may dangle for a few seconds or even minutes and then fall with a crash which would be formidable if one had not just experienced the major percussion of the major fall. In the blunt vocabulary of the woodsmen these tardily falling limbs are called widow makers.

The redwood bark is so fibrous and so vastly thick that even the most powerful band saws cannot cut their way through it. The fiber gets between their teeth and clogs them so that they cannot chew properly. For this reason the redwoods are peeled in the forest by muscular barkers who do nothing but bark for a living. This is hard, exhausting, endless work but it is undertaken in the fragrant open air of the deep woods and it must build the most powerful muscles on earth. I should suppose any good barker would be a good wrestler. The giant logs, humbled by nakedness, start their trip, often a long one, to the dissecting house at Fort Bragg, Scotia, or one of the other lumber mill towns of Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, and there they are handled with such ignominious ease that they must lose all sense of superiority to other trees. In the Union Lumber Company's mill at Fort Bragg, which takes into its maw sixty carloads of logs a day, I watched an eight-ton section being cut into boards with incredible speed. The great colossus was unceremoniously tipped and tumbled about by gigantic iron knees and elbows that lifted and bumped it into position and then it was fed to the saws. A row of these circular bands sixty feet long and spaced perhaps an inch apart ate through the log lengthwise at the rate of a slow human walk. I was told that they could cut nine

thousand feet of board lumber in one minute and it only takes two men to handle the operation.

The lumber ships on the Mendocino coast must often lie six hundred feet from the shore, as there are few deep harbors available and the lumber is taken aboard in vast "packages" swinging through the air on cables fastened to ships' masts and making the trip by the power of gravity. South America receives a great deal of this lumber and only about ten per cent makes its way to eastern harbors of the United States. This mill and others market no less than seventeen hundred grades and thicknesses of redwood lumber and the by-products are surprisingly varied. The sawdust, for instance, can be used exactly like Spanish cork as packing for table grapes and when pressed it makes a substance that is worked into many an attractive ornament for souvenirs. Much more curious than this, the redwood yields a perfume that is as fragrant as California flowers and as highly esteemed by feminine visitors to the empire.

Redwood burls are in great demand and nature provides them in reasonable abundance, though they may not be cut off without special permission. They are purchasable at dozens of wayside stalls all along the Redwood Highway. Kept in water a burl will send out shoots and spreads of fresh greenery for years, providing an attractive and nearly permanent display that requires practically no tending. Cut up for cabinet work the burl wood furnishes fascinating material for small objects of furniture. It is of a rich color, between maroon and brown, and will take a brilliant polish. The grain runs in fantastic circles and whorls.

Mendocino County, true timberland of the redwood empire, is a bit of Maine transplanted to the Pacific coast. Most of the people, or at least their fathers or grandfathers, are said to

have come from this fastness of New England and quite naturally they brought New England with them. The towns look like those of Aroostook or Penobscot Counties and the people look and talk like those from "down East." The lumbering business of the county was, however, started by that attractive high-pressure crook from New York, "Honest" Harry Meiggs, who was to become such an expensive member of San Francisco's citizenry, eventually running away from the Golden Gate city to escape liabilities of eight hundred thousand dollars. In 1852, a long way back for California, he built the first Mendocino sawmill, but he underestimated the weight of redwood logs, believing he could lift them with lines. Finding himself unable to cope with the giant timber, he presently went bankrupt, a mere episode in his down-and-up career.

Through Humboldt and Del Norte Counties the redwood timber stands and wayside groves continue, but then the Oregon line looms nears and *Sequoia sempervirens* comes to a sudden halt in its march up the coast. Beyond that line, says the voice of authority, ye shall not pass, and the docile forest monsters obey.

E. Josephine of Oregon

Josephine County, giving political allegiance to Oregon and holiday allegiance to the Redwood Empire, is the northern outpost of the nine-link chain. It lacks the redwoods that give the Empire its name and its main excuse for being, but otherwise it fits into the picture perfectly. Without it the traveler would search futilely for the "missing piece." Grants Pass, glad(iolus) capital of the West, paradise of the fisher for steelhead and chinook, holds the reins of the north-south road system in its firm hand, but Josephine's attractions are by no means limited to this bustling little city.

Not ten miles above the state line are the Oregon Caves, a major wonder of the West. Through dense woods of Douglas fir, black oak and yellow pines a good road winds up and up from the main highway to a point four thousand feet above sea level, and here in the solitude of the mountains is a strange and wonderful hotel, the Oregon Caves Château. This book, being no place-to-place guide, does not mention special hotels unless they are in some way news, but the Château was to me a big headline and I cannot ignore it. It is a new hotel of appealing design constructed in the rustic manner of native woods and built into a horseshoe cleft of the mountain in such a way that you enter it at the top and work down.

The ceiling of the spacious living room is supported by massive pillars of Douglas fir. Every bedroom is individual, being finished and furnished differently from its neighbors. To reach the dining room one walks downstairs on treads of native black oak, the banisters being of russet-brown madrone. Through the center of the dining room there flows a clean mountain brooklet in a stone channel banked by moss and ferns. You may have to jump it to reach your table. It comes from a pool just outside, whose temperature of forty-two degrees in midsummer is little temptation to the average bather, and emerges from the Château two or three stories below to race hilariously down the valley.

Behind the main reception desk in the living room is installed the most tremendous radio made. Its dial board, even in this age of simplification, suggests the assorted gadgets of the *China Clipper*. Its voice, carried to the woods through open-air amplifiers, can be heard literally for miles and serves as an audible beacon to guide wandering guests. It is also, in more practical vein, a new-fashioned dinner bell for hungry trampers.

California sides with Rogue River, classing it as a game fish. The steelhead will, at any rate, give any fisherman a battle worthy of his skill. A four-pound fish will fight for fifteen or twenty minutes and a six-pound fish for as long as forty minutes. A smart steelhead will very often seek a sharp rock and apparently with deliberate intent wrap the line about it and snap it with a sudden jerk. Only in the Rogue and Eel Rivers, or "almost only," I was told, will he exhibit his full gaminess, being strangely docile in other waters. This phenomenon has puzzled fishermen repeatedly and has never been explained.

Zane Grey's name is one to conjure with along the banks of the Rogue. He is said to have learned the art of steelhead fishing here and it comforts the tenderfoot to learn that this great angler took a week or more to master it. At first he jerked too hastily and too hard, underestimating the strength and wiliness of his opponent. In the end he became an expert. Rogue steelheads are hatched in large numbers in the Antipodes, the roe being taken to Australia and New Zealand and there fertilized. It is a proud boast of Joe Wharton, a noted Grants Pass purveyor of fishermen's supplies, that in New Zealand Zane Grey has caught Rogue River steelheads with Wharton-bought tackle.

Several curiosities of steelhead behavior have puzzled and still puzzle all earnest anglers. The fish will not bite when the river is rising. They display curious changes of appetite, biting certain flies on certain days and others of quite different type on other days. Or do they bite at all? Perhaps they merely snap at the flies in anger and a spirit of belligerence. Many think this is the case. Some anglers assert that various colors appeal to their changing whims and others consider them definitely color-blind. Steelhead females, unlike their bigger

salmon cousins, return from river to ocean after spawning and continue to lead a jolly carefree life. Salmon spawn and die, considering life finished after they have attended to their duty of propagation.

It is a marvelous sight to see steelheads coming up a river in March to spawn. At the height of the season six hundred of them will pass a given point in an hour, jumping eighteen inches every five feet as they climb the fish ladder. In hunting for the exit at the dam head they will sometimes congregate in thousands.

King salmon and silversides are the chief salmon invaders of California's Eel River, but Oregon's Rogue attracts many chinooks. They are noble specimens of the ichthyan race, the smallest of the adults weighing twenty pounds. The largest known chinook ever caught in this river weighed fifty-three and a half pounds.

Ninety-five per cent of all salmon, after roaming the waters of the world for three or four years from infancy, return to spawn in the very same river in which they themselves were spawned. This directional phenomenon, more remarkable than that which guides the homing pigeon to its own cote, has never been satisfactorily explained.

The blood of the chinook is curiously poisonous to dogs, completely harmless to cats. I lunched at an inn on the Rogue's bank one day and while I was so engaged, two fishermen brought in five freshly caught salmon. A dog sniffed at one of them and the man who held it snatched it away almost in terror. The least drop of chinook blood, he told me, will kill a dog with cruel certainty.

Grants Pass does not by any means restrict its interest to fish. It is, as I have said, the gladiolus center of the West and exports sixty carloads of bulbs in a good season, largely glads,

but with some tulips. The autumn is always referred to locally as the "glad season." Millions, or billions, of pansies are also grown here commercially for seed and the seeds are so valuable that they are stored in a bank vault.

At the First National Bank of Grants Pass there is a gold dust window which is absolutely unique in the banks of this country. It seems odd that there is none in California, but I was solemnly assured that this is the case. In fascination I watched the operations at this window. Any panner can bring in his dull yellow dust in a bottle and the bank will assay and buy it, or merely ship it to an official assay office at the shipper's cost. A clerk allowed me to handle a bottle which had just been brought in. Its contents weighed at five and sixty-five one-hundredths ounces and the clerk estimated that it was about seventy-seven per cent pure and would hence assay at about twenty-seven dollars an ounce, based on the government price of thirty-five dollars. This would bring the value of this particular bottle, the fruit of many weeks' work by an industrious panner, to about one hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty cents.

I am tempted to run on and on, like the rivers and brooks of Josephine County, about the fascinations of this region, and about the spectacular wonders of Klamath County "next door," with its Crater Lake, but this is not a book about the entire West and only because Josephine of Oregon is a holiday subject of the Redwood Emperor and a notable assayer of gold dust have I included her in this picture of the golden state. The Empire draws my thoughts back to the majestic groves of Humboldt and Mendocino Counties, especially those that line the Eel River, for these are my most cherished favorites of all the redwood temples.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE THRONE ROOM ON BULL CREEK

REDWOOD majesty has established its inner shrine, its throne room of glory, beside a little stream in Humboldt County inelegantly called Bull Creek. This stream flows into the South Fork of the Eel River just before it joins the main Eel. Here, in a flat of some ten thousand acres guarded on either side by wooded mountain ridges, nature has produced the richest stand in height, girth and density, of those trees which Luther Burbank called "the most perfect vegetable growth." The redwoods of Bull Creek Flat are no ordinary grove of giants. They consider one of their members who cannot attain a height of three hundred feet and a trunk diameter of fifteen feet rather puny and a tree that soars a mere two hundred feet in air is something of a runt.

The majesty of this unmatched stand of virgin timber caught the eye of John D. Rockefeller Jr. some years ago and he thought it quite as well worth preserving as the historic monuments of Reims or Versailles. He gave a million dollars outright and pledged as much more to match private gifts, and in 1931 the area was acquired from the Pacific Lumber Company and placed under the official protection of the state of California. As timber land it is valued at \$3,500,000. As a miracle of nature it is beyond price and it will now endure as long as nature herself feels disposed to preserve the redwoods. She

shows no tendency whatever to tire of her master achievement in arboriculture.

The unofficial doorkeepers of the redwood throne room are a family by the name of Benbow dominating the junction point of the Eel River's two branches. Four brothers Benbow and four sisters all live and work together developing three thousand acres of forest, meadow and riverside land unsurpassed for beauty in California. They have built an interesting inn which looks, from some angles, like a Scottish castle to match their Scottish-sounding name. Perhaps if their name were Irish my fancy would think it an Irish castle or if French a French *château*. It is, at any rate, a hostelry as striking as the Oregon Caves *Château*. Placed high above an elbow in the Eel, which has been made by a dam into a twisting pellucid lake, embellished by an emerald-green golf course of its own, which is something of a curiosity in this forest county, Benbow is a center of holiday sport in virgin land two hundred miles from the nearest large center, San Francisco. Its special distinction, however, is its role as doorway to the redwood throne room. Across the bridge and on a few miles, partly over an unpaved branch road, one rolls into the presence.

My own introduction to the presence occurred on a brilliant noon of spring when the yellowest sunshine that California produces was flooding the whole region of Benbow, the two Eels, Dyerville and Bull Creek Flat. As we left the road and drove deep into the forest between gigantic pillars of red bark a dim sanctity settled over the scene. The powerful sun filtered through the mat of greenery three hundred feet above, sending timid tendrils of gold to light the rich carpet below. More boldly, with a touch of irreverence, the creek babbled by, giving voice to its empty-headed gaieties.

I have read many an eloquent description of this grove, some flamboyant, some humble and apologetic for man's insignificance, all reaching vainly for adjectives to do it justice, but the finest appreciation of it which has ever come within my ken was spoken by my companion on the occasion of this first visit. He was a young Irishman from Sacramento who had been detailed by California's Director of Public Works to drive me through the Redwood Empire. There never was a more silent Irishman than this. In two hundred miles of leisured driving from San Francisco he had volunteered only one remark. When a large insect had committed suicide on our windshield in a particularly messy way he had remarked laconically, "That takes guts!"

Now, as we both gazed awestruck at the endless aisles of monstrous maroon columns, plumed with green just where infinity begins, I saw that he was on the verge of bringing forth a second observation. I waited, fearful that my slightest word or move would kill his impulse. He cleared his throat and gathered himself to speak. "This," he said in a vibrant, emotional tone, "is pretty good."

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